

Runaway Train

Rosanne Cash

I'm worried about you
I'm worried about me
The curves around midnight
Aren't easy to see Flashing red warnings
Unseen in the rain
This thing has turned into
A runaway train Long-distance phone calls
A voice on the line
Electrical miles
That soften the time The dynamite too
Is hooked on the wire
And so are the rails
Of American Flyers Blind boys and gamblers
They invented the blues
Will pay up in blood
When this marker comes due To try and get off now
It's about as insane
As those who wave lanterns
At runaway trains Steel rails and hard lives
Are always in two's
I have been here before this
And now it's with you I'm worried about you
I'm worried about me
We're lighting the fuses
And counting to three And what are the choices
For those who remain?
The sign of the cross
On a runaway train This thing has turned into
A runaway train
This thing has turned into
A runaway train
Our love has turned into
A runaway train

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