

The Girl Running

Passenger

I see the girl running,
With no shoes on her feet,
Jumping shade to shadow,
In this deafening heat.

And I hear the trains coming,
And the drunk man singing on the street,
And the fan on the ceiling,
Reeling,
Me in to sleep.

And I dream silent movies,
Black and white memories I suppose,
They're the same old stories,
But wearing in different clothes.

la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la
la la

la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la
la

So where's the girl running,
With no shoes on her feet,
Cos there's no shade nor shadow,
In this deafening heat.