

Terminus

Ralph McTell

Finally the moment's
Come and here we stand
And all the words have gone
Along with all the plans
And though the hands
Are surely moving on the clock
For us, this moment
Time itself has stopped

Our early-morning eyes
Still feel a little sore
And bodies sweetly aching
From the night before
I can feel
The cold platform through my shoes
There must be something to be said
But what's the use?

The wind picks up some paper
Blows it past our feet
We watch it grateful
That our eyes don't have to meet
A screaming whistle rips the air
And takes away
The last seconds we have shared

And still photographs
The train begins its run
And suddenly all the words
I should have said had come
Someone touches me
And asks me for a light
And wonders if
I'm feeling quite alright
And I say yes

On another platform there's a train
The same old scene is to be shot again
The wind picks up some paper
And with it I shall ride
Out through the door marked "Exit"
Into the world outside