

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?