

Spice Train

Thomas Dolby

I was drifting for days
Where the sun don't shine
While the night is young
I might clock a little overtime
I'll work until dawn
Awaken with the setting sun
And I'll tether my blimp
Wherever there's a party on

And if you roll with it
You can ride the Spice Train
When it boils down to it
You could hold the world in the palm of your hand

One big bizarre
The other's like a garage sale
And I'm pitching my stall
To cater to the infidels
I'm shifting my shape
And morphing into Spider-Man
And I'll tether my blimp
Wherever there's a party on

And if you roll with it
You can ride the Spice Train
When it boils down to it
You can hold the world in the palm of your hand

And the beat goes on
From Bahrain to Brixton
From Beirut to Bruges
From Beijing to Boston

And if you roll with it
You can ride the Spice Train
When it comes down to it
You would trade it all for one night in her arms

One big bazaar
The other's like a garage sale
And I peddle my warez
Wherever there's a floor to fill

And if you roll with it
You can ride the Spice Train
When it comes down to it
You would trade it all for one night in her arms

Still the beat goes on
From Bahrain to Brixton
From Beirut to Bruges
From Beijing to Boston
Still the beat goes on
Still the beat goes on