

Waterloo

The Dream Academy

A pale yellow morning moon hung over,
Over the workaholics on the streets of rain
And high up in a window box
Were blue forget-me-nots

Right here
On the northern line
Waterloo
You can hear the trains pulling out

From the world inside your room
You said if we start running
We could run forever
I can hear the trains pulling out

Ten flights up in a tower block heaven
With half a return ticket in my pocket
And memories of all the same sad souvenirs
And the beating of the rain

In patterns on the same old pain I shared with you
And I tried to tell it true
But I don't hear you
Waterloo

You can hear the trains pulling out
From the world inside your room
You said if we start running
We could run forever

I can hear the trains pulling out
Hear the trains
Pulling out
Hear the trains

Pulling out
Hear the trains
Pulling out
Pulling out

Hear the trains

Hear the trains

Waterloo

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written by LAIRD-CLOWES, NICK/GABRIEL, GILBERT

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