

Trainsong

Sieges Even

Rushing down platform 8, all my efforts are in vain
disappearing in the dark are the tail lights of the train
one minute too late - it was the cab drivers fault
now I've got to wait next to a pissed yob
"got any change?" - he's getting brash
I search my pockets for some cash while he's still talking trash
stand back on platform 8 next service will be late please mind
the doors
please mind the gap passengers moving from B to A
going home or coming to town who knows their journey route
different trains going on different rails wheels are finding their way
spinning round without rest heading from east to west
beds of sleepers go by train delay - another service cancelled
six past nine - I won't arrive in time I step inside the waiting room
it smells of sweat and pee and poo I hope I'll find a place to rest
I cast a desperate view my legs a tired - I'd like to get a seat
but noone seems to move his ass so I remain on my feet