

Lazlo Bane, Midday Train

the sun makes no apologies
falls against the broken seas
the wind blows through me
like a worn down boxer
who looks his victor in the eye
to find what's left of his own pride
the bell is ringing and he's not the winner this time
maybe someday you'll come and save me
just before the midday train comes
crashing over to take my number
well could it be i just believe in only having optimistic afternoons
if i could change the way i see
a glass half full of guarantees
i'll have another from fate's bartender
looks his victim in the eye
never thinks to ask him why
the bell is ringing and i'm not the winner this time
maybe someday you'll come and save me
just before the midday train comes
crashing over to take my number
well could it be i just believe in only having optimistic afternoons
maybe someday you'll come and save me
just before the midday train comes
crashing over to take my number
just before the midday train comes
someday
yes maybe someday yeah
maybe someday
maybe someday
yeah you'll come and save me