

# Stolen from Them

Jeffrey Martin

Living in the city feels like crying in the rain  
Until you learn how to scream, everybody looks the same  
Oh im gonna empty my pockets for a mountain bound train  
Write a song and meet a girl to call me babe

So come on fast train, speed it up  
I gotta get out, to where I haven't been  
Oh poor boy, dont you know, Its the slow blow thats gonna cast the pain

She left me standin there with my eyes upon the fire  
I found the wind when I fell upon her lips  
She ran hard and fast into the night  
Singing shame on you for being afraid of this

So come on fast train, speed it up, i gotta find out where my heart landed  
Oh poor boy, don't you know, its burried inside of you right where you left it

Now i've seen angry people hiding their faces in the dark  
Spitting words like stones they built around their hearts  
And there our children with broken eyes of old men  
Because their child eyes have been stolen from them

So come on fast train, speed it up, I gotta find out if god exists  
Oh poor boy, dont you know, its the hand of man that have ruined this

The worlds as small as a stone, i can hide it under my hand,  
Its to heavy to hold for all i don't understand  
and its as empty as this heart ive yet to know  
Its what i dont have that keeps me comin round for more

So come on fast train, speed it up, I gotta get out to where the grass is green  
Oh poor boy, dont you know, Its only as green as you believe  
Oh poor boy, dont you know, its only as green as you believe.

Lyrics Submitted by Jordan Snow

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