

## Train of Thought

a-ha

He likes to have the morning paper's  
Crossword solved  
Words go up words come down  
Forwards backwards twisted round  
He grabs a pile of letters from a small  
suitcase  
Disappears into an office  
It's another working day

And his thoughts are full of  
strangers  
Corridors of naked lights  
And his mind once full of reason  
Now there's more than meets the  
eye  
Oh, a stranger's face he carries with  
him

He likes a bit of reading on the subway  
home  
A distant radio whistling tunes that  
nobody knows  
At home a house awaits him, He  
unlocks the door  
Thinking once there was a sea here  
But there never was a door

And his thoughts are full of  
strangers  
And his eyes to numb to see  
And nothing that he knows of  
And nowhere where he's been  
Was ever quite like this  
And his thoughts...

And at heart  
He's full of strangers  
Dodging on his train of thought  
Train of thought