

# Midnight Bus

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Last night  
You had abandoned the warm yellow lights of the city  
For the quiet darkness of the outer suburbs

You had to meet someone  
In a small white house  
There was a threatening figure underneath a tree

You stayed too late  
You had to take the midnight bus  
It stopped at all the dying malls in the area

There were fifteen people on the bus the whole time  
No one got on and no one got off

And when you looked at them out of the corner of your eye  
They had the faces of aliens