

# Spice Train

Thomas Dolby

I was drifting for days  
Where the sun don't shine  
While the night is young  
I might clock a little overtime  
I'll work until dawn  
Awaken with the setting sun  
And I'll tether my blimp  
Wherever there's a party on

And if you roll with it  
You can ride the Spice Train  
When it boils down to it  
You could hold the world in the palm of your hand

One big bizarre  
The other's like a garage sale  
And I'm pitching my stall  
To cater to the infidels  
I'm shifting my shape  
And morphing into Spider-Man  
And I'll tether my blimp  
Wherever there's a party on

And if you roll with it  
You can ride the Spice Train  
When it boils down to it  
You can hold the world in the palm of your hand

And the beat goes on  
From Bahrain to Brixton  
From Beirut to Bruges  
From Beijing to Boston

And if you roll with it  
You can ride the Spice Train  
When it comes down to it  
You would trade it all for one night in her arms

One big bazaar  
The other's like a garage sale  
And I peddle my warez  
Wherever there's a floor to fill

And if you roll with it  
You can ride the Spice Train  
When it comes down to it  
You would trade it all for one night in her arms

Still the beat goes on  
From Bahrain to Brixton  
From Beirut to Bruges  
From Beijing to Boston  
Still the beat goes on  
Still the beat goes on