

Heartrock Train

1974

We are riding on the Heartrock Train
Engine and caboose, ain't going far
But if you don't need no mechanic to explain
Come on along, we'll add another car

G G7 C G
Em G D D7
G G7 C G
C D G

You'll see that ancient railway bright against the stone
The speed of light won't really mean a thing
It's the strangest trip you've been on since the day you were born
Riding down home on the Heartrock Train

Em F C G
C G D D7
Em C G C
C G D C G

The engineer has his headlight on
Riding up north through the rain
It's clear Colorado, it's Rocky Mountain time
And every place we go is home again

You'll see that last home fading & you'll feel the engine strain
And you'll hear the brakeman sing cause he's got no job
It's the road you cannot stop on from the day that you are born
Riding down home on the Heartrock Train

Riding on that Heartrock Train
Going kinda heavy on the wine
But when that track runs out and our bottles all are gone
We'll know we've had the best of the vine

Riding down home
Riding down home
Riding down home on the Heartrock Train

C G D
C G D
C G D C G

For the couple of years that I lived in New York City, I played music with my closest childhood friend, Sandy Sidar. He got us a regular Thursday night gig in a Broadway bar frequented mostly by r&b fans who listened indulgently to our folkie squawking. We called ourselves the Heartrock Express, and this was our signature song. My elegy for Sandy, "Walking the Ridge," is in the "Old Friends" collection.