

Sleeper On a Westbound Train

Terence Martin

Coming down to sea-level, where everything tastes like salt,
the road was dry as a desert lake in my headlights, as night began to fall.

I was one step ahead of the weather, one step behind your memory,
it looks like freedom, but I know better - I wish that you were here with me.

Last night I dreamed I was dreaming, and something carried me away,
it carried me across your fine soft land like a sleeper on a westbound train, a sleeper on a westbound train.

Spinning like a dust devil, like a motel ceiling fan,
everything's spinning but not moving, and I'm moving as fast as I can.

Last night I dreamed I was dreaming, and something carried me away,
it carried me across your fine soft land like a sleeper on a westbound train, a sleeper on a westbound train.

What is it brings me back to you? Something that doesn't have a name.
I came here in a borrowed car, but I'm leaving on a westbound train.

Last night I dreamed I was dreaming, and something carried me away,
it carried me across your fine soft land like a sleeper on a westbound train, a sleeper on a westbound train.

Lyrics submitted by John Campos.

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