

Rider or the Train

Chuck Prophet

You're in my heart, ma
You're in my dreams
You're in my mind when
I go to sleep
I fold my hands and
I drift away
Oh, sometimes it's hard to tell
If you're the rider or the train
Birds in the fountain
Fighting over crumbs
I got a little fight, yeah
I've grown a little numb
I close my eyes and I drift away
Oh, sometimes it's hard to tell
If you're the rider or the train
Sometimes it's hard to tell
If you're the dreamer or the dream
So give me one spoonful
Of your stuff
One or a million
It could never be enough

The years roll on, yeah
Like a summer's end
Oh, sometimes it's hard to tell
If you're the rider or the train
Sometimes it's hard to tell
If you're the dreamer or the dream
Mixed up kid
Daddy's girl
Hiding in your room
Dropping out of school
You keep on running
You wind up here
And in the neon light
You can always disappear
Sometimes it's hard to tell
If you're the dreamer or the dream
Sometimes it's hard to tell
If you're the rider or the train
Dreamer or the dream