

Sleeper Train

Paper Aeroplanes

The cloudy head, my legs are lead, the thinkingâ€™s overdone,
This sleeper trainâ€™s a day away, from where it once begun,

And he

-e, is a place called home.

He

e, is the great unknown.

And Iâ€™m ready, to go.

I let you win, translucent skin, you tip-toed in with stealth,
I just let go, of rules, I know, the ones I set myself.

And he

ere, did you hear him go?

Fle

-eting, as west Wales snow.

But Iâ€™m ready, ready now.

Iâ€™m ready, to know.

When something, in this place,

Reveals, a hollow space.

And if doubt crosses your face,

Iâ€™m too far away, to see.

The pain is wet, too close you get; the colours only run.

And the lines will bleed on empty sheets, when all is said and done.

Iâ€™m he

-ere, as the towns fly past,

He

-ere, as the die is cast.

Iâ€™m ready, ready now,

Iâ€™m ready, ready now.

Iâ€™m ready, ready now,

Iâ€™m ready, at last.

Lyrics submitted by Graham.

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