

# Paleo, Next Train

## NEXT TRAIN

behead a rose  
and your heart Crusoes  
and your bones feel light as feathers  
there's nothing quite like a lover's leapfrogging

everybody is waiting for the next train

he beds a rose  
and its heart explodes  
with the flick of the wrist. a bat of the eye  
or a cross of the T. you are yours. i am mine

in and out  
right or wrong  
black and white  
expecting to see morning light  
we draw the blinds to mortar lines

all aboard  
getty up  
pick it up  
click-it-or-ticket forget it  
change the channel turn the tv off

everybody is waiting for the next train out of town

we're passing over every stop  
we're speeding up conductor  
a bouncing ball at sublight speeds  
let's never stop conductor

it's all or nothing  
all or nothing  
all or nothing  
all or nothing

i know you're listening

you're buckled for safety  
but i think that maybe  
this train that we ride  
it's a slow suicide  
for the hearts that we beat  
to a pulp every night

everybody is waiting for the next train out of town

das - orrefors, sweden