

If you get up on the stage, if you're putting on a show
Things always go much better if you let yourself go

There's a limited number of words we can use that make any sense in a given context so we do our best to pick and choose but there's no guarantee that it will be original unless, of course, and this works most of the time, you find some way to make the whole thing rhyme.
In all of human history, art and music and lore, I'm pretty sure that that previous sentence has never been written before.

We are what we are
What will be, will be
It is what it is
Tautology

There is water in the oceans
There is water in our blood
If you mix it up with dirt, you get a nice and gooey mud
Our world is one of water, so I'm glad that it's the case
There's an awful lot of water out in space

As the train departs the station
Early in the misty morning
It goes zug, zug, zug, zug, zug, zug, zug
Moving slowly forward on its predetermined track
And the view is coarse and gritty, as it's crawling through the city
And you see all the buildings from the back, back, back
There are fewer gleaming skyscrapers and more abandoned shacks
As the wheels go click, click, click, click, clack
and the train moves slowly up the track
so I found myself a seat
by a window, on the left
where I planned to try and write
that's why the window is important

for the view, the inspiration
always moving, always changing
but some things remain the same
remain the same, remain the same
the picture is contained within the frame
and the sights that strike our eyes
urban landscapes, endless skies
are visions moving at the speed of light
so everything you see, you see just right
You got nothing, you got nothing, you got nothing, you got nothing
Was the monotone refrain, that was running through my brain
As I tried to find some words that would amuse or entertain
and I listened to the click, click, click, click, clack
Of the wheels, of the wheels, of the wheels upon the track
You got nothing in your pocket,
You got nothing in the world
There is nothing in the world
Like a big eyed girl
There is nothing in the fridge
There is nothing on TV
In this world of dog eat dog eat dog
There's nothing that is free
There is nothing in my wallet
There is nothing in my hand
There is nothing, there is nothing
But you've got to understand
Sometimes nothing is a real cool hand
That's nothing really new
It's a staple of the blues
When you ain't got nothin'
You got nothin' left to lose
With our heads in the sky
And our feet on the ground
There is nothing, there is nothing
But the air all around
As the train rolls forward and the world beats back
Ceaselessly upon the endless track
Click, click, click, click, click, click, clack
We're on track, we're on track, we're on track, we're on track
And we're never going back
The past is merely prologue

And we're on the road, Jack
As the wagon starts to rock,
and the wheels keep rollin'
if we were walking now
then you would say that we were strollin'
everything is going fine
as we're moving up the line
and the wheels keep clicking
to the rhythm of the rails
like a sweet, steady drummer who
never, ever fails
it's manic and mechanical
the clinking of the manacles
the ticking of the clock
but speeded up, the times are changing
but you cannot rearrange
the direction of the train
there is predetermination
in the choice of the station
I can hear it in the sound
as the wheels go round and round
we are bound, we are bound, we are bound, we are bound
'cause the wheels are connected
To the iron on the ground
It may be we're bound for glory
It may be we're bound for Turnov
It may be we're bound to die
A tragic end to every story
It's a predetermined journey
And we're never coming back
We are bound, we are bound, we are bound to the track
By the click, click, click, click, click, click, clack
We are bound to the rails, we're committed to the course
Of course, of course, of course, of course
Mr. Ed was a horse
And the Vikings were Norse
And Obi Wan Kenobi made use of the force
And I feel no remorse
For what I have endorsed
And the telegraph was invented by Samuel F.B. Morse
And the rhyming is more than just random connections

There's an exchange of information that happens at the intersections
The rails are end to end, when the wheels jump the gap
There's a click, click, click, click, click, click, clack
So the train is like your brain
With its neurological wiring
Every moment there are sparks
As the synapses are firing
in the way that we move
and the way that we think
if we're stayin' in the groove
there always has to be a link
and the train keeps moving
and it feels all right
and we're rolling all day
and we roll into the night
and the darkness is pierced
by the steel dragon's light
and you don't need to ask
for whom the train's whistle tolls
W0000! Wooooo! It's got soul
It's a long, mournful blast
It's a blast from the past
It's a past that is fading,
that is fading really fast
the sound of the future
will be smoother, more refined
you won't get that clicky ticky
on the mag-lev line
the medium is the message
and when the future comes
it's just gonna sound like a soft, steady hummmmmm
and the dopplerized rhythms of the world of today
will fade away, fade away, fade away, fade away
click, click, click, click, click, click, clack
click, click, click, click, click, click, clack
click, click, click, click...fade to black