

The Dead 60s

"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

Pre chorus:
It takes one
To make one
It takes time
To kill time

Chorus:

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

Pre chorus

Chorus

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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