

# Train Of Love

The Pogues

The sun slips through the broken blinds  
Through the dusty panes  
And casts a shadow across the bed  
Where you and I once lay

Your perfume lingers though you've gone  
My poor ol' heart will break  
I'm lonesome as the whistle  
On the evening train

The jukebox plays a sad old song  
I pray to God above  
That you'll come riding back to me  
On a train of love

I walk down to the station  
And watch the trains go by  
And stare into my coffee  
Just looking for a sign

That one day you'll step off that train  
And forgive me for my crimes  
Take my hand and walk with me  
Till the end of the line

The jukebox plays a sad old song  
I pray to God above  
That you'll come riding back to me  
On a train of love

I never knew I was lucky  
Till my luck all slipped away  
I gambled with the Devil  
And the Devil made me pay

My dreams never came true  
Like the roses never bloomed  
They withered and they died  
In this empty room

The light is gone, the night is here  
The day is left behind  
The rumble of a distant train  
Slithers through my mind

Your photograph is faded  
But the memory still remains  
Your eyes burn in the tail lights  
On the midnight train

The jukebox plays a sad old song  
I pray to God above  
That you'll come riding back to me  
On a train of love

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I pray to God above

That you'll come riding back to me  
On a train of love  
Train of love, train of love

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