

Runaway Train Driver

Die Toten Hosen

Rattling down the track on iron wheels,
this is not an exercise, it's for real.
I'm up here in the rushing wind, way down there.
This town is just a traffic jam,
you can't walk the streets or breathe the air. I'm a runaway train driver.
I'm a runaway train driver.
I'm a runaway train driver,
heading off the rails. Thundering through the night with the moon in my eyes,
out into the daybreak and the new sunrise.
All I found was loneliness in the crush of the crowd,
but I'm bound for freedom now,
I've got power and speed, I'm never slowing down. I'm a runaway train driver.
I'm a runaway train driver.
I'm a runaway train driver,
heading off the rails. I am no ordinary vandal, oh no!
Hanging on to the dead man's handle
and I'm never going to let go,
never going to let go...
This is not the green train. I'm pulling this cargo up and over the top.
It's a loaded son of a gun with the hammer cocked.
Slow-moving son of a bomb, soon it's going to roll.
It's too late to evacuate,
it wouldn't do any good.
Where would you go? I'm a runaway train driver.
I'm a runaway train driver.
I'm a runaway train driver,
heading off the rails.
This is not the green train...

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