

## A Passage To Bangkok

Rush

Our first stop is in Bogotã;  
To check Columbian fields  
The natives smile and pass along  
A sample of their yield  
Sweet Jamaican pipe dreams  
Golden Acapulco nights  
Then Morocco, and the East,  
Fly by morning light

We're on the train to Bangkok  
Aboard the Thailand Express  
We'll hit the stops along the way  
We only stop for the best

Wreathed in smoke in Lebanon  
We burn the midnight oil  
The fragrance of Afghanistan  
Rewards a long day's toil  
Pulling into Kathmandu  
Smoke rings fill the air  
Perfumed by a Nepal night  
The Express gets you there

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