

Twenty-Seven Strangers

Villagers

The bus was late
And forced us all to congregate
Twenty seven strangers
Made to stand and wait
The time went by
The sun went down
A baby cried
I just stood in line
But there is no cue
No stage hand saying what to do
And you are me
And I am you
The bus it came
And everybody loaded in
Twenty seven strangers
In a moving can
The fluorescent light
Doubled everyone inside
The baby's face reflected
In the shop fronts, in the sky
But faces change
And rules they all get rearranged
And photographs will find their fate
In fading away
The bus broke down
At the graveyard on the edge of town
Twenty seven strangers
Separate without a sound
So I walked home
Just feeling nothing on my own
Noticing that tree of yours
I've been watching it grow
So that's why I'm late
My dearest one what can I say
And tomorrow it could be the same
When I do it all again

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