

Train of Thought

a-ha

He likes to have the morning paper's
Crossword solved
Words go up words come down
Forwards backwards twisted round
He grabs a pile of letters from a small
suitcase
Disappears into an office
It's another working day

And his thoughts are full of
strangers
Corridors of naked lights
And his mind once full of reason
Now there's more than meets the
eye
Oh, a stranger's face he carries with
him

He likes a bit of reading on the subway
home
A distant radio whistling tunes that
nobody knows
At home a house awaits him, He
unlocks the door
Thinking once there was a sea here
But there never was a door

And his thoughts are full of
strangers
And his eyes to numb to see
And nothing that he knows of
And nowhere where he's been
Was ever quite like this
And his thoughts...

And at heart
He's full of strangers
Dodging on his train of thought
Train of thought