

# Train of Consequences

Megadeth

I'm doing you a favor  
As I'm taking all your money  
I guess I should feel sorry  
But I don't even trust me  
There's bad news creeping up  
And you feel a sudden chill  
How do you do? My name is Trouble  
I'm coming in for the kill...  
And you know I will

Set the ball a-rollin  
I'll be clicking off the miles  
On the train of consequences  
My boxcar life o' style  
My thinking is derailed  
I'm tied up to the tracks  
The train of consequences  
There ain't no turning back

No horse ever ran as fast  
As the money that you bet  
I'm blowing all my cards  
And I play them to my chest  
Life's fabric is corrupt  
Shot through with corroded thread  
As for me I hocked my brains  
Packed my bag and headed West

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