

Airport

Peter Hammill

I stand on the tallest building and stare down at the grey runway and the tail-smoke of the Boeing jet that's taking you so far away.

Believe me, I don't want you to leave me; look in my eyes and you'll see them filled with pain. Imagine just how sad I'll be in some future day when I turn and no longer see your face. All I can now cry is goodbye, love, goodbye.

In a week, in a month, in a year, in a lifetime how I'll feel no one can tell. All I know is now you're going there's really no-one here to help.

Believe me....

Already it's too late, you're through the boarding-gate and walking on the tarmac. Already you are free, already you've left me and cannot bear to look back, can you?

A brief taxi on the runway, then up into the stilling night sky; and I'm standing on the observation tower, my eyes too dimmed by distance to cry.

Believe me....

All I can now do is walk away alone, without you.