

# Terminal

## Rupert Holmes

I've come back this morning  
To where I first came alive  
Here within this terminal  
Where the buses arrive

I was a commuter on the 804  
Worked for a computer  
On the 19th floor and

You came down the aisle of the bus  
And you sat by my side  
Shoulder up to shoulder  
We shared that 9 o'clock ride

Oh my heart was screaming  
As you left your seat  
Following your movements  
I was at your feet and

Oh... down into the terminal  
Both of us smiled  
So... we entered the terminal  
Just as you smiled

"Won't you leave out work for today?"  
You asked of me then  
So I phoned in sick on the way  
To the home of a friend

We were all alone from 10 a.m. till 3  
Really thought the fire  
Had gone out of me but

You awoke the sleep of my life  
From gray into red  
Made the weary wonder of Wall Street  
Rise from the dead

Could have held up  
Budding my entire life

But I had to get home  
To the kids and the wife and so

I left for the terminal where I began  
Baby no, I wouldn't have left  
If I'd been half a man

So here I am this morning  
Where love had asked for the dance  
Here within this terminal  
Where I passed on the chance

Lord I'll never find her  
Though I've truly tried  
Probably she's found another  
Bus to ride and

I am now about to begin  
The last of my days  
I'm within what others  
Would call a terminal phase

I myself can only say it's livin' dead  
Riding to the office with  
A song in my head that goes...

La da da...  
And you know it grows  
La da da...

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