

Prospects

Madness

A train ride to Tuesday
A platform far away
Scarlet shades of evening move clouds of grey
Awaking, arriving
The dirty station where
He passes crowds of people who don't see him there

Here's a desert island room
For a man who's cast away
Stranded in this home from home
>From his family
Far away

Home.
Well this is it
This is it
Is this my heart
I miss you with all my heart
This is not
Is this not
My home

One shoe-lace cardboard suitcase
One passport from the Queen
One room for a light bulb
Where no-one's been
Sticks and stones, my old bones
Not like nineteen fifty-four
Then the liked me fine
But not anymore

This empty room
Where he's marooned
With nothing left to say
But in the dark
He thinks of home far away

Home.
Well this is it
This is it
Is this my heart
I miss you with all my heart
This is not
Is this not
My home

I feel cold, getting old
More than the climate's changed
Stranded on this island
The rate of exchange

Here's a desert island room
For a man who's cast-away
Today he will not be at work
There is no work anyway

How is it when you feel it

Do you wonder what gets you down
You're looking in the windows
When you walk this town