

# Trains

## The Narrative

Trains on train tracks  
are made to come back  
from every place that  
they've ever been a 7:30  
a Sunday off peak  
I knew she'd leave me  
but not like this you know  
you're the reason  
that I felt alive out here  
for so long  
I've been waiting  
for my chance to disappear the wooden sleepers  
the girders lying still  
are cold reminders  
of what you had to do we're not like train tracks  
sometimes we have to move  
and never come back  
despite the things we lose you know  
you're the reason  
that I felt alive out here  
for so long  
I've been waiting  
for my chance to disappear This town  
is just a strip of bars  
and streets with common names  
it's strange  
to know you'll watch me  
as I slowly pull away

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