

Train Tracks

Jason Webley

I know that you've been feeling tired,
I hear your voice is wearing thin,
I know you've slept so many places in the past few days
You can't remember just what bed you're in.

There's something familiar about this room,
Anywhere you go it's just like you've been there before.
Cause if you want to step outside this body and this world,
You're gonna have to go through a different kind of door.

And this train only runs in summertime,
The children have been let out of school,
You haven't packed, the bottoms of your shoes are cracked,
But your passport has been kissed by the holy fool.

He's smiling, cross-eyes, barefoot dressed in rags,
Bent down, talking to the crows.
He's got no words to tell you, just some magic beans to sell you,
Plant them and in time the tracks will grow.

And this train only runs in summertime,
Your parents are lying beside the pool.
You haven't packed, the bottoms of your shoes are cracked,
But your passport has been kissed by the holy fool.

Are you looking for salvation?
Are you looking for answers, for Jesus, for dancers,
To serve you some warmth on cold nights?
Are you looking for the thing that looks out through your eyes,
For something that won't leave your side,
On this lonely planet where everything's waving goodbye.

I know that you've been working hard,
You want the whole world to see how brightly you can glow,
But if you'd just trade everything for that small bag of dried up beans,
It's only time until the whistle blows.

And this train only runs in summertime,
The children have been let out of school,
You haven't packed, the bottoms of your shoes are cracked,
But your passport has been kissed by the holy fool.

And this train only runs in summertime,
The only contradiction is the rule,
It's moving past, but it's not going to fast
And an open empty boxcar stares at you.