

# MACKLEMORE, The Train (feat. Carla Morrison)

Pretty face tryna chase the train  
And I could look the other way but it still won't erase the pain  
And I pray that she stay the same, amazing grace  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Just another reflection in the window  
Watchin' the trees pass by at a tempo  
Got a round trip ticket out to limbo  
And I'm getting close to my kinfolk  
I'm sorry that you didn't get the memo  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Water under burned bridges  
Always on the road tryna earn a livin'  
I remember when I bought my first ticket  
I've been going, haven't turned back since then  
This return day must be a misprint  
Made a wrong turn now I'm long distance  
And I miss them

Otra ciudad, otra vida, otra, otra ciudad, ah, oh, oh, oh

I try to write but every sentence is a run on  
I try to text you but I don't get reception in this tunnel  
Vision, visit only for a minute  
I'm gettin' on track but the wheels still spinnin'  
You can see the smoke in the distance, it billows  
Roll up my sweatshirt, turn it into a pillow, ay  
I got a Polaroid camera so I don't forget where I travel  
I got a couple rolls of film I'll get developed when I get back to Seattle  
I told momma that I'd call her, talk for a couple minutes  
But I didn't  
I miss my brother, feel disconnected  
Wanted to stay, wanted to catch the next one  
I wanted to talk, just me and him  
Because I had some things I felt I had to tell him  
When you're always runnin', tryna make a connection  
It's almost impossible to stay connected  
When you get on this train after standin' in the rain  
You'd be crazy to exit  
And give your seat to the next one, nah  
I'ma ride this shit 'til the wheels fall off  
The conductor screams out, "All aboard, last call"  
The city as you pass on, the city as you pass on

Otra ciudad, otra vida, otra, otra ciudad, ah, oh, oh, oh