

The lights have all turned red
on holloway road
a pale vision of inertia
in cold halogen glow

The last clapham bound train
is waiting to leave
but the engine-driver's fallen
asleep at the wheel

When i picked up the phone
my hopes were put on hold
the outgoing wires were humming
my heart was growing cold

No rattling of keys
no break before the dawn
i still wait for my relief
what's taking him so long?