

# Train, Following Rita

Made my exit on the turn pike  
I saw the stateside toll and shuffled for some change  
I paid a man that talked as if he knew me  
And I could see it in his eyes  
He could tell that I was running away  
What are you waiting for  
It's just a minute away  
Travel light you might just  
Find yourself there for the day  
What are you waiting for  
It's just a minute away  
Following Rita  
Following Rita  
Stopped to make a call and picked up Elvis  
Elvis James McCabe a future millionaire  
He wrestled with his thoughts out loud  
About two girls that he had left behind  
And said for forty five dollars  
He could help me on my way and get rich too

There was talk about after high school  
I would get a job  
Gig at night and she would go to some  
Community school  
But her father changed jobs  
And we cried together  
As her plane was flying away  
Well the phone never was enough  
For us to hold on to  
Now every mile that I drive away  
Get's me closer to you, yeah