

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