

## Isolation

Cubanate

The ghost of her  
Is in the architecture  
In the brickwork of the airport  
In the concrete of the plaza

There was a rumour of her presence  
Someone else was here  
From the fingerprints  
The evidence is clear

The ghost of her is shadowing me  
The ghost of her is shadowing me

I've got these four walls and a single bed  
In a backstreet hotel  
Midnight london ???  
I paid twenty quid for the view

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The ghost of her

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