

Stopping All Stations

Hilltop Hoods

Early morn, train station, aching from the arthritis,
This war veteran knows what a hard time is,
He needs his pension, dementia and half blind is,
The reason he rides the train with no car license,
So he boards with an expired ticket has a swipe,
Gets a fine cos the change he got don't add up right,
We're taking about a man who never lived a lavish life,
Caught up in the age of computer chips and satellites,
A lovely lady boards looking tired and half awake,
He smiles, she's reminds him of his wife that past away,
She says something as she walks right past his way,
His old hearing aid don't last quite half the day,
Some young gentlemen alive with their laughter,
Approach the old timer and put a knife to his heart to,
Explain that money or bloods the price of their barter,
To a man whose friends probably died for their fathers.

Chorus

Whatever it takes can justify,
Whatever ends we make, whatever the price,
To the end of a life, it's just an observation,
So take a ride we're stopping all stations.

Verse 2 - Pressure

It's been a long night the suns lifting on a cold,
Morning but she's drugged and drunk tripping on her stroll,
On the way home, she's done with stripping on a pole,
But she can't pay for her son living on the dole,
Jumps a train puts on her gloves she's wearing black,
Being watched by some old mug she's glaring back,
She's on edge and got the bug from sharing smack,
So she says, "Hey, what the fuck you staring at?"
He smiles, an unsteady hand rubs on his dome,
She takes a seat, a messy band of ruffs board alone,
To the digger with a machete at his lungs and he's prone,
He can barely stand but ready to stand up for his own,
She tries to help him she doesn't choose to flee the car,
And catches a blow with enough bruise to leave a scar,
She starts fainting, the rooms moving and seeing stars,
Aint it amazing how courageous human beings are?

Chorus

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Verse 3 - Pressure

He knows nothing but toil, strife and hard yakka,
Pissed at the world for playing wife in a slammer,
This man was never given a life on a damn platter,
So he jumps a train with knife and bandanna,
Boys at his back, sleazy, hardened and far,
From giving a fuck, an easy target his mark,
He sees an old man and says "See we'll part with your hard,
Earned cash or rest in peace we can start with your heart."
Some girl steps not afraid she's gonna cop it sweet,

And gets decked before she made it even on her feet,
The old man leaped to her aid and to his horror he'd,
Thrusted his chest into the blade of his robber's piece,
He grabbed the wallet, dropped the knife as he fled the car,
Concerned about the loss of life he'd never went this far,
What's done is done, he'd got the prize and he'd spent his half,
Of two dollars in change and a pension card.