

SW4

Anekdoten

the lights have all turned red
on holloway road
a pale vision of inertia
in cold halogen glowthe last clapham bound train
is waiting to leave
but the engine-driver's fallen
asleep at the wheelwhen i picked up the phone
my hopes were put on hold
the outgoing wires were humming
my heart was growing coldno rattling of keys
no break before the dawn
i still wait for my relief
what's taking him so long?

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