Funeral Train

Stampead

Waiting around,
for a funeral train in Chester,
and I don't feel it's coming round.I heard my mother,
crying in the kitchen,
doing her best not to make a sound.And I could lay on the rails or set my sails,
or clench my fists again,
maybe put my guns away.Remembering you and what you wanted.
All that we stood for.
How can I walk away?From these,
home dreams,
and half broken bridges,
that you wouldn't dare to burn down.And it's,
old friends,
who tell you you're not alone,
and then they never come around.I know now that I can't win,
when there's nothing left to lose.
It's only revenge.And Lord, weve tried and tried,
but the future died for me,
in a hotel in LA.Someday, one day, cant catch a break.
Spend half my life on a line in a factory.
Waiting for some fresh air.In these,
home dreams,
and half broken bridges,
that you wouldn't dare to burn down.And it's,
old friends,
who tell you you're not alone,
and then they never come around.I stood with my neighborhood.
Lined along the tracks,
on the saddest day.I heard my mother,
crying in the kitchen,
and I put my guns away.
I can see,
if you show me,
right from wrong.All I need,
all I need,
is a friend to say that it's alright.

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