

## Trae

### "This Train Won't Stop"

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(Winwood/Capaldi)

In the city streets where I was born  
People bowed their heads from dusk till dawn  
Never realized the potential of their lives  
Till the reaper came to cut the corn  
Some were born to live a life of ease, never knowing  
suffering or disease  
Till that final day when judgment comes their way, then  
they fall down on their knees and pray  
This train won't stop ... Till we reach the end of the line

In the golden fields of yesterday where the children  
used to laugh and play  
You can hear the sound of hammer breaking steel  
When you take more than you give it never heals  
I can see it rolling 'cross the sky on the holy mountains  
where eagles cry  
Far from earth below where poisoned rivers flow where  
I'm free to let my soul and spirit fly  
This train won't stop ... Till we reach the end of the line

And will the road find it, and will the soul guide you  
down  
When will we really see that higher love, when we reach  
the end of our lives  
This train won't stop ... Till we reach the end of the line

See the reaper in the field, time to get your spirit  
healed  
Now the doors are open wide, there's no place that you  
can hide  
Tell your children

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