

Brooklands

Big Big Train

Coming over the headland
At high speed
With the sun at my back
From the valley below me
Carried on the breeze
The cry of the engine is calling

Like a ghost on the water
That shimmers
In silver and red
Flying over the surface
To the finishing line

Racing away from the shoreline;
Back there as a young lad at Brooklands
Mountains rise into the distance
Jetsam drifts on the water

Driving onto the banking
At high speed
On the 50 foot line
The cry of the engines
The roar of the crowd

The hammer strikes sound
In the workshops
The smell of burned oil fills the air
I rode there on two wheels
Came back with four
I said all my words on the racing line

She watched me from the half-crown
And from the measured mile
Race the fading light

I was a lucky man, a lucky man
I did the things I can
The things I can't explain

On the racing line
Lived life at high speed
Too fast too far

I was a lucky man, a lucky man
I did the best I can
I'd do it all again
But where did all the time go?
Where did all the time go?

Coming over the headland
At high speed
With the sun at my back
The cry of the engines
The roar of the crowd

Racing away from the shoreline;
Back there as a young lad at Brooklands

Mountains rise into the distance
Jetsam adrift on the water

I was a lucky man, a lucky man
I did the things I can
The things I can't explain
But where did all the time go?

Just give me one more run
On the racing line
One more time
One last time