L Train

Son Volt

Are the words by an old photograph
'Rustic old doors made by a million years'
Waiting for the train around sunset
Find a frenzy like no one caresWaiting for a plan to fall
Satellite voice gets lost and bounces away to the moon
Be there soon on the L train to Williamsburg
Waiting for a plan to fall
Satellite voice gets lost and bounces away to the moon
Be there soon on the L train to WilliamsburgPassing by an old guitar factory
Walking shelves of dreams to refer
Realize, though see trains see unfamiliar
The working class on timeEveryone speaks their own movie
Making dialog in designer pints
Take to the forgotten places
For the real world contract, a year of surprise

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