

# Trains

## Rough Guides

Train set and match spied under the blind  
Shiny and contoured the railway winds  
And I've heard the sound from my cousin's bed  
The hiss of the train at the railway head  
Always the summers are slipping away  
60 ton angel falls to the earth  
A pile of old metal, radiant blur  
Scars in the country, summer and her  
Always the summers are slipping away  
Find me a way for making it stay  
When I hear the engine pass, I'm kissing you wide

The hissing subsides, I'm in luck  
When the evening reaches here you're tying me up  
I'm dying of love, it's okay  
When I hear the engine pass, I'm kissing you wide  
Hissing subsides, I'm in luck  
When the evening reaches here you're tying me up  
I'm dying of love, it's okay  
Always the summers are slipping away  
Find me a way for making it stay  
Always the summers are slipping away  
Always the summers are slipping away

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