

# Torn On The Platform

Jack Peñate

Once more just before Im leaving  
Torn on the platform  
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Torn on the platform

Cos Ill miss you and I love you  
I know this is over just for now  
Cos I miss you, ohh, how I miss you  
Youre not my girl you're my town

A weekend away, leave the city today  
Dont want the big smoke to leave me behind  
The train leaves at 2, platform 3 Waterloo  
50 p to the tramp makes me feel kind

I get a good seat , with a window my feet  
Are up on the one in front everyone stares  
Why do they care, like theres feelings in chairs  
Trapped for 3 hours until I get there

Cos my  
Eyes, eyes, eyes  
Are not  
Dry, dry, dry  
As I  
Realise, ise, ise  
That in a few minutes this train will be gone  
Sighs, sighs, sighs  
City  
Fly's, fly's, fly's  
Wonder  
Why, why, why  
Would anyone want to leave where I come from?

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It's 1.58 wish that I had been late  
And missed the train and given them an excuse  
But what is the use, I've less slack than a noose  
Do or die stay or go what shall I choose

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Like in a film the motion starts to slow  
As the beeping carriage doors begin to close  
Momentarily I'm standing froze  
Then I jump between the gap  
Land on the platform flat

I'm not

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