

The Metro

+44

I'm alone,
sitting with my broken glass
My four walls
follow me through my past I was on a Paris train
I emerged in London rain
And you waiting there
swimming through apologies I remember searching for the perfect words
I was hoping you might change your mind
I remember the soldier standing next to me
Riding on the Metro I was smiling as you took my hand
Saw the mood we spoke in France
You were passed as shallow word
It isn't passed there's still a hurt
You were passed as shallow word
It isn't passed there's still a hurt
I can see you now smiling as I pulled away...
sorry I remember the letter wrinkled in my hand
"I'll love you always" filled my eyes
I remember the night we walked along the Seine
Riding on the Metro I remember a feeling coming over me
The soldier turned, then walked away
Fuck you for loving me!
Riding on the Metro

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