

I took a train and a midnight bus and  
A lady leans on a broken crutch  
The air is smoky and the window's cold and  
I close my eyes  
And I dream you're close

Waiting on it  
Waiting on it  
Waiting on it  
Waiting on your touch

The empty seats are rattling bones and  
Lights flew by on their journey home  
The road of time holds a rearview mirror  
I can see now it won't be long

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