

April Wine, Fast Train

Written by: myles goodwyn

I read the colors this mornin'
I read the colors today
About a man who left from nowhere to be someone
And every day he has to pay in every way

I met a man from new york city
He spoke of things I've yet to find
A good man driven from his homeland
Tryin' to find some piece of mind

It's a fast train

It's a fast train
It's a fast train
It's a fast train

It's a fast train
It's a fast train
It's a fast train
It's a fast train
It's a fast train
It's a fast train
It's a fast train
It's a fast train
It's a fast train