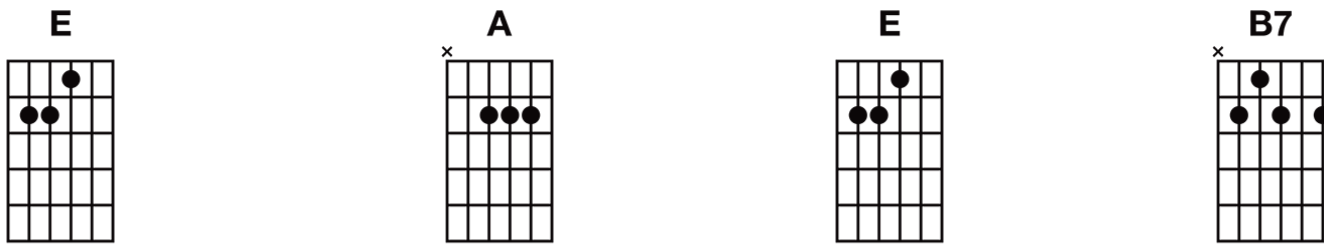


# In Memory of Geoffrey Effron, Who Loved Trains

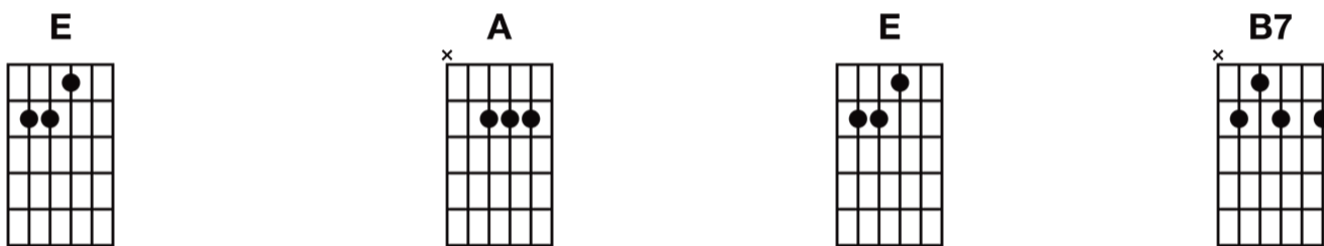
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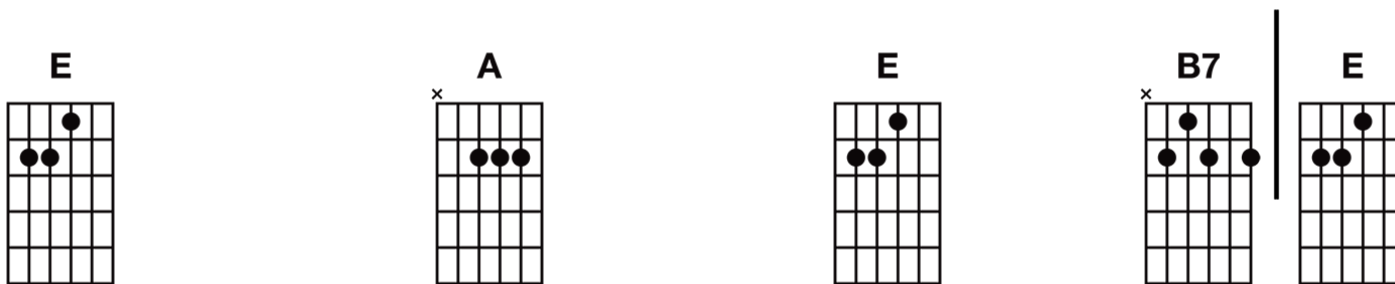
Oh, bury me at the train station. Put some flowers on my grave



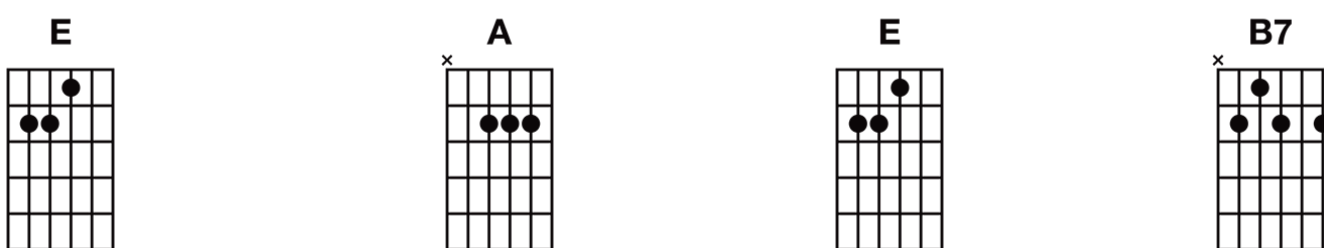
And on the stone, please write for me these letters: "In memory of Geoffrey Effron, who loved trains."



I'm long-forgotten now, but the train station, is blooming with color in the rain



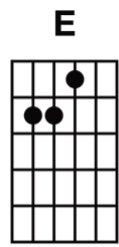
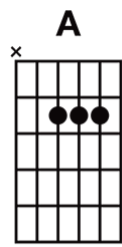
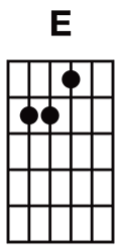
And the trains roll by, though they never look at me. They just chug along the tracks of old Dumfries



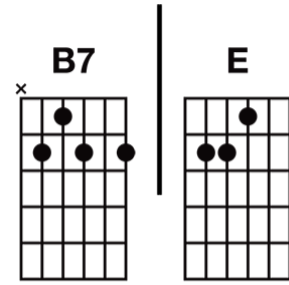
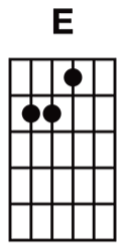
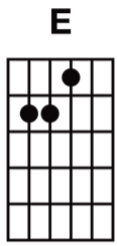
If you're traveling-from-London, to Galloway, you will pass me as you rumble down the rails



Oh, the milk trains are gone, and they're all so forgotten, and I will likewise be forgotten, on this cloudy day



But they buried me at the train station, and put these lonesome flowers on my grave



And the years say goodbye, like the trains at Dumfries Station, telling me that nothing e're remains