

The Train

The Roches

I sit down on the train
with my big pocketbook
the guitar and a sugar-free drink
I wipe the sweat off of my brow
with the side of my arm
and take off all that I can

I am trying not to have a bad day
everybody knows the way that is

Even though my baggage and I
are using up a two person seat
I'm not trying to be funny
but the guy who sits down next to me
is even bigger than that
we are overflowing out of the seat
I can't look at him
he doesn't look at me

Once you step on
you might never get off
of the commuter train
it doesn't go very far away
but just the same
it s a trip and a half

My face is pressed up
against the window
and through it I can see
the reflection of the train
I spy on the big guy
sitting next to me
he's drinking two beers
and reading the New York Post
trying not to get in my way
everybody knows the kind of day that is

He is miserable
I am miserable
we are miserable
can't we have a party
would he rather have a party
after all we have to sit here
and he's even drinking a beer
I want to ask him what's his name
but I can't cause I'm so afraid
of the man on the train