

Milk Train

[Roger Daltrey](#)

Here I am upon the stage and it's very weird
It's not myself it's someone else but standing here
And the girls look strange, as they call my name. Someone slipped a substance in me lemonade
My head is blown,
I think I'll phone the farm brigade
Can you see those rainbows,
In the first three rows On the milk train at four A.M.
I'll be feeling strange
On the milk train at four A.M.
I'm gonna be out of my brain Some joker threw a firework from the gallery
I can hear him scream,
I wonder what he wants from me
But it won't be long now,
To the final song.

Songwriters

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