

Mass Transit Madness (Goin' Loco')

Titus Andronicus

There's a trio of trains twixt my work and my play
On my way to my playing, they tell me to pay
So when playing, I'm thinking about work the next day
And the trio of trains to take me on my way

It's a trio of trains on a tangled up track
Twirling and swirling into infinite black
And I'm wishing I'd listened to the wisdom way back
Before that trio of trains tore and tangled the track

The infinite black of the path after dark
As shadows of the past pass unnoticed
Glass-Hearted Lad stabs his own back in the passenger car
Gets discarded like trash 'tween the tracks in the yard

The tracks in the yard and the nails in the rails
I am wailing and flailing, not failing to fail
I'm not talking to talk, talking telling my tale
Of a hand for a nail and an eye for a scale

An eye for a scale takes a weight one can see
Won't you wait one more day, as patient as can be?
Patience can be gracious - grateful are we, waiting, patiently
aching
It's taking all week

It's taken all week, all of this aching I've done
Making my days go away one by one ain't my idea of fun
But I take as it comes
And the scrape of the trains breaking wakes up the sun

Won't you wake up, my sun? There's working to do
Walking to my working will wear out my shoes
I'll wear out my welcome, I'm certain it's true
You'll be worn out before I'm through talking to you

I'm through talking to you - there's no more left to say
My words are all worthlessly murmured away
And my gaze is returning once more towards the maze
And the trio of trains twixt my work and my play

There's a trio of trains twixt my work and my play