

Torn On The Platform

Jack Peñate

Once more just before Im leaving
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Cos Ill miss you and I love you
I know this is over just for now
Cos I miss you, ohh, how I miss you
Youre not my girl you're my town

A weekend away, leave the city today
Dont want the big smoke to leave me behind
The train leaves at 2, platform 3 Waterloo
50 p to the tramp makes me feel kind

I get a good seat , with a window my feet
Are up on the one in front everyone stares
Why do they care, like theres feelings in chairs
Trapped for 3 hours until I get there

Cos my
Eyes, eyes, eyes
Are not
Dry, dry, dry
As I
Realise, ise, ise
That in a few minutes this train will be gone
Sighs, sighs, sighs
City
Fly's, fly's, fly's
Wonder
Why, why, why
Would anyone want to leave where I come from?

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It's 1.58 wish that I had been late
And missed the train and given them an excuse
But what is the use, I've less slack than a noose
Do or die stay or go what shall I choose

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Like in a film the motion starts to slow
As the beeping carriage doors begin to close
Momentarily I'm standing froze
Then I jump between the gap
Land on the platform flat

I'm not

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