

Sitting at the station
Waiting for my train
I can hear those voices
Calling me again
And I don't want to go down that road
It's causing too much pain
Take me out the flames
And send me down the Thames
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New day, usual
But mind stuck in cubicle
And top speed two-stepping over puddles beautiful
And thinking of a plan but iBrain playing up and lunch break eating up with
nourishment and need
Then I seek a trusty steed to overcome the abbatoir
Thoughts come regular but I'm wearing a large
Maybe I'll just excel it
Wrap it up and sell it
Make a wish don't tell it
And send it up to Mars

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Supermarket trails while I'm thinking about the mail
That I got last week and I ain't even opened yet
Old fears coming back, and knocking doors
Start a palpitation that I can't ignore
And sweat brow laughing now
Cos if I stop to think
It may open floodgates that no key can ever lock
And treadmillin never stops
And running out of patience
And running out of time
My fate ain't having it
But stopping is a crime

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