

That Blasted Hound, Up The Long Tracks

I can see crashes on shore let the seconds slide
by rail I wait so romanticized
dawn of steam, kettle heats the tea I drink from sleep
by rail I await so eagerly
Counting change, three spots on the track for you laid
I can see this morning slip away
distant howl, I can feel a shiver running down
I can see this morning take the crown
But you realize the rumble is yours and
the room it quakes and my shiver shakes
you seem to impress and steal my breath and
as I a child I stared at your magic, press you wide my eyes
your cold steel it seems so alive
Nickels down, rush inside to peek through window shade
timid me I hide while pulses race
steady roll, big wheels turning heads by simple grace
eagerly we watch as pulses race
And just once I can lay my hand upon your side
and feel your steady rumble like a dream you are unstoppable
to you I am grateful, you're my Wonder Continental
helping whispers tween the eyes to come alive
and one hand cuts the rock like paper thin are views of hate held by closed eyes