John McVey "The One Way Train"

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Time moves like fast trains cutting through the air It is the enemy of children's dreams
Suddenly it leaves you in a station
You don't know where and you wonder how

Nobody speaks your language Nobody seems to care The train's pulling out of the station and it's left you stranded It doesn't seem natural and it doesn't seem fair So you just survive You just survive

And you think about love
And you think about hate
And you think about dreams
And you think about fate
When you think about it, how do you tell someone?

I woke up in the middle of the night with a beating in my chest

I dreamed I'd protected a stowaway on some foreign train

And as the darkness faded, I forgot the rest, and I wondered why

And as the day grows older, I think I understand

Nobody speaks my language, nobody takes my hand Suddenly I realized that the stowaway was me, it was me

And you think about love
And you think about hate
And you think about dreams
And you think about fate
When you think about it, how do you tell someone?

I live and die in this long, unbroken chain I think I passed you by in the pouring rain Will we meet again on the one way train? On the one way train And in cool musuem halls and written pages Forgotten rails laid down long ago By better men than me for ages and ages They seemed to know

That when you think about love
And you think about hate
And you think about dreams
And you think about fate
When you think about it, how do you tell someone?
On the one way train

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