

Bob Dylan, Train A-Travelin'

There's an iron train a-travelin' that's been a-rollin' through the years,
With a firebox of hatred and a furnace full of fears.
If you ever heard its sound or seen its blood-red broken frame,
Then you heard my voice a-singin' and you know my name.

Did you ever stop to wonder 'bout the hatred that it holds?
Did you ever see its passengers, its crazy mixed-up souls?
Did you ever start a-thinkin' that you gotta stop that train?
Then you heard my voice a-singin' and you know my name.

Do you ever get tired of the preachin' sounds of fear
When they're hammered at your head and pounded in your ear?
Have you ever asked about it and not been answered plain?
Then you heard my voice a-singin' and you know my name.

I'm a-wonderin' if the leaders of the nations understand
This murder-minded world that they're leavin' in my hands.
Have you ever laid awake at night and wondered 'bout the same?
Then you heard my voice a-singin' and you know my name.

Have you ever had it on your lips or said it in your head
That the person standin' next to you just might be misled?
Does the raving of the maniacs make your insides go insane?
Then you've heard my voice a-singin' and you know my name.

Do the kill-crazy bandits and the haters get you down?
Does the preachin' and the politics spin your head around?
Does the burning of the buses give your heart a pain?
Then you heard my voice a-singin' and you know my name.