

Passengers

Mostly Autumn

In the thick of it all, I stand
A torch to the sun
On another world
Where life hasn't even begun
It's clear
That love runs a line through there

Then a train goes out that way
Dropping off passengers
Dropping off passengers
Dropping off passengers
Over and over

And you look at it all
Caught up in the rhythm of days
Young and slow
Older now
The faster they fall on you,
Fall on you, fall on you
But the sensitive mind
If open can catch just a
Glimpse of the light

Then a train goes out that way
Dropping off passengers
Dropping off passengers
Dropping off passengers
Over and over

They're running everything, to
Keep us all alive
We're riding highways, way
Beyond the skies
One day I'm stepping on board the train
To ride away

Dropping off passengers
Dropping off passengers
Dropping off passengers
Over and over
Picking up passengers
Picking up passengers
Picking up passengers
Over and over