

## Pinmonkey

### "That train don't run"

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She ran hard, she 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,  
Around two a.m. outside my door.  
Must be her memory rattlin' the shutters,  
'Cause that train don't run by here no more.

We went rollin' in our wild, wild days:  
She kept on going and I changed my ways.  
Now I'm a good boy an' I do what's right.  
Still sometimes in the middle of the night.

I hear the whistle, I hear the rumble,  
Around two a.m. outside my door.  
Must be her memory rattlin' the shutters,  
'Cause that train don't run by here no more.

Instrumental break.

I lie an' listen to the last boxcar:  
Sweet dreams baby, wherever you are.

I hear the whistle, I hear the rumble,  
Around two a.m. outside my door.  
Must be her memory rattlin' the shutters,  
'Cause that train don't run by here no more.

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