

March

Basement

Train rides up west to my second home.
You sat there waiting for me.
Books for the ride, just to pass the time.
These birds of peace are leaving.
No more waiting for me.
No more waiting for me.
Stay up late, watch tv.
We never watched it really.
We made plans I thought we'd keep.
The dates still in my diary.
No more waiting for me.
No more waiting for you.