

At the end of the week
Crammed in commuter trains
Stations go by
But we don't know their names
Our eyes never meet
We flip through catalogues
Or gape at our feet
To maintain control

And there's a beacon in the middle of the town
And when the power's out it shows the way back home.

The camera shot
All the grins and stares
But when the pictures appeared
There was no-one there
I could hear the sound
Distant and thin
Of our hearts caving in

And at the end of the week
We'll set things on fire

Do you know that thing
Just before you fall asleep
A sudden shock
And the feeling of falling down
It's the ghosts of the past that try to sink their talons in
And drag you back in to the dark.