

Men They Could't Hang, The "Midnight Train"

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This train leaves when the sun goes down
When the lights are low in the northern towns
Starts without a whistle, leaves without a word
Just a light turned red and a driver on board
Through the mountain lakes it's a downward track
Into Lancashire and the cities black
Where the rose was red and the cotton wove
Where the chimney's hushed and the cotton mills
closed
Midnight Train like an echo
Of heavy rain falling down
Midnight Train's carrying something
That's like a poison from the ground
>From Nottingham down to Bosworth field
Past canals and forest and the rivers still
By the rails there's a boy who begins to wave
Feels the sting of the wheels like the chill of the grave
Midnight Train like an echo
Of heavy rain falling down

Midnight Train's carrying something
That's like a poison from the ground
When the sun comes up then it's London bound
Over rusty junctions and the underground
Heading east to the coast it's the end of the line
A terminal glowing with nuclear shine
Midnight Train like an echo
Of heavy rain falling down
Midnight Train's carrying something
That's like a poison from the ground
Midnight Train like a chain
Around the body of the land
Seven boxcars full of trouble
Waiting for Pandora's hand

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