

Thea Gilmore, Whistle And Steam

Its been a long time since Ive seen you
Just like this, face to face
And I know I should have called you
But I had another ghost to chase
Shouldve read your letters
Shouldve found out how youd been
But the truth is there was no escape
The call of whistle and steam
Of whistle and steam

Theres a man down at the station
On a newspaper bed
I just need some kind of salvation
Before I die he said
But honey were just passers-by
In another leaving scene
You and I are locked in tight
To the call of whistle and steam
Of whistle and steam
Of whistle and steam

Its the sleepers and the steel
Or the black-root and the vine
But my place is the space between
The past and the horizon line

Can you hear that old horn blowin
Every time you close your eyes?
And behind every bolted door
Is there a voice you recognise?
Singing prayers, singing curses
Singing all about the dream
To everyone caught in the headlights
Caught in the whistle and steam
In the whistle and steam
Caught in the whistle and steam
In the whistle and steam
In the whistle and steam

Caught in the whistle and steam
In the whistle and steam