

Ghost Train

Kevin Ayers

I'm sitting here picking the holes in my sneakers
Watching the moves of those midnight creepers
There's a smell of a song, rustling through my head
Something about being somewhere else insteadAnd the ghost train comes blowing on in, through this town
Picking up the passengers then putting them down
And the wind steals a leaf, like the ghost of a thief
And the autumnal wind blows around and aroundOh those horses of smoke sneaking in through the trees
There's a shaking and a shuddering that goes to my knees
And I wonder what's happening, did I miss the joke
Another year sleeping I never awoke
There was plenty war and plenty of death
Plenty of hunger and wasting of breath
And all I did was scratch myself and dream a few dreams
And I wrote a few notes on what I think it all meansBut reading them all now they don't amount to much
There's no meat to eat no flesh to touch
A few dreams of you and a few fish to fry
I just sat there watching another year go by
Oh those horses of smoke sneaking in through the trees
There's a shaking and a shuddering that goes to my knees
And I wonder what's happening, did I miss the joke
Another year sleeping I never awoke

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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