

Train True (Lennie's Song)

Blue Öyster Cult

Well, I was standing on the train tracks on a midnight blue trying to remember where I left my shoes and in a natural way, my thoughts returned to you

So I walked into a honky tonk jukebox saloon to reflect on my losses and rock to some tunes

I thought it all through then I figured out what to do

I'd start working for the train, train, feedly-dang

Feedle-otten deeten-do dangy-do

Feedle-otten deeten-do ding-train-true

I started working for the train when I was looking for you

Sprung from the ward

Steel brainpan, pity pity

Looked you up in Freehold for a face that I could trust

The foreman said you'd left out in some kind of a state He pointed at the office it was already late

I smoothed down my hair and went to talk to the boss He was weary, short-tempered and had one eye on the clock

He said I had just seconds to make my case I put one hand on his shoulder And stuck the other in his face

And I said:

"Feelings, feelings, are somewhat symptomatic of societal abrasions that conform electric static."

He said, "Son, I don't think you have much of a brain." I said, "You've got to have a brain when you're working for the train."

It's a long run to Trenton when you start about five Some folks are tired and hungry some are barely alive

But when that engine starts pumping those familiar tones I don't care where the train is going cause I'm already home

I spent a long year
Dancing up and down that aisle
Pestering my savior just to
Let me see your smile

The salesman was drunk
My training shot to the fore
I put my shoulder in his gut
And knocked his samples on the floor

And I said:

"Feelings, feelings, are somewhat symptomatic of societal abrasions that conform electric static."

He said, "Sir, I don't think you've got much of a brain." I said, "You've got to have a brain when you're working for the train."

The Princeton Junction depot
Is straight known to be staid

They wear hound's-tooth and khaki
Most have already paid

I looked under my visor my heart stopped like it got froze lipstick like a s
ixties Vette and polish on your toes

You had half of a smile watching me shakin' like a hound as triumph seized m
y body missing love had been found

And I said:

"Feelings, feelings, are somewhat symptomatic of societal abrasions that con
form electric static.

She said some folks say
You don't have much of a brain."
But You've got to have a brain
Cause you're working for the train."

Train, train, feedly-dang
Feedle-otten deeten-do dangy-do
Feedle-otten deeten-do ding-train-true
I started working for the train when I was looking for you

I whooped and called "Metuchen"
As I stepped through the door I put my hands around your hips and kissed you
then and ever more

And I said:

"Feelings, feelings, are somewhat symptomatic of societal abrasions that con
form electric static.

She said some folks say
You don't have much of a brain."
But You've got to have a brain
Cause you're working for the train."

Train, train, feedly-dang
Feedle-otten deeten-do dangy-do
Feedle-otten deeten-do ding-train-true
I started working for the train when I was looking for you

Train, train, feedly-dang
Feedle-otten deeten-do dangy-do
Feedle-otten deeten-do ding-train-true
I started working for the train and now I've finally found you

I've finally found you
I've finally found you
I've finally found you