Rat Race On A Train

Key of E flat – Capo 1 – Play in D - By John T. Wurzer

I keep on bouncing down this railroad track, hoping it will take me back

Praying it will take me back to you.

Lord have mercy, God above, it’s obvious I’m still in love,

These feelings got me reeling, feeling blue

Statues, buildings, cemeteries, life out here is getting scary

Creepy cold and damp, but mostly dark

Whiskey, whimsy, waste and wine, haunt me now most all the time

A candle in my hand but still no spark

It’s darker now than once before, church mice marching off to war

Weary from the armor on their fur

Splashing through life’s rancid sewer, survivors growing ever fewer

Responding to commands with “Sir, yes Sir!”

They dig a hole and crawl right under, walls of words that fall like thunder

Crashing to the ground now bought and sold

Hiking through a subway station, lights are dim, their once great nation

Lifeless now and frozen in the cold

Shorty pauses, lights a match, whiskers twitch, he starts to scratch

His nose with rapid strokes of his right paw

Down the pipe around the bend, nothingness that never ends

Trudging onward constantly in awe

The sergeant starts to bellow loud, commanding the awaiting crowd

Of tattered soldiers once so proud and brave

He tells them to keep pressing on; this is the dark before the dawn

All those who have been wronged, he plans to save

Armed and dangerous rodents hooting, raising swords, machine guns shooting

Anything that moves and shows its head

Encountering a band of rats riding well trained alley cats

Shorty takes a bullet, and he’s dead

Bouncing down this freight train line, covered now in grease and grime

Searching for a chunk of time to spend

Soon I’ll drive up to our house, wrap my arms around my spouse,

And thank the Lord I’m not a mouse…AMEN.