

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