

# The Pogues, Night Train To Lorca

(Jem Finer)

Across the dark and dusty plain  
Where scars of old dry rivers run  
Night unfolds, a coal black shroud  
Across the hard and stony ground

Distant stars shining bright  
In the cavern of the night  
All is still and silence screams  
To the thunder of the Lorca train

Flaming steel swift as wind  
Wires hum the rails ring  
Smokestack burning fiery sparks  
Rise up to the stars

Towns asleep by empty roads  
Churches rise from crooked roofs  
Cloaked in darkness nothing stirs  
Grow smaller darker disappear

See the moon so still and cold  
A million stars that shed no warmth  
Your nightmares all come out to play  
In the silver light  
Wait for sunrise in the east  
Long shadows crawl across the plain  
The ghosts of night will disappear  
And lay your fears to rest

Steam hissed up, the hot coals glowed  
The furnace blazed, the wheels they rolled  
On tracks of iron, straight and cold  
The silver moonlight danced

The flames are in the fireman's eye  
Orange in the engines glow  
Gleaming pistons whirling cranks  
Wait for dawn the rooster's crow