

Departure Lounge

Squeeze

Old boys sit and look into the distance
I never know what they're thinking
The old boys

They can find the peace I'm lacking
In this moment
Sit with their eyes slowly closing
And then open

Diving in and out of each second
The old boys
Seem to know more than they're saying
In this lifetime

Old boys
Walk as if they're leaning towards me
They can feel gravity calling
From beneath us

For the old boys
Maybe know what I am thinking
Even though their memories fading
The old boys

Falling in and out of each feeling
In slow motion
Quietly losing the meaning
Of a lifetime

They consider my words with a quizzical look
Like I'm talking in some other language
Right round the corner my place in their world
One that I constantly challenge

There is no sound in the departure lounge
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