

Well it hasn't changed yet
Each time I wake in a sweat
And the sun has slipped out of the sky
As I get to my feet and struggle to dress
All my fingers are thumbs, there's a fog in my brain
Only one thing is clear - I'm late for my train
And I know all at once that it's goodbye my one
I'll be here when you're gone

Then I stumble outside
Try to flag down a ride
But the taxis just pass me by
So I run down the street, jump on a slow bus
When I get to the station the train is still there
I can't find my ticket, everybody just stares
And I'm turning to stone
As the train starts to groan
I just can't get on

I can see tomorrow
Long, black train I follow
When it's all there in your eyes
And it's all no big surprise
Well it's goodbye my one
I'll be here when you're gone
I just can't get on

Yeah it's goodbye my one
I'll be here when you're gone
I just can't get on
'Cause I'm turning to stone
As the train starts to groan
I just can't get on