

The Vanishing

Deconbrio

Hey wake up
Come on hey wake up, here
 Wake up
 Tremor of light
The sky, a porcelain wall
 Landing at Heathrow
 A Tuesday in the fall
You are sleeping next to me
 I just let go your hand
I hope I can go through with this
 I hope you understand
I leave you dreaming in row twelve
 Run quickly down the escalator
 At customs I am first in line
You wake now, it's three minutes later

I am gone, I am gone
I am gone, I am gone
 M40 night, London
 A blur behind me
Leave from Heathrow at the dawn
 No one will ever find me
You will search for five more days
 You will trawl the city night
Then you'll make yourself forget me
 I'll fade into the half-light
 I am gone, I am gone
 I am gone, I am gone
 I am gone, I am gone
 I am gone, I am gone

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