

Isolation

Cubamate

The ghost of her
Is in the architecture
In the brickwork of the airport
In the concrete of the plaza

There was a rumour of her presence
Someone else was here
From the fingerprints
The evidence is clear

The ghost of her is shadowing me
The ghost of her is shadowing me

I've got these four walls and a single bed
In a backstreet hotel
Midnight london ???
I paid twenty quid for the view

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The ghost of her

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