

Waterloo

The Dream Academy

A pale yellow morning moon
Hung over, over the workaholics on the streets of rain
And high up in a window box
Were blue forget-me-nots right here
On the northern line

Waterloo
You can hear the trains pulling out
From the world inside your room
You said if we start running
We could run forever

I can hear the trains pulling out
Ten flights up
In a tower block heaven

With half a return ticket in my pocket
And memories of all the same sad souvenirs
And the beating of the rain
In patterns of the same old pain
I shared with you
And I tried to tell it rue
But I don't hear you

Waterloo
You can hear the trains pulling out
From the world inside your room
You said if we start running
We could run forever

I can hear the trains pulling out
Hear the trains
Pulling out
Waterloo