

Ed Harcourt, Whistle Of A Distant Train

Scream through the silence and over the hills
10 thousand years have gone by
Passing the islands and broken down mills
The train silhouettes through the skyline

Mere emotion, see the ocean
Just for one day
Life speeded up since you threw me a smile
Please don't jump on the train for a short while yet

Waking up with cold feet
Wine stains on my shirt
Flat out in sparse fields of dry wheat
Going to Sunday church

Leaves on the trees splinter out of control
While the wind blows the dust on my face
Down in the valley where nobody goes
I can't help feeling sad in this place

Mere motion, see the ocean
Just for one day
The whistle of the distant train
The whistle of the distant train