I ride the morning train; eople 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.

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.

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

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