

Runaway Train

I woke up this morning, looked out my window,
Looking for signs of the runaway train.
My car was still there, no windows broken.
The train had come by, but I was spared.

When I came out my doorway, I looked around me.
All seemed quiet, but if you looked closely,
You could see the signs.
Someone looked through the garbage,
They broke my neighbor's car window,
Was that blood on the sidewalk?
Yep, the train had come through.

It's a runaway train, it's heading nowhere.
Once you get on it, it's running express.
The engine is gold, it's flashy and shiny.
Young people see it, flag it down and get on.

They hear the loud music, it's pumping, it's funky,
There's a party in the first car.
Don't miss out, get on board.
But it's a runaway train, it's heading nowhere.
Once you get on it, it's running express.

What runaway train? C'mon you've seen it.
The engine looks like a BMW, or a Mercedes "C."
The engineer looks like homeboy,
Dripping gold from his fingers,
His neck, his wrists, even his teeth.
The engine is that fat wad in Hector's pocket
Or the Uzi that Kareem keeps by his pillow
when he sleeps.

The engine of the train always looks shiny,
Always holds promise of hund'ed dollar bills.
In the first car, there's always a party,
And it looks inviting.
They party all night, and sometimes all day.
But that's a runaway train, it's heading nowhere,
And once you get on it, it's running express.
You see the engine, all bright and shiny.
I see the caboose, all filled with death.
 Don't get on the train to go to that party.
 Once you get on, they say "Step to the back."
 And they push you, and shove you,
 From the first car to the rear.
 And you see people lying and stealing and dying,

And you can't hear the music, only people
sobbing and crying.
"Stop the train, stop the train, I want to get off."

But it's a runaway train, it's going nowhere,
And once you get on it, it's running express.
And you're shoved further back, towards the caboose
And you say, "Oh my God, there's a train on the loose."
It's loaded with homeboys, Miguels, and the rest.
They're heading for prison and jails and for death.

And everyone's screaming out the windows, "Stop, stop!
Don't get on this train, can't you see, can't you see!"
And the young people see that gold engine,
And flag down the train.
And they don't see what's happening,
They don't know the pain.
They can't hear the screams from the back of the train.
Because the music is loud and it has shut
down the brain.

So they get on, they get on the runaway train,
Looking for dollars and good times and love,
What a shame.
Because it's a runaway train, it's going nowhere
And once you get on it, it's going express.
Unless we can stop it, last stop is death.

Geoffrey Canada