A Stranger's Car

Rickie Lee Jones

Take the train, oh, you have run
As far as you can go
They've tied your fingers to rails of stars
But can you hear the whistle blow?There is no one here to beat out your brains
There's no one who'll make you cry
If your parents kill you year by year
Well, here's the time to say goodbyeAnd it's oh, so bad from far away
And it's always warm inside
And there's children there
There is children thereWho will touch your face?
Who will fill your pockets?
Avoid that tangled street
And who will count the marbles there?
And who will save your penny ring?

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