

## **Train Out of Time**

***She's on the Cambrian Line***

***And she's running out of track***

***Trying in vain to find a friendly ear***

***If this train runs out of time***

***She won't be coming back***

***She tries to tell her tale, but no one's here***

***To listen to her song***

Headed for the country on a rundown rural train

Running from her inner city blues

She stares out at the rain on the misted carriage window

And wonders if she'll get the chance to choose

The route she will now

Take with the future's aging rolling stock

Bumping over cracking buckling rails

Till the pulverising crash

When we all run out of cash

And our lifelines are all closed down in the aftershock

Of the hungry baby crying in the night

The endless rumble of the motorcars

Of the rush to catch the train and the panic of her flight

Of orange street lights blocking out the stars, the stars

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