

## About A Train

Spin Doctors

When I hear that train a-coming from the junction  
Troublin' my mind is it's favorite function.  
It makes that crying on that old air horn  
Middle of the night, I can hear it mourn

The world is a stone hanging in the night  
The train's a woman and she leaves behind a light  
Love is gone, I mean washed out in the rain  
Leaving town and mumbling something 'bout a train  
Oh, about a train

My head is full of sky and my boots are full of ocean  
And stolen designs for perpetual motion  
Love scarred, shattered, tattered, and unfolding  
Silent man, he won't tell me what it is  
What it is he's holding

The world is a stone hanging in the night  
The train's a woman and she leaves behind a light  
Love is gone, I mean washed out by the rain  
Leaving town and mumbling something 'bout a train

My heart is a stone, and my head is a canyon  
Far off lonely home is my only companion  
Love is gone, I mean washed out in the rain  
Leaving town, mumbling something about a train