

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