

Blake Babies, Train

"Hold on to my arm,"
She said, strung out on the floor.
"I've been knocked uptight.
I've been locked outside.
I can't go on anymore."

Cut off the circulation.
Don't let it go to my head too quick.
Let the feeling grow.
Just let it flow.
Gonna' make it last.
Gonna' make it last.

I'm a hurricane
And the blood flows free from an open vein.
This is the last time:
Never at home again.

Oh! I know that train you're riding on. (Oh-oh-oh.)
It's sixteen coaches long.
My baby's on that train and gone.
Can't slow it. (Gone.)
You know it. (Gone.)
It's coming down.

"Hold on," she said.
"I've been knocked uptight
And locked outside.
I can't go on.
I can't go on."

I'm a hurricane
And the blood flows free from a broken vein.
This is the last time,
Never at home again.

Oh! I know that train you're riding on. (Oh-oh-oh)
It's sixteen coaches long.
My baby's on that train and gone.
Can't slow it. (Gone.)
You know it. (Gone.)
It's coming down.

The future is open wide.
The future is open wide.
The future is open wide.

(Gone.)
Can't slow it. (Gone.)
You know it. (Gone.)
It's coming down.
Runaway train. (Run.)
Runaway train. (Run.)
Runaway train. (Run.)
Runaway train. (Run.)
Runaway train. (Run.)