

XTC, Train Running Low On Soul Coal

Me train running low on soul coal
They push+pull tactics are driving me loco
They shouldn't do that no no no
They shouldn't do that
Me train running low on dream steam
They pull me whistle too hard me bound to scream
And they shouldn't do that no no no
They shouldn't do that
Think I'm going south for the winter
Think I'm going mad in this hinterland
Between young and old
I'm a thirty year old puppy doing what I'm told
And I'm told there's no more coal
For the older engines
Me train running low on soul coal
Think I'm going south for the winter
Think I'm going west and my sprinter's speed
Is reduced to a crawl
My rails went straight, but straight into the wall
It's the wall on which they dash the older engines
And all my servants are leaving
Imagination gone packing
Can't find the wound from where I'm bleeding
He's just a nut and he's cracking
Hammer goes down
Brakes all scream
Me and a couple of empty carriages
Slide down hill still
Next stop bad dreamsville
Think I'm going south for the winter
Me train running low on soul coal.