

# Station Song Platform Two

## Pete Brown & Piblokto!

Lost in the stations  
that sleep in the cold  
Nights were so bold  
Old times  
Ring out the chimes  
I used to hear  
No point in saying  
what's left of the love  
For clouds up above

I see the faces  
that chance in the glass  
Light chase them  
past each other  
Walking with people  
that fell from the sky  
Better to try

Under the candles  
that cry in their cage  
Tears were all the rage  
Strange times  
Broke up the rhymes  
I used to know  
No point in keeping  
the last of the wine  
For yours in decline

I see the faces  
that dance in the flames  
Playing their games  
with each other  
Talking to people  
who came from the stars  
Driving their car as

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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