

Last Train

Travis

Rain on the brain
Now there's flowers in your window
She, well she's so strange
I don't know anything about her
But if it's all the same to you
Here's what I'm gonna do
I'm gonna write a song
Gonna sing it to everyone
And then I'll sing it to you
'Cos it was you that wrote it too
This could be the last train
Search within yourself for feelings
Everybody's got them
You left me on the shelf
And now there's no-one to rely on
But if it's all the same to you
Here's what I'm gonna do
I'm gonna buy a gun
Gonna shoot eberything, everyone
And then I'm coming for you
'Cos it was you that drove me to
This could be the last train
Woo-woo
Woo-woo
Woo-woo
Woo-woo
Rear window
Wit the room in her hair
And on her jacket
There's a picture of Che Guevara
As he sits beneath the tree
But that's not important
But he look a bit like me
If you took all the little feelings in your heart
And took all those little feelings apart
Oh well now
What's the point in doing all of that?