

# The Train

## The Roches

I sit down on the train with my big pocketbook the guitar  
And a sugar-free drink, I wipe the sweat off of my brow  
With the side of my arm, and I take off all that I can  
I am trying not to have a bad day, now everybody knows the way that is  
Even though my baggage and I are  
using up a two person seat  
I'm not trying to be funny, but the guy who sits down next to me  
Is even bigger than that, we are overflowing out of the seat  
And I can't look at him, he doesn't look at me  
Once you step on  
You might never get off of the commuter train  
Doesn't go very far away, but just the same  
It's a trip and a half  
My face is pressed up against the window and through it I can see  
The reflection of the train, I spy on the big guy sitting next to me  
He's drinking two beers and reading the New York Post  
Trying not to get in my way, now everybody knows the kind of day that is  
He is miserable and I am miserable,  
we are miserable  
Can't we have a party? Would he rather have a party?  
After all we have to sit here and he's even drinking a beer  
I want to ask him what's his name  
But I can't 'cause I'm so afraid of the man on the train  
Once you step on  
You might never get off of the commuter train  
Doesn't go very far away, but just the same  
It's a trip and a half  
Get me off of this train  
Get us off the train

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