

I'm On This Train

Big Country

There's a click on Monday morning
Hour starts the whole thing on
The early bird is yawning
Damn, those worms are pretty tough
Even gillies phone in sick
Wish I could make that call
What the hell by two o'clock
I'm climbing up the wall

I'm on this train
Yeah, this train here
Me and and a hundred different guys
Sharing the same fear
I'm on this train
The first train out
And I should be full of hope and pride
But I'm just full of doubt

The newsboy hocks his tales of acrobats and science fairs
Coffee vendors count the beans
And rearrange tomorrow's chairs
High above the whiskey dive
And swoon like summer birds
Far apart from bartenders
Who neither shake nor stir

Long before her morning
I'll be gone
Maybe she will think of me
But not the train I'm on
Now all the world's
A different place to you
We'll work out all the haircuts
Is important stuff to do

On the street the mailman hates
The front yard dogs replace their teeth
The parcel van delivery man
Already stoned beyond belief

Shakers move and movers shake
They cut you with the pen
Here the devil buys your soul
And he sells it back again