

# Treasure Train

## Horse the Band

Hang on, hang on, hang on!  
Hang on, hang on, hang on!  
Hang on, hang on, hang on!  
Hang on, hang on. I took steps in this mission  
to take the tumultuous ride.  
It's all right,  
I'm the physician,  
this medicine will keep me alive.  
I wouldn't feel, I wouldn't look,  
and I would rarely care,  
but there's a small window at the end of this train.  
I hear something out there.  
I didn't know and I wouldn't try,  
I didn't have the need.  
The sound from the windows is becoming much clearer,  
that windows a mirror. I see myself,  
I'm not alone on this train of jewels and gold.  
Passengers and passer-by,  
strange sparkles in their eyes.  
Then black stars start boiling from my mouth,  
I want to die.  
I fall on my knees I clutch my face,  
then glow and come alive. There's lightning in my hair,  
thunder in my ears.  
I go so far my head explodes,  
I'm almost half way there. Lightning in the sky,  
thunder of the train.  
Diving into a bottomless rift,  
falling like rain. Lightning in the sky,  
thunder in my room.  
There's no flavor to memories  
and memories are moment's doom. Hang on, hang on, hang on!  
Hang on, hang on, hang on!  
Hang on, hang on, hang on!  
Hang on, hang on. Onto the treasure train,  
valleys of sorrow and peaks of joy,  
across an empty plain. The treasure, the treasure. On the treasure train,  
on the treasure train,  
on the treasure train,

We will never be the same.  
On the treasure train,  
on the treasure train,  
on the treasure train,  
I go so far my head explodes,  
on the treasure train

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