

# 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  
'Cause 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 everything, everyone  
And then I'm coming for you  
'Cause it was you that drove me to  
This could be the last train Rear window  
With the room in her hair  
And on her jacket  
There's a picture of [incomprehensible] Che Guevara  
As he sits beneath the tree  
But that's not important  
But he looked a bit like me  
If you took all the little feelings in your heart  
And took all those little feelings all apart  
Oh now what's the point in doing all of that?

Lyrics provided by

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