Cockburn Bruce "Night Train"

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Not a knife throw from here you can hear the night train passing

That's the sound somebody makes when they're getting away

Leaving next week's hanging jury far behind them Prisoner only of the choices they have made

Night Train... Night Train...

Ice cube in a dark drink shines like starlight
The moon is floating somewhere out at sea
On an island in the blur of noise and color
Alcatraz, St. Alina, Patmos and the Chateau D'if

Night Train... Night Train...

And everyone's an island edged with sand A temporary refuge where somebody else can stand Till the sea that binds us like the forced tie of a blood oath

Will wear it down, dissolve it, recombine it

Anyone can die here they do it every day It doesn't take much effort though it goes against the grain

And the ultimate forgetfulness of violence Sweeps the landscape like a headlight of a train

Night Train...

Ice cube in a dark drink shines like starlight Starlight shines like glass shards in dark hair And the mind's eye tumbles out along the steel track Fixing every shadow with its stare

Night Train... Night Train...

And in the absence of a vision there are nightmares

And in the absence of compassion there is cancer Whose banner waves over palaces and mean streets And the rhythm of the night train is a mantra

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