

An Pierl "Nebraska"

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Theres a train running through Nebraska
Theres a cold running through my veins
And as far as I can see
Its all white there could no one be

Theres a boy running through Nebraska
And its cold in the kitchen I make some tea
For the rainy days sake

And as far as my thoughts go
I see you running down the streets in some
Doomed town far away

And I ran my lonely way
I would die to catch on the train today
But you ran down the other way
(for the guilt of the wrongly prayed prayers)

Theres a fire running through Nebraska
And its cold in the kitchen I make some tea
For them rainy days Id have loved to spend with you
I was lucky enough to escape in the nick of
Time will mitigate all wounds but I
Miss you anyway

And I ran my lonely way
I wouldve died to catch you on the train
That day
But were both hurt
In another way

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