

# Trains to Brazil

## Guillemots

It's 1 o'clock on a Friday morning  
I'm trying to keep my back from the wall  
The prophets and their pawns have had another success  
And I'm wondering why we bother at all And I think of you on cold winter mornings, darling  
They remind me of when we were in school  
Nothing really mattered when you called out my name  
In fact nothing really mattered at all And I think about how long it will take them  
To blow us away but I won't get me down  
I'm just thankful to be facing the day  
'Cause days don't get you far when you're gone It's 5 o'clock on a Friday morning  
One hundred telephones shake and ring  
One of those was someone who knew you And I'll still think of you on cold winter mornings, darling  
They'll still remind me of when we were in school  
When they could never have persuaded me  
That lives like yours were in the hands of these erroneous fools And to those of you who mourn your lives  
through one day to the next  
Well, let them take you next  
Can't you live and be thankful you're here?  
See, it could be you tomorrow, next year

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