

Trains

The Narrative

Trains on train tracks are made to come back from every place that they've
Ever been

7:30, a Sunday off-peak
I knew she'd leave me but not like this

You know you're the reason that I felt alive out here for so long I've been
Waiting for my chance to disappear

The wooden sleepers the girders lying still are cold reminders
of what you
Had to do

We're not like train tracks sometimes we have to move and never
come back
Despite the things we lose

You know you're the reason that I felt alive out here for so long I've been
Waiting for my chance to disappear

This town is just a strip of bars and streets with common names
it's
Strange to know you'll watch me as I slowly pull away

Trains on train tracks are made to come back