

# Amtrak Is For Lovers

## Houston Calls

No joke  
She says I'll leave you  
I'd never think to treat you  
Like this I can't believe it  
I'll give you 3 more chances then I'm gone for good

She is reaching outer limits with him  
He treads thin ice  
So damn thin that he can sense the water at his feet

At the start he was a prince who brought gifts  
Wrapped and well thought  
His lips needed no words kisses told her everything

She's wearing his favorite shirt she owns  
Yet still she knows

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He swears  
He's really worth it  
Can't come to show it  
This routine is over as he says to her  
It hits her like a ton of bricks

Another weekend in the transit station eyes glue to hands  
Of the rushing clocks won't wait for just anyone

She awaits the R2 patiently with gifts  
Clinched under arms  
For her lover that she misses oh so much right now

He's wearing her favorite shirt he owns  
Yet still she cries (he forgets it)

Friday train rides  
Sitting next to  
Suit and ties to work

Six long hours  
Cramped and crowded

Her regrets can't  
Quite be counted  
On both of her hands

But count on her goodbyes