

Augie March

"This Train Will Be Taking No Passengers"

Visit "[This Train Will Be Taking No Passengers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We will adjust to this new condition of living like a man
with his entrails now out him not in
After certain techniques of torture accustoms himself
to a new condition of living...train.
Thoughtful godless men find god in them at the age of
twenty-five
but in a year death gains favor and they think
themselves the more alive,
You'll find them in the loose caboose where the pills
are kept and the stupid juice,
This one has a sleeping wheel, this one has a willing
noose
- Onward and on to the ends of love, pricked vanity,
habit and ruse.
Onward and on to a premature silence where death
finds too much use.

Fifteen year old whores in training, eyes a'batting,
arms a'flailing, skin aflame, this fire-fanning express,
If you're on board amazement follows fear and
rounded by dismay
it takes the corner into the day after today which is a
father's sorrow
- Onward and on to the ends of meanness where
kindness is the means of the earth.
Onward and on, awakening finds us too sensual beings
from birth -
("I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry lady, I am sorry, I'm
sorry lady...I'm sorry")...train.

Pods of wealthy blonde gobbets with red-rind eyes
getting pecked at by the heroin sparrows of the
western skies,
It may be married to the tracks but this train flies and
it's taking no passengers.
"We'll stand on his hand, that's how you pin your man,
we'll smash him from Preston to Epworth!"
Onward and on to the ends of reason where malice is
the means of the earth.
Onward and on, this strange-wrought bird, onwards
and over the black coffee earth,
Onward and on, this laughing train to the ends of its

low, low mirth...

Where the media make it with the media whores,
Lady Time minces man-meat with her contract claws
for a barbecue with the veterans of the talkback wars
in the outback palace...of one John Laws.

O we will adjust to this new condition of living
like a sailor with his hands tied behind his back
imprisoned after sailing into foreign waters, unawares,
accustoms himself to a new condition of living.
But a shadow falls between this hurtling intent and its
realisation
for its government is rotten and therefore its
civilisation
which is certainly taking no passengers...train...

Visit [Augie March](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.