

I'm on a train of freedom,

A train of thought to grow;

It's a train across the desert,

For people to think and know.

.

It's a train seeing red and green,

Of baron and of waste;

It's dry and God forsaken,

And the pieces hard to paste.

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I'm on a train of plenty,

Of wide and open spaces;

From town to town across,

With a hundred miles between the places.

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There are clouds up in the sky,

That slowly move and drift;

There is sand and shrubs that's dry,

As we pass to sift and shift.

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There's no end to the horizon,

As we travel on and on;

To where the life is ending,

And sparse and endless shone.

.

The truth is in the knowing,

Of the train we're on and by;

To get where we are going,

As crow and eagle fly.

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Signed,

Stopped for a stretch.