

Sonya Kitchell, Train

I've just taken a seat on the train
I walked through busy streets down a shadowy lane
I just bought my ticket for the ride
there's no turning back now
no matter what I decide
steel body moves fast, hinges pounding against the ground
I sink into my seat
I pray for it to speed up, but I wish it would slow down
my body quivers with anticipation for what lies ahead
wood is thrown onto the fire that cries out to be fed
mist shrouds the dawn, so ahead I cannot see
the train it moves ever forward into the misty sea

there's so many faces
most of the time I feel so alone
there's so many places
will I ever stop and know my own home?

I know I'm gonna get there, but I'm not sure when
nor do I know where I'm going, so I won't pretend
I cannot see beyond the horizon nor around the bend
the train it moves ever forward without a seeming end...
out of one window, I saw rain
I looked through the other, and I felt the warm sun's rays
the wind, it gently blew across my weary shoulder
and time whispered in my ear, Child, you're just gonna keep getting older
but I've done nothing more than take a seat on this here train
yet my life turned upside down and only
only the little things are right