

# Last Train

Neil Cribbs

She used to walk with a purpose in her own meandering style  
She used to hold her head down while her mind would run for miles  
When she would want it, when she would need it  
It would all come circle around  
Then it would take her, cover and make her  
Head sink out of the clouds

If she, could be, the dreams that seem to tether her there  
She might, take flight, and find herself swimming though the air

Chorus:

Sheâ€™ll take the last train to Paris  
The first bus out to Saigon  
Sheâ€™ll take the last road to Houston on her own  
Sheâ€™ll take the first plane to nothing  
The last trip she will be on  
Will be the first path to anywhere to be gone

He would believe he perceived everything just at a glance  
He would cover his eyes avoiding circumstance  
He would grow weary, tired of merely  
Letting chance pass him by  
If he could hold it, muddle and mold it  
Would make him realize

If He, could see, that life does not rest inside the mire  
His mind, could find, the dream, the scheme, unrelenting desire to

Chorus

Then when they met through fumbled regrets finding a hole in their lives  
They covered the place through timeless embraces, impenetrable compromise  
They would write verses, silently merging  
Chords of past memories  
They would see hiding, symphonic entwining  
Opuses through the trees

When they, would say the words only spoken out in song  
Theyâ€™d find, behind the strings, the harmony where they belonged

Lyrics submitted by Foo.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>