

I ride the morning train  
People come and go  
So many different faces  
As the city passes by  
I watch their tired eyes  
Journeys never made  
Broken dreams of leaving  
Fill the streets with dust  
This is our final journey  
It's the end of the line  
Constantly in transit  
We just want to go home

The rain that falls for weeks  
Painting pictures on the streets  
Twisted stars beneath my feet  
I cruise the crowd

I could be one of them  
Going back and forth  
Between familiar places  
As my blood turns cold  
I watch with gypsy eyes  
Secrets never told  
Stolen years of yearning  
Turn their tears to dust