

Kris Delmhorst, You're No Train

Well a train blows a whistle before it pulls away,
But no word or warning do you say.
one minute right beside me, another you're a thousand miles away.

Well I felt such a shaking and I heard such a whirr
And I swore we were moving fast enough to blur.
then I opened up my eyes and found that we're right back where we were.

Baby you're no train, you're the track.
Always running away, always running back.
baby you're no train, you're the steam blowing by.

How I longed for the journey, and those far distant lands,
I believed all your promises and plans.
Now I'm standing at the station with a lonely ticket in my hand.

Baby you're no train, you're the track.
Always running away and running back.
Baby you're no train, you're the silence behind.
So roll on.