

# Runaway Train

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I was riding on a runaway train  
She was flying like a seagull  
Caught wind and shadow, and I called out for her name  
The rock, the bird, the steeple

She was looking for a Saturday dance  
I was hoping not to mumble  
Just then she took me, and she kissed me in a stance  
Guess we're headed for a tumble  
Whoa...  
We're gonna turn the page

She was looking for a circular event  
We were aware of the spiral  
And paranoia made us social as cement  
We faded in colors and styles

A cup of tea for the Mrs. Little Man  
Me, I'll have me a whiskey  
You should have seen us when we very first met  
The gun, the hat, the risky

Whoa...

Looking back I think she took me for a ride  
I thought that I was jiving on the water  
Walking side by side  
But every drama dreamer never really drowns and dies  
'Cause drama dreamers tumble, but we fade  
And then we fly high

The rock, the bird, the steeple  
The rock, the bird, the steeple  
Whoa...