

## Faces In The Crowd

Alannah Myles

Esther walks the hall, carrying a candle  
Listens at the wall, for a sign of life  
Closing her eyes as the room fades away  
Counting the chimes in the church of our saviour ringing out

To faces in the crowd

Simon drives this town, works a graveyard Sunday  
Esther flags him down, doesn't speak a word  
He hums to himself as the streets disappear  
He catches himself looking back in the mirror filled with doubt

Two faces in the crowd

On the ferry from Dover to Calais  
Arm in arm on a windswept day  
I've got a photo of them sailing away  
Mother's so pretty, father's so proud...

I stop to count the chimes, an orphan in the shadows  
So little left behind, so much I'll never know  
A list in 'The Times' of the lives lost at sea  
An old photograph and a past that seems so like

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Listens at the wall, for a sign of life...