

Keith Emerson

"Marche Train"

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Born in a free-fall
Raised with a primal scream
Found unconscious
Living out a million dreams

Paying for a rainbow
With the wages of sin
And do whatever it is you do
To never fall again

And I do think maybe it's an act of God
When the dark clouds thunder in your own backyard
Then the fools will run and the skies will rain
Maybe it's better
Hollow man with a purpose living on borrowed time
No way to cool these brakes looking for the perfect
dream
To late for pulling off a coup de' etat on the seventh
day

When you break it down
And spread it out
We're all going home together to share the blame
So wake up and tear it down, pack it up
And get off the train

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