

Ryan Malcolm

"20 Million People"

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To the one behind the curtain
Who gave us heaven for a day
And took us out of our blue hard work and gray
And gave us heaven for a day:
The sunshine the laughter and the look on my face
And all the faces that my eyes have missed
Glory, glory hallelujah,
Could it get better than this?
And then,
That notion takes me by surprise,
And I think about what I just said.
Could it get better, better,
Could it get better than this?
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
What a day this has been.
Still, my mind wanders and it wonders,
Could it get better than this?
Now, what to do, what to do
When no problems, they arise,
But still Im trying to find a pocket I can piss in.
And what to say, what to say
When things are going my way,
But still Im dying to get on board (CHOO-CHOO),
Yes, Im dying to get on board can see you coming from a
mile away,
You had that certain little something in your pigtails.
And I can feel that freight train coming my way
And yes Im dying to get on board.
Dying to get on board
Now, what to do, what to do
When no problems, they arise,
But still Im trying to find a pocket I can get on down in.
And what to say, what to say
When things are going my way,
But still Im dying to get on board (CHOO-CHOO),
Yes, Im dying to get on board
And I should have seen it coming from a mile away.
It had that certain little something on the picture on the
front.
And now I can feel that party train surging in my veins
And yes, Im dyingIm dying to get on board. Dying to

get on board.

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