

I almost saw a train wreck
Then I had to look away
Never had I wondered before
What happened when metal bent and tore
I ran across manhole covers
Toward the center of my Earth
Valleys and other landmarks
Visions of big machines transformed

Walking around in St. Matthews
The winds were light and the roads were wet
Those green sloping mountains over
Leading up to gravel beds
My brother Paul was walking aimless
My father Pete had turned away
Paul stumbled toward a roaring train track
He was only four years old that day

Who's in control?
Who's in control?

I barely saw it happen
The ground's monumental shake
There must have been two feet between them
Before those two hands snatched him safe
As we headed home to beat the sunset
I heard him crying overhead
That I night I dreamt we turned the lights out
And wandered far away from this

Who's in control?
Yeah, who's in control?

Now I'm sitting on a bridge
Out in Portland, Oregon
The old day begins to shudder
And rolling on, becomes another