

## White Room

Halloween

In the white room  
With black curtains  
Near the station  
Black country roof  
No gold pavements  
Tired starlings  
Silver horses  
Ran down moonbeams  
In your dark eyes  
Dawn light smiles  
On you leaving  
My contentment

I'll wait in this place  
Were the sun never shines  
Wait in this places  
Where the shadows  
Run from themselves

You said no strings  
Could secure you  
At the station  
Platform ticket  
Restless diesels  
Goodbye windows  
I walked in  
To such a sad time  
At the staiton  
As I walked out  
Felt my own need  
Just beginning

I'll wait in the queue  
When the trains come back  
Lie with you  
Where the shadows  
Run from themselves

At the party  
She was kindness  
In the hard crowd  
Consolation  
For the old wound  
Now forgotten  
Yellow tigers  
Crouched in jungles  
In her dark eyes  
She's just dressing  
Goodbye windows  
Tired starlings

I'll sleep in this place  
With the lonely crowd  
Lie in the dark  
Where the shadows  
Run from themselves  
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