

Rides the Rails

The Besnard Lakes

Gotta find another way to go on
You've got no way to find me

Now my father rides the rails
A northern trouble trails
He knows what paths to hike
Just enough in time to stop it

Gotta find another way to go on
You've got no way to find me

All the towns folk moved away
Even now it's hard to say
When all the villagers would run and hide
The evidence not far behind

And now my father rides the trains
With the evidence inside his brain
He must move to stay alive
Just because he knew how to stop it