Blue Silver Red

Big Big Train

They focused on the hill
A tower loomed in near space
Other things seemed out of phase
Sure, Jan and Tom had faith
How persuasive an ideal
Everything to everyone
Waiting for the moment to come
And every waking hour is the waiting that's done

Writing, thinking and building of expectations
Meetings weekends, melting of constellations
And time is out of time and is turning

Putting people into spaces
Taking others out of time
The savant wants for saving now
She's waiting for someone to run
And every waking hour is the waiting that's done

Distant and distance, in a pivotal moment broken

For now it's done caring and is ready to
Go on home
And time is out of time. And is turning

"So sorry, does it matter anymore?"
Her movement, charged with wonder
The wonder is she's there at all. "So sorry."
The tower looms unreal
Someone somewhere calling
Running fast on empty words
To the edge of the known world

Some may be afraid, maybe take the easy way
Turn and face the rage

So "sorry" counts for nothing in the end
No, it never really mattered
(but the meaning lies between the words.)

Hidden deep within words
And time is out of time…and is lost