

Once a week I make the drive, two hours east
To check the Austin post office box
And I make the detour through our old neighborhood
See all the Chevy Impalas in their front yards up on
blocks

And I park in an alley
And I read through the postcards you continue to send
Where as indirectly as you can, you ask what I remember
I like these torture devices from my old best friend

Well, I'll tell you what I know, like I swore I always
would
I don't think it's gonna do you any good
I remember the train headed south out of Bangkok
Down toward the water

I always get a late start when the sun's going down
And the traffic's thinning out and the glare is hard to
take
I wish the West Texas Highway was a mobius strip
I could ride it out forever

When I feel my heart break, I almost swear I hear it
happen, in fact, clean and not hard
I come in off the highway and I park in my front yard
Fall out of the car like a hostage from a plane
Think of you a while, start wishing it would rain

And I remember the train headed south out of Bangkok
Down toward the water

I come into the house, put on a pot of coffee
Walk the floors a little while
I set your postcard on the table with all the others
like it
I start sorting through the pile

I check the pictures and the postmarks and the captions
and the stamps
For signs of any pattern at all
When I come up empty-handed the feeling almost
overwhelms me
I let a few of my defenses fall

And I smile a bitter smile
It's not a pretty thing to see
I think about a railroad platform
Back in 1983

And I remember the train headed south out of Bangkok
Down, down toward the water