



Whitedog
Train Story



In 2014 I released my first EP entitled 'the Abbey' (available on the on itunes, amazon, and others, Free Downloads on Soundcloud.) The song 'Train Story' was written several years earlier and re-worked for the EP. The song was a reflection of a real life event which led me to thinking on the nature of religion and what it means to me. The dialogue on a train in the rain headed south out of London Charing Cross, between two very differently dressed men led me to the conclusion you should never judge a book by its cover.

What follows is an essay on the thoughts behind the lyrics...



Train Story

It was a night in the Rain,.. It probably was, it rained in London a lot. I was at Charing Cross Station, **I boarded a Train.** As I would most evenings after working at Time Out magazine on Tottenham Court Road during 1998. **the comforts of home in sight,**.. only 30 mins and I lived near the station, **My compadres in the scene,**.. Well the people in the carriage that I'd never met but we're all in this together aren't we?! **are passengers and free,**.. free,!! that's true though they may not feel it but i do believe thats a choice. they're **free to live their lives...** fair enough. **The first was well groomed, in fact i'd say he was a suit,**.. so honing in on one passenger, a suited character that's well groomed, **Pre conceptions were a lie,**.. So i'm alluring to stereo types here, **First impressions of his life** looking closer **Came from the lines on his face, honest times I could trace and he struck me with a smile.** ok that never happened,! Well he did smile later on but not at me ,. I was a bystander!

Over Steel Rails in Song,.. which i thought sounded pretty,., Have you ever zoned out on the sound or the train rolling along? **Our carriage moved along and a second man belongs to the scene,**.. So London Bridge, the second stop on the journey, several people get on, but, one is important to the story. **Here comes a Preacher with his book, Salvation on a hook,**.. Now, there are a number of different acts that may jump into your carriage on a London Train,., most want to play you some music and then get paid,., the Gypsies want to get paid too and may give you some clover and a well wish if you oblige, but this guy,., he was on a mission from God,., He started Preaching right in the middle of the isle,.,

He Said "Son do you believe as he sat down next to me,.. After a few verses from the bible, he takes a seat and starts to talk to all of us present, up close and personal. **HE Said "Children Listen Here, Come Gather gather have no Fear, for the Lord stands by my side and he will grant you when you die, a walk in paradise, so come take my advice now listen here,**.." Now the details of what he actually said are, well, not actually recorded but you get the general idea, here, he was recruiting in the name o the Lord, oh yes.

To the suit he turned his head and he asked to break some bread,.. Now as I remember it the guy in the suit had been reading his paper the whole time,., not giving the preacher man a bar of notice,., So the Preacher kinda latched on to him, asked him if he believed,., **and the suit said in reply, "Preacher don't you miss the point.?"** Question mark. **" These lessons that you teach are important indeed"**.. noddng to the bible in the preachers hand **"but in the writing of the word, something got lost have you heard.?"** Now this is getting interesting, did the business man in the suit just wax lyrical back to Mr Preacher man?, And, what the suit was saying resounded with me,., **"he's in the wind in the tree's, not the words on those leaves, he's in the Whiskey I drunk, In the songs i've sung. I am free i'm a man, I believe when I can, and I feel him hold my hand when i'm falling."** So this guy has a measure of faith in what he's saying,., he believes in something, but not in the bible and i'm finding that I want to listen to this man.. **He is calling 'You are free..'**

Now the men they sit, different skin I admit,.. not that, race comes into it mind, we have now proven that race is merely adaptability to environment.. **but closer to a God is the man that lives by heart,**.. Ok this is were I start to lament on my own questions of faith,. **Of the many holy books,**.. **does it matter what you choose,**.. One of my favourite stories is the life of Pi where early on the boy meets an older character who has pictures of many Saints adorning his apartment,. this is how i feel it should be, respect to the great mystery of our ancient scripture and history. Ultimately the messages are very similar aren't they,. maybe leaning from script to script on different character traits and behavior.?
Do you do what will with love,.. Ah the great quote by Aldous Huxley,. "Do what thy will and let love be thy rule."
Is that the message from above,? Well he was a pretty tuned kinda guy Aldous,. and the holy books are saying a similar thing are they not,. Huxley may have taken it to a whole different level but we are seeing increasingly interpretations that point to limitless possibility in the recognition of Divine will. What is Divine Will,? Well, we could we say that divine will is free choice, which is a religious concept,. We were given free will, the freedom to choose. I guess you could argue that you cannot choose a fight or flight reaction in the human hormone system,. But Sages have proved that in deep relaxation and acceptance the human body can consciously choose to endure to the point of extinction that which is asked of it.
For what drives the hearts of men,.. **What feeds them when they stand.**
What they love they lose they break, If you look at the broad spectrum of people that make up our varied societies around the world,. We make some pretty poor choices,. we can be forgiven for not being perfect, for not always making what feels like the right choice,.. maybe it's all a part of evolution. But i hope we get our act together, soon,. **what he give, they steal they take,**.. so if you look at the idea that 'God' or whatever you want to call it, having limitless potential and being non judgmental, that sounds a bit like the subconscious mind,. Thats what is given and yet we seem to be hell bent on taking and fearing and grabbing..
Through the deep and the dire,.. **though the old man in the Spire,**.. now i'm not saying that it's all the fault of the church,. but well here is this Preacher that started this lament so, while we're on the subject... Religion hasn't really helped the cause,. Been a lot o "killing in the name of aye.?
through the battles that he's won to the wars that just begun,.. I'm putting the boxing gloves on with religion here now,. Like it's time to refine them,. Review them maybe,..!
Through the raising of the fire, to the young men in the choir,.. Recent stories of catholic peodophiles haven't helped the cause any, however that's not what i'm saying here,. I mean that we are helplessly influenced by our social peers, and at a the rhetoric in the church, the atmosphere and the belief system is gonna stay with you for awhile, if your subjected to it at a young age. We are all basically good people but how far down does that go,. Are you honestly really humble and kind and unbiased.?
Through the loving of the mind, to the dreaming of the blind. Many thousands of people are not church goers. Are they not allowed their opinion? Do they not dream, are they not in communication with all that is, all the time also,. Is 'God' not hearing them,? Don't they do what will with love.?

