

## LEAVING MY NANCY



In comes the train and the whole platform shakes  
It stops with a shudder and a screaming of brakes  
The parting has come and my weary soul aches  
I'm leaving my Nancy, oh

But you stand there so calmly, determinedly gay  
You talk of the weather and events of the day  
And your eyes tell me all that your tongue doesn't say  
Goodbye my Nancy, oh

And come a little closer  
Put your head upon my shoulder  
And let me hold you one last time  
Before the whistle blows

My suitcase is lifted and stowed on the train  
And a thousand regrets whirl around in my brain  
The ache in my heart is a black sea of pain  
I'm leaving my Nancy, oh

But you stand there beside me so lovely to see  
The grip of your hand is an unspoken plea  
You're not fooling yourself and you're not fooling me  
Goodbye my Nancy, oh

And come a little closer  
Put your head upon my shoulder  
And let me hold you one last time  
Before the whistle blows

But our time has run out and the whistle has blown  
Here I must leave you standing alone  
We had so little time and now the time's gone  
Goodbye my Nancy, oh

And as the train starts gently to roll  
And as I lean out to wave and to call  
I see the first tears trickle and fall  
Goodbye my Nancy, oh

And come a little closer  
Put your head upon my shoulder  
And let me hold you one last time  
Before the whistle blows  
And let me hold you one last time  
Before the whistle blows