

## Jill Sobule "Trains"

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Tie me to the track with my ear to the rail  
But wait for the very last moment to save me  
Or we could fight on top like a Western, jump from car  
to car  
Not noticing the tunnel is approaching  
And when were in the tunnel, you become another  
person  
And we lay down and let the darkness enfold us

Trains, I wish I was on that train  
I wish I was on that train with you  
Trains, there's something about a train  
That always makes me think of you

On the Peking to Paris, you're a sculptor, I'm an heiress  
I'm running from my husband, you're running from the  
law  
But there's agents at the border so I hide you in my  
cabin  
Of course I let you spend the night not knowing who  
you are  
And when I let you out, you become another person  
And we lay down and let the darkness enfold us

Trains, I wish I was on that train  
I wish I was on that train with you  
Trains, there's something about a train  
That always makes me think of you, think of you

Wish I was on that train  
Wish I was on that train  
Wish I was on that train with you

We're two hobos on the box car, you and your five  
o'clock shadow  
Me and my harmonica and a duffel on a stick  
Or you're a soldier coming back from the war  
I'm the lover waiting on the platform  
It's so steamy you're not sure it's me waving  
And when I close my eyes, I become another person  
And we lay down and let the darkness enfold us

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