

# Runaway Train

Rosanne Cash

I'm worried about you  
I'm worried about me  
The curves around midnight  
Aren't easy to see  
Flashing red warnings  
Unseen in the rain  
This thing has turned into  
A runaway train

Long-distance phone calls  
A voice on the line  
Electrical miles  
That soften the time  
The dynamite too  
Is hooked on the wire  
And so are the rails  
Of American Flyers

Blind boys and gamblers  
They invented the blues  
Will pay up in blood  
When this marker comes due  
To try and get off now  
It's about as insane  
As those who wave lanterns  
At runaway trains

Steel rails and hard lives  
Are always in twos  
I have been here before this  
And now it's with you

I'm worried about you  
I'm worried about me  
We're lighting the fuses  
And counting to three  
And what are the choices  
For those who remain  
The sign of the cross  
On a runaway train

This thing has turned into  
A runaway train  
This thing has turned into  
A runaway train  
Our love has turned into  
A runaway train