

# Engine Driver

## Million Dead

When I grow up I want to be an engine driver.  
I'll build up my own head of steam, 25 horsepower.Old hands, new power,  
More miles per hour  
Strange light in the ancient mills.  
New sights, old eyes,  
Giant leaps under small skies  
A sense of death in the hills.But when I pull off, I don't want to follow timetables or tracks.  
I will cut new paths through topsoil and tarmac.Old hands, new power,  
More miles per hour  
Strange light in the ancient mills.  
New sights, old eyes,  
Giant leaps under small skies  
A sense of death in the hills.

Songwriters

TURNER, FRANCIS EDWARD / DAWSON, BENJAMIN RUSSELL ERRING / FOWLER, THOMAS

RUSSELL / RUZICKA, JULIAPublished by

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