

Train, My Private Nation

Why you gotta treat me like I'm a low down dirty
Climbin' up on thirty
Dress like a kid to make me feel young punk
And talk junk
You musta fell out of your bunk
And smacked your head
Or your face or somethin'

I don't need nobody flyin' in my jet stream
Take the bus
Go on and get yourself your own dream

This is my own life keepin' me down
Where I wanna be in my private nation
I'm alone all thinkin' life's a phone call
Here for just a while when in my private nation
You can ride or you can go

Why you gonna step on shoes
When you don't know whose been in 'em
Have you ever been more than a bump
On a rock that likes to roll
In the middle of a soup bowl in the sky
Use your eyes
It's all you got till you die

I don't need nobody flyin' in my jet stream
Take the bus
Go on and get yourself your own dream

You can ride on, it ain't free
Leave a light on, so you can see
How to get back when you go

How to get, how to give
How to make ends meet
How to lose, how to win
How to stay on the seat
How to use momentum to keep the two wheels straight
How to wait after it feels like you waited so long