

# Sonya Kitchell, Train

I've just taken a seat on the train  
I walked through busy streets down a shadowy lane  
I just bought my ticket for the ride  
there's no turning back now  
no matter what I decide  
steel body moves fast, hinges pounding against the ground  
I sink into my seat  
I pray for it to speed up, but I wish it would slow down  
my body quivers with anticipation for what lies ahead  
wood is thrown onto the fire that cries out to be fed  
mist shrouds the dawn, so ahead I cannot see  
the train it moves ever forward into the misty sea

there's so many faces  
most of the time I feel so alone  
there's so many places  
will I ever stop and know my own home?

I know I'm gonna get there, but I'm not sure when  
nor do I know where I'm going, so I won't pretend  
I cannot see beyond the horizon nor around the bend  
the train it moves ever forward without a seeming end...  
out of one window, I saw rain  
I looked through the other, and I felt the warm sun's rays  
the wind, it gently blew across my weary shoulder  
and time whispered in my ear, Child, you're just gonna keep getting older  
but I've done nothing more than take a seat on this here train  
yet my life turned upside down and only  
only the little things are right