

This Train Won't Stop

Traffic

In the city streets where I was born
People bowed their heads from dusk till dawn
Never realized the potential of their lives
Till the reaper came to cut the corn
Some were born to live a life of ease, never knowing suffering
or disease
Till that final day when judgment comes their way, then they fall
down on their knees and pray
This train won't stop Till we reach the end of the line

In the golden fields of yesterday where the children used to laugh
and play
You can hear the sound of hammer breaking steel
When you take more than you give it never heals
I can see it rolling 'cross the sky on the holy mountains where
eagles cry
Far from earth below where poisoned rivers flow where I'm free
to let my soul and spirit fly
This train won't stop Till we reach the end of the line

And will the road find it, and will the soul guide you down
When will we really see that higher love, when we reach the end
of our lives
This train won't stop Till we reach the end of the line

See the reaper in the field, time to get your spirit healed
Now the doors are open wide, there's no place that you can hide
Tell your children