

## A Train Roars

### The Horrors

Outside a Train roars,  
The clatter is deafening  
Louder than everything,  
Drowns what you were saying

And the Boys get on the back of that train  
Their clamour is deafening,  
Louder than everything  
And they accept no warning

And me in my brilliant red shirt  
And my shirt hangs open at the neck  
The Train is always passing through (2x)

Male passengers turn their heads,  
Following the passage  
Of a beautiful Ducchess  
Running from carriage to carriage

And it ploughs through the city,  
And everyone rides the Train  
It ploughs a primal instinct  
To rail against better sense

The train is always passing through (4x)

And me in my bloodstained shirt,  
My body hangs open at the neck  
It is always passing through, (2x)  
The train is always passing through, (2x)  
Through me (3x)