

The Pogues, Night Train To Lorca

(Jem Finer)

Across the dark and dusty plain
Where scars of old dry rivers run
Night unfolds, a coal black shroud
Across the hard and stony ground

Distant stars shining bright
In the cavern of the night
All is still and silence screams
To the thunder of the Lorca train

Flaming steal swift as wind
Wires hum the rails ring
Smokestack burning fiery sparks
Rise up to the stars

Towns asleep by empty roads
Churches rise from crooked roofs
Cloaked in darkness nothing stirs
Grow smaller darker disappear

See the moon so still and cold
A million stars that shed no warmth
Your nightmares all come out to play
In the silver light
Wait for sunrise in the east
Long shadows crawl across the plain
The ghosts of night will disappear
And lay your fears to rest

Steam hissed up, the hot coals glowed
The furnace blazed, the wheels they rolled
On tracks of iron, straight and cold
The silver moonlight danced

The flames are in the fireman's eye
Orange in the engines glow
Gleaming pistons whirling cranks
Wait for dawn the rooster's crow