

Mike Scott, The Late Train To Heaven

I was talking to John
He was dressed all in black
He was learning, he said
To never look back
Bells in his ears
He turned and disappeared
But I've known him for years
Where'd he go?
A head full of snow
On the late train to heaven

Augustus my friend
Dressed in velvet and scarf
He's purging himself
He's refusing to laugh
Pale as the moon
His words fill the room
He'll be travelling soon
Where's he bound?
Higher ground
On the late train to heaven

I whispered to you now
But I didn't mean a word
It was just a small madness
Pretend you never heard
Pretend you're here with Larry
Pretend you're here with Lee
Pretend you're with anyone but me
I didn't come with you, I'm gone
And my seat's waiting on
The late train
Forever on the late
The late train
I'm ready for the late
The late train to heaven