

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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