

# Train

## Blue Rodeo

I was riding on this train  
looking out the back door on where I had been  
thinking about the sun and your golden skin  
your golden skin  
I'm looking back  
out onto where I'm coming from  
out into that big white sun  
out into that big white sun  
big white sun  
I was feeling kind of strange  
chasing these tracks to a room by the lake  
I heard your song and it took me away  
I wanted to stay  
I'm looking back  
out onto where I'm coming from  
out into that big white sun  
out into that big white sun  
big white sun

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