

## Operating Tracks

Front 242

Standing so tall / The ground behind  
No trespassers / On every floor  
A garden swing / And another door  
She makes it clear / That everything is hers

A place of abode  
Not far from here  
Ms. Van de Veer

All that belongs to / No-one sees  
Curtains that waver / When evening falls  
Inclosed by fences / Smothered by wood  
Who stands behind / The shadows of the trees

A place of abode  
Not far from here  
Ms. Van de Veer

Standing so tall / But no-one sees  
No trespassers / When evening falls  
A garden swing / Smothered by wood  
She makes it clear / The shadows of the trees