Trains

Billinski

Train set and match spied under the blind
Shiny and contoured the railway winds
And I've heard the sound from my cousin's bed
The hiss of the train at the railway head
Always the summers are slipping away
60 ton angel falls to the earth
A pile of old metal, radiant blur
Scars in the country, summer and her
Always the summers are slipping away
Find me a way for making it stay
When I hear the engine pass, I'm kissing you wide

The hissing subsides, I'm in luck
When the evening reaches here you're tying me up
I'm dying of love, it's okay
When I hear the engine pass, I'm kissing you wide
Hissing subsides, I'm in luck
When the evening reaches here you're tying me up
I'm dying of love, it's okay
Always the summers are slipping away
Find me a way for making it stay
Always the summers are slipping away
Always the summers are slipping away

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