

Rickie Lee Jones, A Stranger's Car

Take the train
Oh you have run as far as you can go
They've tied your fingers to rails of stars
Can you hear the whistle blow?
There's is no one here to beat out your brains
There's no one who'll make you cry
If your parents kill you year by year
Well here's the time to say goodbye
And it's oh so bad from far away
And it's always warm inside
There's children there
There's children there
Who will touch your face?
Who will fill your pockets?
Avoid that tangled street
And who will count the marbles there?
And who will save your penny ring?
Come and meet the angels born this day
Sleep now the night is late
Be still until this wayward bird lets go of heaven's gate