

The Elms

"The Towers & The Trains"

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In this town, when it rains
There are years that wash off towers and the trains.
And the splashing sounds like laughing
As it rolls and it slides off the ceilings and the
Sides
Of the towers and the trains.

There's a blacklist. A deep, black malice.
Scars so deep, they're taught to children,
That live with people 'till the grave.
Folks can't shake 'em, twist or break 'em.
They find themselves condemned to burnout.
They rust and crack, and then they turn out like
The towers and the trains.

Nothing beats them downtown streets,
They can't keep a dream alive.
The women talking, men hard-rocking.
How will I survive?

We got issues from all the misuse.

We got wasted youth and missing persons who've got
Nothing left to do but age.
They sit on their porches, lit by torches,
And if you listen in the stillness, you'll hear them
Singing about their illness:
The towers and the trains.

Nothing beats them downtown streets,
They can't keep a dream alive.
The women talking, men hard-rocking.
How will I survive?

In my town, when it rains. There are years that wash
Off towers and the trains.
And the splashing sounds like laughing
As it rolls and it slides off the ceilings and the
Sides
Of the towers and the trains.

Off the towers and the trains?

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