

Hey you, I think it's probably been a week or two
Arms crossed beside the vestibule
Towards the end of the ride
Now I could swear it's you
Platformed between the one-to-two
That's me behind the residue
If you could see me inside

Every time I see your face
When both our train cars leave the station
Someday I'll be there to say goodbye
In a crowd of no relation
Heading towards a third location
I could love you if you'd let me try

Guess I was in a mood
It's just a kind of verisimilitude
That I could use when I'm far from you
Towards the end of the ride
It's like a centrifuge
Flung forth into my avenue
Someday if you are traveling through
I'll see you there on the line

Every time I see your face
When both our train cars leave the station
Someday I'll be there to say goodbye
In a crowd of no relation
Heading towards a third location
I could love you if you'd let me try