

## 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