

Last Train

Big Big Train

End of the road he's travelling,
Waiting for trains that never ever come.
They've all gone.
End of the final day,
Light fades she moves away
To the north.
This will never come again.

Living on the line for all those years
Happy but if lonely.
Half in sun and half in shade,
Twelve stones at the forest edge.

Mr Delia is leaving home,
All is left to grass and rust
Gone.

Fetch wood for the fire,
The last days of summer,
He prepares for the end of the line.
Sure as the curving Earth,
The beat of the second hand,
Counts the days down
To the end of the line.