Driver 8

R.E.M.

The walls are built up, stone by stone;
the fields divided one by one.
And the train conductor says,
"Take a break Driver 8, Driver 8 take a break
we've been on this shift too long"

And the train conductor says,
"Take a break Driver 8, Driver 8 take a break
We can reach our destination, but we're still a ways away"
I saw a treehouse on the outskirts of the farm.
The power lines have floaters so the airplanes won't get snagge
d.
Bells are ringing through the town again,
Children look up, all they hear is sky-blue, bells ringing

And the train conductor says
"Take a break Driver 8, Driver 8 take a break
We can reach our destination, but we're still a ways away"

Way to shield the hated heat.
Way to put myself to sleep.
Way to shield the hated heat.
Way to put myself, my children to sleep.

He piloted this song in a plane like that one.
She is selling faith on the Go Tell crusade.
Locomotive 8, Southern Crescent, hear the bells ring again.
Field to weed is lookin' thin

And the train conductor says
"Take a break Driver 8, Driver 8 take a break
We've been on this shift too long."
And the train conductor says,
"Take a break Driver 8, Driver 8 take a break.
We can reach our destination, but we're still a ways away"

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