

## Dead 60s, The "Nowhere"

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Down by the river we met with empty hands  
By the border shelter  
We turned our backs to the desert land  
There must be something out there  
A shot to kill the boredom  
As the smoke kicks high from the factory fires  
They never heard the sirens calling

It takes one  
To make one  
It takes time  
To kill time

Board this train, board this train to nowhere X2

Lost by the river we left with empty hands  
By the border station  
We were blown by the western wind too long  
There must be something out there  
A shot to kill the boredom  
As the smoke kicked high from the factory fires  
They never heard the siren calling

Board this train, board this train to nowhere X2  
Stripped like wire, stripped left open and bare  
Board this train, board this train to nowhere

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