

Train of Thought

[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 to 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

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