

## **Dead 60s, The "Train To Nowhere"**

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Down by the river we met with empty hands  
By the boarding shelter we turned our backs to the  
desert land  
There must be something out there, a shock to kill the  
boredom  
As the smoke kicked high from the factory fires they  
never heard the siren calling

It takes one to make one  
It takes time to kill time

Board this train  
Board this train to nowhere  
Board this train  
Board this train to nowhere

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 shock to kill the  
boredom  
As the smoke kicked high from the factory fires we  
never heard the siren calling

It takes one to make one  
It takes time to kill time

Board this train  
Board this train to nowhere  
Board this train  
Board this train to nowhere

Board this train  
Board this train to nowhere  
Board this train  
Board this train to nowhere

Stripped like wire  
Stripped left open and bare

