

Prospects

Madness

A train ride to Tuesday
A platform far away
Scarlet shades of evening
Move clouds of grayAwaking 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 my heart
I miss you with all my heart
This is not say but in the dark
He thinks of home far awayI feel cold getting old more
Than the climate's changed
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

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