Train Story

“Through the wind and the tree’s through the roots and the leaves, can you hear him, he is calling you are free.”

Now when all was said and done, i found myself looking on two silent men and one..

So getting off my high horse, and back to the actual train carriage,. I’d felt that the suit had answered the priest. He got off the train shortly after that, like he wasn’t gonna get any love at that table, and rightly so,. I mean, it was nice to be reminded of the divine in a shitty carriage in London’s East End but,. no one likes it shoved down their throat right!! ***who’s story had just become..*** Of course, I don’t know what the other people in the carriage felt or thought, but, I certainly felt a comradery with the suited and booted business man and i’m pretty sure everyone was happy to go back to their personal space and be rid of Mr. shouty shouty preacher man.!

like a lesson for us all.. go Mr suit.! ***don’t judge the book that falls..*** If I’d have taken a look at this Mr suit, guy, before the preacher had entered the carriage. I’d have said he was someone that I would absolutely not resonate with,. tidy, rich and in business,. but he blew me away, with his rebuttal of the preacher. He was switched on, with faith and in his heart and his words rang true for me.

Look upon us all as one,. our stories just begun..

I believe that there is a growing consensus, largely thanks to the internet, in a new understanding of faith and spirit. It’s not based in any one place and it’s not housed under any particular symbol. It is largely an acceptance of what is,. We do believe, we have a faith and we’re able to see science and it’s progress as well as art and creative thought. We are moving away from old structures both religious and governance . It’s early days but we seem to be leaning in many areas to collaboration, transparency and common sense. ***the wind in the tree’s, the roots and the leaves,. the whiskey i drunk the songs i’ve sung can you hear us we are calling you. you are free,..***

you choose.



I boarded a train



Train Story

Chords:
D
Am C G D

Was a night in the rain,
I boarded a train,
The comforts of home in sight.
My compadres in the scene,
are passengers and free.
Free men with their lives,
all born an torn with pride.
The first was well groomed,
in fact i'd say he was a suit.
Preconceptions were a lie,
first impressions of his life came
from the lines on his face,
and honest times i could trace, an then he
struck me with a smile..

Over steel rails in song
our carriage moved along
and a second belongs to this scene.
Here comes a preacher with a book
Salvation on his hook,
he said 'Son do you believe' as he
sat down next to me,. he said
" Children listen here,
Come gather have no fear for,
the Lord stands by my side,
He will grant you when you die.
A walk in paradise, so come take my advice,
now listen here."

To the suit he turned his head
"Will you come and break some bread,
Will you follow in this book,
he asked him with a look."
And the suit said in reply/
"Preacher don't you miss the point,
Don't betray the truth with lies
for behind that book you hide.
Of the lessons that you speak they're important indeed,,
but in the writing of the word
something got lost have you heard,,
he's in the wind and the tree's
not the words on those leaves
he's in the whiskey that i drunk
in the songs i sung
I am free i'm a man I believe when i can
and I feel him hold my hand
when i'm falling."

He is calling.. You are free..

Now the men they sit,
different skin i admit
but closer to a god
is the man that lives by heart
of the many holy books
does it matter which you choose
Do you do what will with Love
Is that the message from above.
For what drives the hearts of Men
What feeds them when they stand
what they love they lose they break
what he gives they steal they take
from the deep and the dire to the old man in the spire
to the battles that he's won
to the wars that just begun
through the raising of the fires
to the young men in the choirs
through the loving of the mind
to the dreaming of the blind
through the wind and the tree's
through the roots and the leaves.,
Can you hear he is calling you

You are Free, You are Free.,

Now when all was said and done
found myself looking on
two silent men and one
who's story had become
like a lesson for us all
don't judge a book that falls
will you see it to it's grave and
in the dawning light be saved
we are free we are one
our stories just begun
the wind in the tree's
the roots and the leaves
the whiskey we've drunk
the songs we've sung
Can you hear, we are calling you

You are Free, You are Free..



YOU ARE FREE

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