

Nowhere

The Dead 60s

Down by the river we met with empty hands
By the boarded shelter
We turned our backs to the desert land
There must be something out there
A shock to kill the boredom
As the smoke kicked high from the factory fires
They never heard the siren calling
It takes one
To make one
It takes time
To kill time

Board this train, board this train to nowhere
Board this train, board this train to nowhere

Last by the river we left with empty hands
By the border station
We were blown by the western wind too long
There must be something out there
A shock to kill the boredom
As the smoke kicked high from the factory fires
We never heard the siren calling

It takes one
To make one
It takes time
To kill time

Board this train, board this train to nowhere
Board this train, board this train to nowhere

Board this train, board this train to nowhere
Board this train, board this train to nowhere
Stripped like wire, stripped left open and bare
Board this train, board this train to nowhere