

# Richard Hawley, Long Black Train

When the nightingale sings in the deep of the night  
And the robin he sleeps on the wing  
Hear the toll of the bell ringing out all is well  
And the city's golden lights shining on  
Ride the long black train  
Ride the long black train  
It takes us all the black train Take me home black train

Ride the long black train  
Ride the long black train  
It takes us all the black train  
Take me home black train

And the shadows we pass turns my soul into glass  
And the streets that I walk are all tamed  
Hear the toll of the bell ringing out all is well  
And the city's golden lights shining on  
Ride the long black train  
Ride the long black train  
It takes us all the black train  
Take me home black train

And the briar and the rose in the churchyard they grow  
'Neath the clock tower tall all entwined  
And the raven he flies round the oak as she sighs  
And the candles they call out my name  
To ride the long black train  
Ride the long black train  
It takes us all the black train  
Take me home black train