

# The Metro

## Briza

I'm alone,  
sitting with my broken glass  
My four walls  
follow me through my past I was on a Paris train  
I emerged in London rain  
And you waiting there  
swimming through apologies I remember searching for the perfect words  
I was hoping you might change your mind  
I remember the soldier standing next to me  
Riding on the Metro I was smiling as you took my hand  
Saw the mood we spoke in France  
You were passed as shallow word  
It isn't passed there's still a hurt  
You were passed as shallow word  
It isn't passed there's still a hurt  
I can see you now smiling as I pulled away...  
sorry I remember the letter wrinkled in my hand  
"I'll love you always" filled my eyes  
I remember the night we walked along the Seine  
Riding on the Metro I remember a feeling coming over me  
The soldier turned, then walked away  
Fuck you for loving me!  
Riding on the Metro

Lyrics provided by

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