

# Madness, 22 (Waiting For) The Ghost Train

A straw headed woman, and a barrel chested man,  
A pocket full of posies with a hat brim full of sand,  
Ooh - waiting for the train that never comes,  
A dog chasing the tumbleweeds, across the sandy floor,  
That drift along the platform, through the ticket office door,  
Ooh - waiting for the train that never comes,  
Ooh - waiting for the train that never comes,  
But don't tell me there's nothing coming, you don't fool me,  
I hear the ghost train rumbling along the tracks - set them free,  
And I hear them,  
It's black and white don't try to hide,  
It's black and white don't try to hide,  
The station master's writing with a piece of orange chalk,  
A hundred cancellations, still no one wants to walk,  
Keep the hungry children from the skeletons in the back,  
Paid to keep an eye out for the gipsy caravan,  
Ooh - waiting for the train that never comes,  
Ooh - waiting for the train that never comes,  
I hear the ghost train rumbling along the tracks - set them free,  
And I hear them,  
It's black and white don't try to hide,  
It's black and white don't try to hide,  
It's black and white don't try to hide,  
It's black and white don't try to hide,  
It's black and white (don't try),  
It's black and white (don't try),  
It's black and white don't try to hide,  
It's black and white don't try to hide,  
And I hear them,  
It's black and white don't try to hide,  
It's black and white don't try to hide,