

# Nowhere

The Dead 60s

Down by the river we met with empty hands  
By the boarded shelter  
We turned our backs to the desert land  
There must be something out there  
A shock to kill the boredom  
As the smoke kicked high from the factory fires  
They never heard the siren calling  
It takes one  
To make one  
It takes time  
To kill time

Board this train, board this train to nowhere  
Board this train, board this train to nowhere

Last by the river we left with empty hands  
By the border station  
We were blown by the western wind too long  
There must be something out there  
A shock to kill the boredom  
As the smoke kicked high from the factory fires  
We never heard the siren calling

It takes one  
To make one  
It takes time  
To kill time

Board this train, board this train to nowhere  
Board this train, board this train to nowhere

Board this train, board this train to nowhere  
Board this train, board this train to nowhere  
Stripped like wire, stripped left open and bare  
Board this train, board this train to nowhere