

April Wine "Fast Train"

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I read the colours this morning
I read the colours today
About a man who left from nowhere to be someone
And every day he has to pay in every way

I met a man from New York City
He spoke of things I can't define
A good man driven from his homeland
Trying to find some peace of mind

It's a fast train, it's a fast train
It's a fast train, it's a fast train

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