The Metro

Peter Metro

I'm alone,
sitting with my broken glass
My four walls
follow me through my pastI was on a Paris train
I emerged in London rain
And you waiting there
swimming through apologiesI 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 MetroI 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...
sorryI 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 MetroI 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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