

## Train Station

Pinhead Gunpowder

Pacing, thinking, pacing, thinking  
Waiting, waiting  
Waiting by the phone that never rings  
Waiting for the letter  
That the postman never brings  
Telling me that you're sorry, that you miss me  
That I was right, that I was wrong  
That we could work it out and get along  
But I'm waiting for the words that never come

Sitting smoking in the doorway in dinkytown  
Waiting patiently for you to come around  
Thinking if I look hard enough  
Into each passing face  
Maybe they'll turn into you  
Or someone to take your place  
But the people and days pass

And I'm still sitting, thinking  
Drinking on the platform at the station  
Drowning my sorrows  
Waiting for the train to come  
Having so much fun, wish you were here  
Cuz its been years since the trains have run  
And I'm still waiting, waiting, wating  
Waiting, for the words that never come