

Nebraska

An Pierlé

There's a train running through Nebraska
There's a cold running through my veins
And as far as I can see
It's all white there could no one be

There's a boy running through Nebraska
And it's cold in the kitchen I make some tea
For the rainy day's sake

And as far as my thoughts go
I see you running down the streets in some
Doomed town far away

And I ran my lonely way
I would die to catch on the train today
But you ran down the other way
(for the guilt of the wrongly prayed prayers)

There's a fire running through Nebraska
And it's cold in the kitchen I make some tea
For them rainy days I'd have loved to spend with you
I was lucky enough to escape in the nick of
Time will mitigate all wounds but I
Miss you anyway

And I ran my lonely way
I would've died to catch you on the train
That day
But we're both hurt
In another way