

Marlango

"Trains"

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Hang to the telephone wires
That follow me through the land
The rails i recognise in my hands
I draw black dots in my palms
Give them names and discover
A brand new world
But no matter where i go no matter
I still catch myself

In me i can't invent a new landscape
I have trains advancing through my veins
I build stations and playgrounds for my mind to wader
around
The nicotine and games i invent all over again
But no matter i go i catch myself

'Cos i 'm tired of looking out
So i'll hide in my world
All soft with words
Frontiers lost
In my things, in my eyes
In the touch i'll never find
'Cos no matter where i go i reach myself
'Cos i'm inside out
Tripping over my voice
Lost in my noise
Tangled in my hair
But no matter
I still find myself

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