

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?

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