

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
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