

## The Train

The Roches

I sit down on the train  
with my big pocketbook  
the guitar and a sugar-free drink  
I wipe the sweat off of my brow  
with the side of my arm  
and take off all that I can

I am trying not to have a bad day  
everybody knows the way that is

Even though my baggage and I  
are using up a two person seat  
I'm not trying to be funny  
but the guy who sits down next to me  
is even bigger than that  
we are overflowing out of the seat  
I can't look at him  
he doesn't look at me

Once you step on  
you might never get off  
of the commuter train  
it doesn't go very far away  
but just the same  
it s a trip and a half

My face is pressed up  
against the window  
and through it I can see  
the reflection of the train  
I spy on the big guy  
sitting next to me  
he's drinking two beers  
and reading the New York Post  
trying not to get in my way  
everybody knows the kind of day that is

He is miserable  
I am miserable  
we are miserable  
can't we have a party  
would he rather have a party  
after all we have to sit here  
and he's even drinking a beer  
I want to ask him what's his name  
but I can't cause I'm so afraid  
of the man on the train