

Night Train

Visage

The message
In a faded envelope
In a viselike gripThe passage
Of a carriage in the dark
On a foreign trip againThe image
Of a figure in the trees
In the evening rainThe knowledge
Of a stranger in your midst
On a speeding train againNight train
Night train
Night trainHe senses
Perfume lingers in the night
Smell of French cologneHe watches
As a hand turns down the light
Leaves him all alone againHe whispers
In a dim lit empty room
But it's all in vainHe laughs
When he reads the note he finds
On the midnight train againNight train
Night train
Night trainJourney on the night train
Journey on the night train
Night train
Journey on the night train
Night trainNight train
Night train
Night trainNight train
Night train
Night trainNight train
Night train
Night train

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