

Lisa Cerbone

"Passing This Train"

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Gunshots chase the birds away.
I was always scared of you, and today I still am too.
We're from haunted houses.
We've got haunted hearts, and everytime I walk
through your's I just get
lost in the dark.
Tell me. Tell me.
Should I say good-bye?
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.
But I cannot bear your face.
I see it floating away.
It's passing this train.
Passing this train.
I'm the only one who still sees you.
I'm the only one with no reflexes when you turn on me
too.
One night lost in your wooded lands,
I noticed you were wounded in the head and talking to
no friends.

Something about this drunken night should have told
me that we were
sinking.
Tell me. Tell me.
Should I say good-bye?
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.
But I cannot bear your face.
I see it floating away.
It's passing this train.
Passing this train.
Don't go...
I press my hand against your face.
You're just like any other little boy.

Lately it's been so hard to sleep.
I wonder where you've been.
Have you fallen deep?
I look for your gun.
I turn it in my hand.
I wonder how it shoots.
I aim it at a dented can.

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