

# Train, Get To Me

Well an airplane's faster than a Cadillac  
And a whole lot smoother than a camel's back  
But I don't care how you get to me  
Just get to me  
Parasail or first class mail  
Get on the back of a Nightingale  
Just get to me I don't care just get to me  
Prokeds, mopeds take a limousine instead  
They ain't cheap but they're easy to find  
Get on the highway point yourself my way  
Take a roller coaster that comes in sideways  
Just get to me - yeah

Go on hitch a ride on the back  
of a butterfly  
There's no better way to fly  
To get to me  
I look around at what I got  
And without you, it ain't a lot  
But I got every, with you, everything

Maybe you could pollinate over the  
Golden Gate  
Take a left hand turn at the corner  
Of Haight  
And then a sharp right  
At the first street light  
And get yourself on a motor bike  
And if you think you'll get stuck in a  
traffic jam  
That's fine, send yourself through a telephone line  
It doesn't matter how you get to me  
Just get to me

Cause after every day  
The wind blows the night time my way  
And I imagine that you are  
Above me like a star  
And you keep on glowing  
And you keep on showing me the way  
Shine Shine Shine