

Life is a ride, like days in a train
Cities rush by, like ghosts in the night
The rhythm of wheels, time fades away
Stations of a journey, destination unknown

You never answer I'm alone when I arrive I've got ...
... I got to ask I got to see what does it mean

You never answer I'm alone when I arrive I've got ...
... I got to ask I got to see what does it mean

What does it mean

You never answer I'm alone when I arrive I've got ...
... I got to ask I got to see what does it mean

You never answer I'm alone when I arrive I've got ...
... I got to ask I got to see what does it mean

What does it mean

The rhythm of wheels, time fades away
Stations of a journey, destination unknown

For every day and every night
(Repeat)

You never answer I'm alone when I arrive I've got ...
... I got to ask I got to see what does it mean

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What does it mean

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What does it mean

Last call for the ... New York to Chicago midnight special leaving Grand Central on platform
nine.
First class seating at the front of the train.
Passengers for confirmation of their sleeping cars (cards?) should check in immediately.

The rhythm of wheels, time fades away
Stations of a journey, destination unknown