Rotterdam (live)

Chuck Ragan

Took a walk in Rotterdam, thinking about her train.
All along the banks of memory, holding tide away.
And on the end of every corner I could almost hear her sound.
Time went by in ecstasy, walking next to walls.
And the color of the water, was the rails that she was on.
And when the whistles blew far away, I felt she knew somehow.For the train often rattles, from the rails shaking ground.
I close my eyes and almost hear her now.Took a walk in Rotterdam, dodging spoke and wheel.
And a few unnerving riders, agile or insane.
And the rest, victims of fashion, lord we're all to blame.
Found myself a bar stool, and something on the rocks.
I was dreaming I could ride the sun, westward as it dropped.
And find her at the station, gracefully rolling a stop.For the train often rattles, from the rails shaking ground.
I close my eyes and see her westward bound.Well I'll keep that mind a wandering, of love on the rails.
Slow rolling days, steel pushing home.
Mile over miles gone in the blink of an eye.For the train often rattles, from the rails shaking ground.
I close my eyes and see her westward bound.

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