

Jon Foreman, Southbound Train

Oh,
I guess they'll say I've grown
I know more than I wanted to know
I've said more than I wanted to say...

I'm headed home
Yeah, but I'm not so sure
That home is a place
You can still get to by train

So I'm looking out the window
And I'm drifting off to sleep
With my face pressed up against the pane
With the rhythm of my heart
And the ringing in my ears
It's the rhythm of the southbound train

Oh,
Where the wind starts to look like her hair
And the clouds in her bright blue eyes
As the sea and the shore fall and rise
Like her breast as she breathes by my side

And the moon is her lips as the sun
Is headed on down to the sea
Like her head as she lays down on me
Until we reach ocean side

Over and over, I hear the same refrain
It's the rhythm of my heart
And my sleepy girl's breathing
It's the rhythm of my southbound train

Oh,
I suppose they'll say I should've known
Or maybe I'm just feeling old
Like a lawyer with no one to blame...

I'm headed home
Yeah, but I'm not so sure
That home is a place
That'll ever be the same

So we gather up our things
And we head out in the cold
And your eyes are where you carry the pain
When I hear the whistle weeping
It's crying to the sky
It's the rhythm of my southbound train
It's the rhythm of my southbound train