

# Elton John, This Train Don't Stop There Anymore

You may not believe it  
But I don't believe in miracles anymore  
And when I think about it  
I don't believe I ever did for sure  
All the things I've said in songs  
All the purple prose you bought from me  
Reality's just black and white  
The sentimental things I'd write  
Never meant that much to me

I used to be the main express  
All steam and whistles heading west  
Picking up my pain from door to door  
Riding on the storyline  
Furnace burning overtime  
But this train don't stop,  
This train don't stop,  
This train don't stop there anymore

You don't need to hear it  
But I'm dried up and sick to death of love  
If you need to know it  
I never really understood that stuff  
All the stars and bleeding hearts  
All the tears that welled up in my eyes  
Never meant a thing to me  
Read 'em as they say and weep  
I've never felt enough to cry

When I said that I don't care  
It really means my engine's breaking down  
The chisel chips my heart again  
The granite cracks beneath my skin  
I crumble into pieces on the ground