

The Horrors, A Train Roars

Outside a Train roars,
The clatter is deafening
Louder than everything,
Drowns what you were saying

And the Boys get on the back of that train
Their clamour is deafening,
Louder than everything
And they accept no warning

And me in my brilliant red shirt
And my shirt hangs open at the neck
The Train is always passing through (x2)

Male passengers turn their heads,
Following the passage
Of a beautiful Ducchess
Running from carriage to carriage

And it ploughs through the city,
And everyone rides the Train
It ploughs a primal instinct
To rail against better sense

The train is always passing through (x4)

And me in my bloodstained shirt,
My body hangs open at the neck
It is always passing through, (x2)
The train is always passing through, (x2)
Through me (x3)