



FROM A RUNNING TRAIN

Looking at the world from a running train
Drawing silhouettes on the window pane
The city lights out there as distant as the stars
Crossing down a border jagged like a scar

Looking at the world from a running train
Thinking of the love that I could not save
The rustle of the dead leaves on the ground
The comfort of the everchanging sky

I'm running past the crowds whose eyes cannot see
My heart is like a kite tangled in a tree
Running past the days like flicking through a book
I don't know why I do the all these things I do

So I say "Time, move slow,
Cause time, you speak a foreign tongue"
So I say "What's going on?
I must have missed a sign somewhere along the road"

Looking at the world from a running train
Drawing silhouettes on the window pane
The past wave its arms through the jail bars
The future now unfolds like a fan of cards

Down here the train rolls by
The tremor of a river flowing underground
Above, the sun comes up
The comfort of the ever-changing sky

I can feel it, I can feel it
The sky's a-changing

