Petrol

Client

The cars come up the drive, too many people inside
Under the stars they smile, they want to invade my home
I pace the darkened hall, I try to consider it all
In the dull lamps glow and the truth is I don't knowThe cars stop outside, they all stay inside
The house is drenched in light, but what have I done wrong?
I quietly climb the stairs, I remember all the years
I check everything is right, I need to hurry nowI've been preparing for days, I know exactly what to say
'No one will be around, no one will take me down'
They'll all get in back in the cars, and maybe they'll go home
But the things they'll never know, like where it is I go

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