

# I'm On This Train

Big Country

There's a click on Monday morning  
Hour starts the whole thing on  
The early bird is yawning  
Damn, those worms are pretty tough  
Even gillies phone in sick  
Wish I could make that call  
What the hell by two o'clock  
I'm climbing up the wall

I'm on this train  
Yeah, this train here  
Me and and a hundred different guys  
Sharing the same fear  
I'm on this train  
The first train out  
And I should be full of hope and pride  
But I'm just full of doubt

The newsboy hocks his tales of acrobats and science fairs  
Coffee vendors count the beans  
And rearrange tomorrow's chairs  
High above the whiskey dive  
And swoon like summer birds  
Far apart from bartenders  
Who neither shake nor stir

Long before her morning  
I'll be gone  
Maybe she will think of me  
But not the train I'm on  
Now all the world's  
A different place to you  
We'll work out all the haircuts  
Is important stuff to do

On the street the mailman hates  
The front yard dogs replace their teeth  
The parcel van delivery man  
Already stoned beyond belief

Shakers move and movers shake  
They cut you with the pen  
Here the devil buys your soul  
And he sells it back again