The Vanishing

Lowe

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/