

# Train of Thought

[Chilly Gonzales](#)

He likes to have the morning paper, 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 naked lights  
And his mind once full of reason  
Now there's more that meets the eye  
Oh a stranger's face he'll 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, yeah  
And his thoughts are full of strangers  
Corridors of naked lights  
And his mind once full of reason  
Now there's more that meets the eye  
Oh a stranger's face he'll carries with him  
And at heart he's full of strangers  
Dodging on his train of thought  
Train of thought

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