

Rosanne Cash, Runaway Train

RUNAWAY TRAIN

I'm worried about you
I'm worried about me
The curves around midnight
Aren't easy to see
Flashing red warnings
Unseen in the rain
This thing has turned into
A runaway train

Long-distance phone calls
A voice on the line
Electrical miles
That soften the time
The dynamite too
Is hooked on the wire
And so are the rails
Of American Flyers

Blind boys and gamblers
They invented the blues
Will pay up in blood
When this marker comes due
To try and get off now
It's about as insane
As those who wave lanterns
At runaway trains

Steel rails and hard lives
Are always in twos
I have been here before this
And now it's with you

I'm worried about you
I'm worried about me
We're lighting the fuses
And counting to three
And what are the choices
For those who remain
The sign of the cross
On a runaway train

This thing has turned into
A runaway train
This thing has turned into
A runaway train
Our love has turned into
A runaway train