

Same Airport, Different Man

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Same airport, different man
I'm starting to think
That I don't know quite who I am

Same airport, different man
He sat in the car park
Waiting for me to land

Same airport, different dress
This one's blue and it is longer than the rest
Same airport different dress
Last one was short and red
And too tight for my growing chest

Same airport, different life
At sixteen, lost my first love to a one way flight
Same airport, different life
Sat down by the carousel looking old enough
To make a wife now

Same airport, different ride home
Last time I went to my mothers,
This time to my own

Same airport, different ride home
Riding shotgun to my baby, next time
I'll get the train alone
I'll get the train alone
I'll get the train alone
I'll get the train alone

Same airport, different man
He looks happy
He looks happy
Same airport, different man