

Smiling at Strangers on Trains

Million Dead

it was the strangest thing today - i saw new footprints in abandoned pathways, beneath forgotten undergrowth something stirring again. you were a single red blood cell, but i lost you in this knot of capillaries, but you were bringing me oxygen when i needed it most in the smoke. and you were always as far as mongolia, as close as my clothes, your presence pervading, but it still never shows. as close as the answer i never quite know, or can't quite remember. your distance insidious, as soft as a blow. your shadow is with me wherever i go. it's on the tip of my tongue but still i never quite know, or can't quite remember. i don't quite remember. the forced proximity of a million different mike leigh movies makes me long for the fresh air of a familiar face, and not the violence of loneliness, nor the unease of surrounded seclusion. i keep nearly missing you around corners and in passing trains. and if i'd known that you weren't so far away, that you were never that far away, i could've rode this train smiling

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