

*I wrote this song in around January, 1981. It was a true event and I was letting go of something from the past (still with a struggle), and moving on to something in the future. The sound of a train whistle is something I remember hearing in the distance as I grew up in Lancaster. The train seems to me to be a calling in the distance - a reminder of sorts - and it plays an important role in the song. When I interviewed in Delaware I heard the train whistle again and it reminded me of growing up. Everything else in the song works for me in terms of what I wanted to say and how I was feeling. It was some years later that some friends encouraged me to perform this song - many like the haunting melody.*

## Letting Go

The light in the kitchen seems so far away,  
a tiny beacon of light.  
Cold winds, December, whip down on me,  
I took a walk in the night.  
As I turn from the light and the warmth it brings,  
Somewhere out in the night I hear a train  
Oh I know,  
the feeling of letting go.

There's so many times it felt impossible,  
when life and love start to change  
And dreams slowly turn into memories,  
with no one there to explain  
So I turned to the night, like a long lost friend  
And somewhere out in the night I hear a train  
Oh I know,  
the feeling of letting go.

I can still feel your heart,  
I can still hear your voice,  
I can still see the way that you move.  
And something inside,  
keeps on calling me back,  
and I swear I don't know what to do  
yes, I swear I don't know what to do.

Well time passes by, it slips away  
Till all that's left is alone  
And cold winds, December, whip down on me,  
I turn around to go home.  
I can see the light, with the warmth it brings  
But somewhere out in the night I hear a train  
Oh I know,  
the feeling of letting go.