

Matraca Berg

"That Train Don't Run"

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He ran hard, he ran fast
A fallen angel on a weekend pass
Never looked forward, never looked back
A blaze of glory down a one way track

I hear the whistle
I hear the rumble
And at two a.m. outside my door
Must be your memory
Rattlin' the shutters
That train don't run by here no more

Oh yeah, we were rollin' in the wild, wild days
He kept on going and I changed my ways
Now I'm a good girl, I do what's right
Still sometimes in the middle of the night

I hear the whistle
I hear the rumble
And at two a.m. outside my door
Must be your memory
Rattlin' the shutters

That train don't run by here no more

I lie and listen to the last boxcar
Sweet dreams baby, wherever you are
Wherever you are

Yeah, I hear the whistle
I hear the rumble
And at two a.m. outside my door
Must be your memory
Rattlin' the shutters
That train don't run by here no more
No more

No more
That train don't run
That train don't run by here no more

