

# Quarter Past Two

## The Sound

Quarter past two and I'm on my own  
Everybody's in their separate homes  
I sit in silent isolationEmpty rooms give me space to think  
Push my thoughts right to the brink  
Sitting so still 'cause there's nowhere to run  
Nowhere to runSometimes I feel there's nothing new  
Sometimes I feel there's so much to do  
Sometimes I feel I've almost got a clue  
Most times I'm lonely and I don't know  
For whoCrisis rising at the quarter hour  
Over walls of darkness the moon glowers  
The buzz and blur of far off cars fades out  
Alone, my self possessions  
I'm torn apart by self obsession  
I need someone else to think aboutSometimes I feel there's nothing new  
Sometimes I feel there's so much to do  
Sometimes I feel I've almost got a clue  
Most times I'm lonely and I don't know  
For who  
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I sit in silent isolation  
Empty rooms give me space to think  
Push my thoughts right to the brink  
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For who

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.