

On a train from here to there to end up where,

Where I'm going and where I want to be at the end;

A train of thought going along the line to stay on track,

Through countryside of blue and green till night is black.

And day is here to wind along through trees and rocks to go along,

A long way all the way of day and day it takes where things belong;

On a train of thought to get along and think of it to where we go,

As we go along to get along to where we are going all day long.

It's going through my mind these things that are passing by,

As the train moves along the tracks and clouds float through the sky;

This green and brown vegetation of wide cross minded country,

As we dissect the middle on the earth disguised by tranquil motion.

And the picturesque beauty fills the mind of a train of thought to think,

And the train of track is thinking it's ground underneath meets to link,

The broad horizon of the endless skies where people smile who pass by,

And the world is filled with wonder as the pains will the heart to eye.

As the sky so every wanders onward and the beauty surpasses I,

I look to the God of money and worry why free life is by why;

For life is space and central to its position sitting on the map,

Where the path and road leads nowhere, but the train goes down the track.

Now there's magic in the moment of the girls and guys on board,

As birds and lizards fly and lie and kangaroos and emus reward;

A few goats and sheep are eating and running away from the train,

As the wide road country deepens as God bless us on a train on the plain.

Signed,

Dry and Baron