

Amtrak Is for Lovers

Houston Calls

No joke
She says I'll leave you
I'd never think to treat you
Like this I can't believe it
I'll give you 3 more chances then I'm gone for good
She is reaching outer limits with him
He treads thin ice
So damn thin that he can sense the water at his feet
At the start he was a prince who brought gifts
Wrapped and well thought
His lips needed no words
Kisses told her everything
She's wearing his favorite shirt she owns
Yet still she knows
No joke
She says I'll leave you
I'd never think to treat you
Like this I can't believe it
I'll give you 3 more chances then I'm gone for good
He swears
He's really worth it
Can't come to show it
This routine is over as he says to her
It hits her like a ton of bricks
Another weekend in the transit station
Eyes glue to hands
Of the rushing clocks won't wait for just anyone
She awaits the R2 patiently with gifts
Clinched under arms
For her lover that she misses oh so much right now
He's wearing her favorite shirt he owns
Yet still she cries (he forgets it)
Friday train rides
Sitting next to
Suit and ties to work
Six long hours
Cramped and crowded
Her regrets can't
Quite be counted
On both of her hands
But count on her goodbyes

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