

At the end of the week  
Crammed in commuter trains  
Stations go by  
But we don't know their names  
Our eyes never meet  
We flip through catalogues  
Or gape at our feet  
To maintain control

And there's a beacon in the middle of the town  
And when the power's out it shows the way back home.

The camera shot  
All the grins and stares  
But when the pictures appeared  
There was no-one there  
I could hear the sound  
Distant and thin  
Of our hearts caving in

And at the end of the week  
We'll set things on fire

Do you know that thing  
Just before you fall asleep  
A sudden shock  
And the feeling of falling down  
It's the ghosts of the past that try to sink their talons in  
And drag you back in to the dark.