

About A Train

Spin Doctors

When I hear that train a-coming from the junction
Troublin' my mind is it's favorite function.
It makes that crying on that old air horn
Middle of the night, I can hear it mourn

The world is a stone hanging in the night
The train's a woman and she leaves behind a light
Love is gone, I mean washed out in the rain
Leaving town and mumbling something 'bout a train
Oh, about a train

My head is full of sky and my boots are full of ocean
And stolen designs for perpetual motion
Love scarred, shattered, tattered, and unfolding
Silent man, he won't tell me what it is
What it is he's holding

The world is a stone hanging in the night
The train's a woman and she leaves behind a light
Love is gone, I mean washed out by the rain
Leaving town and mumbling something 'bout a train

My heart is a stone, and my head is a canyon
Far off lonely home is my only companion
Love is gone, I mean washed out in the rain
Leaving town, mumbling something about a train