

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...