

52 Stations

Robyn Hitchcock

There's fifty-two stations on the northern line
None of them is yours, one of them is mine
Most days, you'll find her in a heat haze
Looking through the sweet maze
That she calls her mind
In sorrow, not in anger
You forget the best
You remember how she was looking and then
There's a few good reasons why you're not with me
On a night like this, they're so hard to see
Baby, you left me in a whirlpool
Right out from a girls' school
What else could I see?
In sorrow not in anger
You forget the best
You remember how she was looking and then
You forget the rest
There's no use pretending we're apart
Everywhere I go, you're in my heart
One night, I hit her in the car park
Left her in the car park and I just went away
Most nights, I wish I'd never met her
I wish I could forget her
I'm better off that way
In sorrow, not in anger
Remembering it all
It's just the way I'm feeling
Like a mirror on a wall
Like a mirror on a wall
Like a mirror on a wall
Like a mirror on a wall
Like a mirror on a wall
Like a mirror on a wall