On This Train

Trevor Hall

It's coming out the clouds again
And I don't know where I've been
I'm lost on this train
And dancing with the fireflies
I've got nothing that I can hide
I'm lost on this train...
It's coming out the sky, again
The stars are here and they're my friends
I'm lost on this train
And on this soil I plant my seed
I watch it grow into I tree
I'm lost on this train...
(It's kind of like warmth at the base of your spine.
It just spreads, evenly and peacefully.
That's what I've come to understand;
when the colours are exposed to air,
they don't die, they continue to stay fresh)
And I'm ready for the coming
Of that freedom that'll flow right through me
And I'm ready for the coming
Of that peace that'll bring all those colours to me
And I'm ready for the coming
Of that freedom that'll flow right through me
And I'm ready for the coming
Of unity

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