

Faces On A Train

Brandon Heath

I'm the first one on at the Ashland station
Got a long way to go to my destination
Yeah, I always ride in the same old seat
Right in the middle where I can see

Faces on a train
Faces on a train

There's a woman thumbin' paper in a company folder
Black leather bag hangin' off her shoulder
With her pinstriped suit and her hair pulled back
She's a northbound woman on a management track

Faces on a train
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There's an old man sittin' with his hands in his lap
From a ticker tape world where they all wore hats
And I wonder why he rides alone
If there's anybody waitin' when he gets back home

Faces on a train
Faces on a train

I don't know you
I don't know you
I don't know nothin' 'bout you
But you don't know me
You don't know me
You don't know nothin' 'bout me
Wish I knew you
Wish I knew you
Wish I knew somethin' 'bout you
Wish you knew me
Wish you knew me

Faces on a train
Faces on a train
Faces on a train
We're all just
Faces on a train

The doors slide open and a couple walks in
He hangs on the rail, she hangs onto him
I can't be sure but it might be love
'Cause the old man smiles and his eyes well up

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We're all just
Faces on a train

Never there early but we're always on time
We'll go our own way at the end of the line
And you don't know me and I don't know you
But we share the same air for a minute or two

On a train
Faces on a train
Wish I knew you
Wish I knew you
Wish I knew somethin' 'bout you
Wish you knew me
Wish you knew me
Wish you knew somethin' 'bout me
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