

## Street Light

Tom McRae

She's a street light in the evening rain,  
An empty seat on the rush hour train.  
She's a polaroid lying on the street,  
She's the lover I may never meet.

Every night I breathe her in,  
Feel her sink into my skin.  
Still I feel,  
That I am envious and obvious and desperate for your love,  
I am shouted by and criticised,  
Still I crave your touch.  
And I know the time you're killing is mine,  
But I... I don't mind.

She's a phone call in the dead of night,  
A stranger's voice I recognize.  
She's a radio playing in the dark,  
She's the name you'll find written on my heart.

Every night I breathe her in,  
Feel her sink into my skin.  
Still I feel  
That I am envious and obvious and desperate for your love,  
I am shouted by and criticised,  
Still I crave your touch.  
And I know the time you're killing is mine,  
But I... I don't mind.