

Prospects

Madness

A train ride to Tuesday
A platform far away
Scarlet shades of evening
Move clouds of greyAwaking arriving
The dirty station where
He passes crowds of people
Who don't see him thereHere's a desert island room
For a man who's cast away
Stranded in this home from home
From his family far awayHome, well this is it
This is it, is this my heart?
I miss you with all my heart
This is not, is this not my home?One shoelace, cardboard suitcase
One passport from the Queen
One room for a light bulb
Where no one's beenSticks and stones, my old bones
Not like 1954
Then they liked me fine
But not anymoreThis empty room
Where he's marooned
With nothing left to say
But in the dark
He thinks of home far awayHome, well this is it
This is it, is this my heart?
I miss you with all my heart
This is not, is this not my home?I feel cold getting old
More than the climate's change
Stranded on this island
The rate of exchangeHere's a desert island room
For a man who's cast-away
Today he will not be at work
There is no work anywayHow is it when you feel it?
Do you wonder what gets you down?
You're looking in the windows
When you walk this town

Songwriters

MCPHERSON, GRAHAM / SMYTH, CATHAL /Published by

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