

# Telepopmusik, Last Train To Wherever

Spending our days translucent, in and out of everything  
Hanging out with strangers that's the way that we begin  
Staring at the sun, thinking it's the moon,  
A tiny indication it's gonna happen soon.  
But not like you expect these silhouettes are getting closer  
They bring you what you need never what you hope for.  
I guess by now they shoulda told ya  
I guess by now they're getting closer.

There's so many things I just don't wanna say,  
Like have you got the stuff I need a good day  
There's so many things I just don't wanna do  
But your way is my way so walk on through  
Did you get the letter, the one I never sent ya  
I'm all alone on my own misadventure, seeking something  
That I don't wanna find, cos if I do there's no rewind.

Spraying our names on the trains in silver and black  
Then I make my way back across the tracks  
I can always find you wherever you are  
There's fire in your eyes in the miracle park  
I'm on the very last train to wherever, reckon that  
I'll see you sometime like never, not even in  
My wildest did I think that it would go like this,  
Moving through the air, crazy kinda poet kid

I owe you this I say to myself  
I owe you this and nothing else