

First Train Home

The Bostonians

Got to get on it
Got to get on it
Got to get on it
Bodies disengaged
Our mouths are fleshing over
As hiss and echo gain
Irises retreating to ovals of white
The urge to feel your face
In blood, rushing to paint my handprint
And Frisbee one by one,
You're vinyl on laminate
Desperate for some kind of contact
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home, I've got to get on it
Got to catch, to catch, catch, catch, catch
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home
Da-dum, dah, day-o
Day-o, dah day-o
Da-dum, dah, day-o
Day-o, dah day
Temporal dead zone
Where clocks are barely breathing
Yet no one cares to notice
For all their yamming on
I clam up to hold it together
I want to Play-Doh waveforms in the hideaway
Want to get on with getting on with things
I want to run in fields, paint the kitchen and love someone
And I can't do any of that here, can I?
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home
So what?
You've had one too many

So what?
I'm not that much fun to be with
So what?
You've got a silly hat on
So what?
I didn't want to come here anyway
What matters to you doesn't matter, matter to me
What matters to me doesn't matter, matter to you
What matters to you doesn't matter, matter to them
What matters to them doesn't change anything
Got to get on it, first train home
Got to get on it, first train home
First train home, I've got to get on it
(Got to catch, to catch, catch, catch, catch)
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home
First train home
Got to go, to go, to go
To get, get, get, get
Out, out, out, out
Now, now, now, now

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