

## **Pierlé An**

### **"Nebraska"**

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There's a train running through Nebraska  
There's a cold running through my veins  
and as far as I can see,  
It's all white. There could no one be (out there)  
There's a boy running through Nebraska.  
And it's cold in the kitchen, I make some tea  
for the rainy day's sake  
And as far as my thoughts go  
I see you running down the streets in some  
Doomed town far away  
And i ran my londely way  
I would die to catch you on the train today  
But you ran down the other way  
(For the guilt of the wrongly prayed prayers)  
There's a fire running through Nebraska  
And it's cold in the kitchen I make some tea  
for them rainy days I'd have loved to spend with you  
I was lucky enough to escape in the nick of  
Time will mitigate all wounds but i  
miss you anyway.  
And I ran my lonely way

I would've died to catch you on the train

That day.

But we're both hurt.

In another way

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