

Duvall "Racine"

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Plastic pieces,
Falling down the chute
And I am counting them like trees.
Everything's green
Through the tinted window
Of the train up to Racine.
In a few more hours,
I'll be punching out and going home,
But until then.
I might look like I'm standing here,
But I'm really on that train

To Racine,
Where my true love stays.
Racine,
Just a few more days
And I'll see her there again.

In the darkness of my room
I close my eyes and drift into a dream.
She is waiting for me at the station,
She is beautiful.
In a few more hours I'll be waking up
And punching in, but until then
I might look like I'm lying here,
But I'm really on that train

To Racine,
Where my true love stays.
Racine,
Just a few more days
And I'll see her there again.
I will see her there again
And my plastic world will melt into whatever
Shape she holds me.
When she holds me
I am a man, not a part of this machine
By which I'm standing
Here pretending, I'm not standing here,
Standing here at all.

