Trains

Jill Sobule

Tie me to the track with my ear to the rail
But wait for the very last moment to save me
Or we could fight on top like a Western, jump from car to car
Not noticing the tunnel is approaching
And when were in the tunnel, you become another person
And we lay down and let the darkness enfold usTrains, I wish I was on that train
I wish I was on that train with you
Trains, there's something about a train
That always makes me think of youOn the Peking to Paris, you're a sculptor, I'm an heiress
I'm running from my husband, you're running from the law
But there's agents at the border so I hide you in my cabin
Of course I let you spend the night not knowing who you are
And when I let you out, you become another person
And we lay down and let the darkness enfold usTrains, I wish I was on that train
I wish I was on that train with you
Trains, there's something about a train
That always makes me think of you, think of youWish I was on that train
Wish I was on that train
Wish I was on that train with youWe're two hobos on the box car, you and your five o'clock shadow
Me and my harmonica and a duffel on a stick
Or you're a soldier coming back from the war
I'm the lover waiting on the platform
It's so steamy you're not sure it's me waving
And when I close my eyes, I become another person
And we lay down and let the darkness enfold us

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