

Night Train

Visage

The message
In a faded envelope
In a viselike grip

The passage
Of a carriage in the dark
On a foreign trip again

The image
Of a figure in the trees
In the evening rain

The knowledge
Of a stranger in your midst
On a speeding train again

Night train
Night train
Night train

He senses
Perfume lingers in the night
Smell of French cologne

He watches
As a hand turns down the light
Leaves him all alone again

He whispers
In a dim lit empty room
But it's all in vain

He laughs
When he reads the note he finds
On the midnight train again

Night train
Night train
Night train

Journey on the night train
Journey on the night train
Night train
Journey on the night train
Night train

Night train
Night train
Night train

Night train
Night train
Night train

Night train
Night train
Night train