

The Metro

Bella Morte

I'm alone sitting with my empty glass
My four walls follow me into my past
I was on a Paris train
I emerged in London rain
And you were waiting there
Swimming through apologies

I remember searching for the perfect words
I was hoping you might change your mind
I remember a soldier sleeping next me
Riding on the metro

You wore white
Smiling as you took my hand
So removed
We spoke of winter-time in France
Minutes passed with shallow words
Years have passed and still the hurt
I can see you now
Smiling as you pulled away

I remember a letter wrinkled in my hand
"I'll love you always" filled my eyes
I remember a night we walked along the Seine
Riding on the metro

I remember a feeling coming over me
The soldier turned, looked away
I remember hating you for loving me
Riding on the metro

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I remember a soldier sleeping next to me
Riding on the metro