

Traffic, This Train Won't Stop

(Winwood/Capaldi)

In the city streets where I was born
People bowed their heads from dusk till dawn
Never realized the potential of their lives
Till the reaper came to cut the corn
Some were born to live a life of ease, never knowing suffering or disease
Till that final day when judgment comes their way, then they fall down on their knees and pray
This train won't stop ... Till we reach the end of the line

In the golden fields of yesterday where the children used to laugh and play
You can hear the sound of hammer breaking steel
When you take more than you give it never heals
I can see it rolling 'cross the sky on the holy mountains where eagles cry
Far from earth below where poisoned rivers flow where I'm free to let my soul and spirit fly
This train won't stop ... Till we reach the end of the line

And will the road find it, and will the soul guide you down
When will we really see that higher love, when we reach the end of our lives
This train won't stop ... Till we reach the end of the line

See the reaper in the field, time to get your spirit healed
Now the doors are open wide, there's no place that you can hide
Tell your children

1994 FS Music Ltd./Freedom Songs Ltd. (PRS)
All rights administered by Warner Tamerlane Publishing Corp.)