

# Train of Thought (2015 Remastered)

[a-ha](#)

He likes to have the morning paper's  
Crossword solved  
Words go up words come down  
Forwards backwards twisted round  
He grabs a pile of letters from a small suitcase  
Disappears into an office  
It's another working day And his thoughts are full of strangers  
Corridors of inked lights  
And his mind once full of reason  
Now there's more than meets the eye  
Oh, a stranger's face he carries with him He likes a bit of reading on the subway home  
A distant radio whistling tunes that nobody knows  
At home a house awaits him, He unlocks the door  
Thinking once there was a sea here  
But there never was a door And his thoughts are full of strangers  
And his eyes too numb to see  
And nothing that he knows of  
And nowhere where he's been  
Was ever quite like this And his thoughts And at heart  
He's full of strangers  
Dodging on his train of thought  
Train of thought

Songwriters  
WAAKTAAR, PAL Published by  
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