

she's long long gone

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By : elmasr

about an old train that doesnt quite make it



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she's long long gone but not the tales we pass on
of the tracks she rambled, and weary miles she ambled
and how she saved the souls of soul-less men,
and picked up the convicts again and again
and how her englines roared and steamed
and how she stopped when the whistle screamed

one terrible day she stood silent and still
and she reached the top of a hill
the hill was steep with a clean sheer drop
it made it more dangerous as she was nearing the top
she started to roll backward and down
and dived to the bottom and hit flat on the ground
not a soul knows why she stopped still that day
after she's travelled all of that way
all we know are the stories once told
past memories of thos long long gone and old

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