

Faces in the Crowd

[Alannah Myles](#)

Esther walks the hall, carrying a candle
Listens at the wall, for a sign of life
Closing her eyes as the room fades away
Counting the chimes in the church of our saviour ringing out
To faces in the crowd
Simon drives this town, works a graveyard Sunday
Esther flags him down, doesn't speak a word
He hums to himself as the streets disappear
On the ferry from Dover to Calais
Arm in arm on a windswept day
I've got a photo of them sailing away
Mothers so pretty, fathers so proud...
I stop to count the chimes, an orphan in the shadows
So little left behind, so much I'll never know
A list in 'The Times' of the lives lost at sea
An old photograph and a past that seems so like

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