

Grand Central Station © Mary Chapin Carpenter

**Got my work clothes on full of sweat and dirt
All this holy dust upon my face and shirt
Heading up town now just as the shifts are changing
To Grand Central Station**

**I got my lunch box, got my hard hat in my hand
I ain't no hero mister just a working man
And all these voices keep asking me to take them
To Grand Central Station, Grand Central Station**

**Want to stand beneath the clock just one more time
Want to wait upon the platform for the Hudson Line
I guess you're never really all alone
Or too far from the pull of home
And the stars upon that painted dome still shine**

**I made my way out onto 42 Street
I lit a cigarette and stared down at my feet
And imagined all the ones that ever stood here waiting
At Grand Central Station, Grand Central Station**

**Ahhhhh
Ahhhhh
Ahhhhh
Ahhhhh....
Ahhhh**

**And now Hercules is staring down at me
Next to him's Minerva and Mercury
I nod to them and start my crawl
Flyers covering every wall
Faces of the missing all I see**

**Tomorrow I'll be back there working on the pile
Going in and coming out single file
Before my job is done there's one more trip I'm making
To Grand Central Station, Grand Central Station
Grand Central Station, Grand Central Station**