Luka Bloom "Trains"

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Listen

Listen to the rhythm
The mechanics and the beat
Wheels of the train sounds under the feet
The music of a disco moving on the rails
Rhythm never changes neither do the tales

Trains

She is sittin' there before me No expression on her face We are moving in a straight line She is out in space

I really wanna talk, where will I begin With the countries that I've been to And the state that I'm in

Trains

I'm about to say 'I love you, That it's you I really need' When we pull into a station You get up and leave

'I'll see ya sometime'
I venture to say
'I'll see ya sometime'
I venture to say
'I'll see ya sometime'
I venture to say
I always get braver when you're movin' away
I always get braver when you're movin' away

Trains - strange Trains

Sick of movin' in a straight line Sick of movin' in a straight line Sick of movin' in a straight line I wanna get off! I wanna get off!
There's football teams and baby screams
And transistors roarin'
There's money scenes, poker fiends
And a lone drunkard snorin'

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Trains, trains, trains, trains ...

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