

# The Metro

Bella Morte

I'm alone sitting with my empty glass  
My four walls follow me into my past  
I was on a Paris train  
I emerged in London rain  
And you were waiting there  
Swimming through apologies

I remember searching for the perfect words  
I was hoping you might change your mind  
I remember a soldier sleeping next me  
Riding on the metro

You wore white  
Smiling as you took my hand  
So removed  
We spoke of winter-time in France  
Minutes passed with shallow words  
Years have passed and still the hurt  
I can see you now  
Smiling as you pulled away

I remember a letter wrinkled in my hand  
"I'll love you always" filled my eyes  
I remember a night we walked along the Seine  
Riding on the metro

I remember a feeling coming over me  
The soldier turned, looked away  
I remember hating you for loving me  
Riding on the metro

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