

The Train

The Roches

I sit down on the train with my big pocketbook the guitar
And a sugar-free drink, I wipe the sweat off of my brow
With the side of my arm, and I take off all that I can
I am trying not to have a bad day, now everybody knows the way that is
Even though my baggage and I are
using up a two person seat
I'm not trying to be funny, but the guy who sits down next to me
Is even bigger than that, we are overflowing out of the seat
And I can't look at him, he doesn't look at me
Once you step on
You might never get off of the commuter train
Doesn't go very far away, but just the same
It's a trip and a half
My face is pressed up against the window and through it I can see
The reflection of the train, I spy on the big guy sitting next to me
He's drinking two beers and reading the New York Post
Trying not to get in my way, now everybody knows the kind of day that is
He is miserable and I am miserable,
we are miserable
Can't we have a party? Would he rather have a party?
After all we have to sit here and he's even drinking a beer
I want to ask him what's his name
But I can't 'cause I'm so afraid of the man on the train
Once you step on
You might never get off of the commuter train
Doesn't go very far away, but just the same
It's a trip and a half
Get me off of this train
Get us off the train

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