

Dead Milkmen, Train I Ride

I work on a train
That's eleven and a half cars long
I can only work at night
Cause the things I do are wrong

We carry some nasty substances
On this little night train
The first car's full of dioxin
Enough to wipe out the state of Maine

Oh, the evil, terrible things
That I sent down those tracks
I snuck them through your town at night
Right behind your back
On our little train (x2)

The second car's just painted black
What's in it nobody knows
Though sometimes it makes a buzzing noise
And once I saw it glow

The third car carries poison gas
And the fourth car it does, too
The fifth car's filled to the breaking point
With ortho orange forty-two

Oh, the evil, terrible things
That I sent down those tracks
I snuck them through your town at night
Right behind your back
On our little train (x2)

The sixth car leaks a strange brown ooze
On to the hoboes who ride below
It caused their hair to fall out
And their fingers turned bright blue
I swear to god it's true

The seventh car carries raw sewage
You can tell just by the scent
We used to have a warning sign
But something ate right through the print

Some sort a' illegal baby food
Is what we got in car number eight
And although I've never tried it myself
The conductor says it's great

We load the bodies of dead lab animals
On to car number nine
And I swear that sometimes late at night
I can hear those critters whine

Oh, the evil, terrible things
That I sent down those tracks
I snuck them through your town at night
Right behind your back
On our little train

Both cars number ten and eleven
Carry tainted juice
And I can hear it sloshing around
From my chair in the caboose