

Pacing On the Station

Murray Head

was pacing on the station
Watching motor cars go by
A voice or two a mile away
Couldn't see them with my eye
The way to make your name in this town
Is by leaving it forever
They'll live your life out while you're gone
A mystery like the weather

Leaving town is so exciting
I think I saw the train
Forget all that's passed and free your mind
Leave all the ole' folks back home behind
Seek what you will and will what you find
Fortune may be fame

Exploring fresh horizons
Instead of marking time
Best to get on while you can
Doesn't matter what you find
Station master bearing down
With flags to greet the train

So you're going to make the big time
Are you? - I think it's going to rain
Just like all the other bores...
He'll always be the same

Forget all that's passed and free your mind
Leave all the ole' folks back home behind
Seek what you will and will what you find
Fortune may be fame

Feet upon the footstep
Whistle blows farewell
Tried to wave but I hadn't the heart
Have I paved my way to hell?