

Bis Nits

"The Infant King"

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(Peters)

Wheels on steel go rumbling through the night
Away away they seem to say
I tip-toe tip-toe through the sleeping train
An infant king who meets his bride
My self-reflection in the window pane
A portrait or a photograph
Two eyes two ears nose uncertain smile
A child reflected thousandfold
Someone said the other day
The border's closed there's no way in or out
Pack your bags make up your mind
You can leave your memories behind
The water in a river we just crossed

Reflects a dark and rolling sky
The train keeps speeding through an endless night
My mood is changing every mile
Someone said the other day
The world is cracking up it's plain to see
(I) overheard two people say
Some gold works wonders when you want to go
This is a portrait not a photograph
It says a great deal about me
Two eyes two ears nose uncertain smile
The infant king is on his way

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