

## Hot Rails to Hell

Blue Öyster Cult

Riding the underground, swimming in sweat  
A rumble above and below, hey cop don't you know?  
The heat's on alright  
The hot summer day didn't quit for the night

1277 express to heaven, speeding along like dynamite  
1277 express to heaven, rumbles the steel like a dogfight  
You caught me in it's spell  
Trying to leave but you know darn well  
The heat from below can burn your eyes out

Blackened out eyes, scratched on a wall  
Stoned out looks from the crowd, the king will not know  
On the wall it was said  
The flash of his cards was sprayed with red

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