

# Troy Cassar-Daley, Wish I Was A Train

When I was a little boy I used to lie in my bed  
and listen for the '9:09'  
It never ran on Christmas or the day that Jesus died  
but every other day it ran on time  
It always made me lonesome but it brought me comfort  
and what it did to me I can't explain  
And as I wonder through this harsh and gentle world  
Oh every now and then I wish I was a train

Chorus

Roll on roll on into the dark night  
Leavin' all my troubles behind  
Carryin' my soul far far away  
Oh every now and then  
I wish I was a train

I loaded trucks in Isa rode the dingo fences  
cursed the ganger on the western line  
Started throwin' punches in a bar at Charters Towers  
They threw the book at me I did my time

Chorus

Bridge

Cause a train don't weep a train don't feel  
heartache sadness and pain  
And when I die just let my spirit ride  
on the boxcar of an ever rollin' train

Chorus

through the darkest night, every little town looks the same,  
when morning comes you can see the names.  
through my sleeper window frame  
i wish i wish i was a train