

Once a week I make the drive, two hours east  
To check the Austin post office box  
And I make the detour through our old neighborhood  
See all the Chevy Impalas in their front yards up on  
blocks

And I park in an alley  
And I read through the postcards you continue to send  
Where as indirectly as you can, you ask what I remember  
I like these torture devices from my old best friend

Well, I'll tell you what I know, like I swore I always  
would  
I don't think it's gonna do you any good  
I remember the train headed south out of Bangkok  
Down toward the water

I always get a late start when the sun's going down  
And the traffic's thinning out and the glare is hard to  
take  
I wish the West Texas Highway was a mobius strip  
I could ride it out forever

When I feel my heart break, I almost swear I hear it  
happen, in fact, clean and not hard  
I come in off the highway and I park in my front yard  
Fall out of the car like a hostage from a plane  
Think of you a while, start wishing it would rain

And I remember the train headed south out of Bangkok  
Down toward the water

I come into the house, put on a pot of coffee  
Walk the floors a little while  
I set your postcard on the table with all the others  
like it  
I start sorting through the pile

I check the pictures and the postmarks and the captions  
and the stamps  
For signs of any pattern at all  
When I come up empty-handed the feeling almost  
overwhelms me  
I let a few of my defenses fall

And I smile a bitter smile  
It's not a pretty thing to see  
I think about a railroad platform  
Back in 1983

And I remember the train headed south out of Bangkok  
Down, down toward the water