

## The Girl Running

Passenger

I see the girl running,  
With no shoes on her feet,  
Jumping shade to shadow,  
In this deafening heat.

And I hear the trains coming,  
And the drunk man singing on the street,  
And the fan on the ceiling,  
Reeling,  
Me in to sleep.

And I dream silent movies,  
Black and white memories I suppose,  
They're the same old stories,  
But wearing in different clothes.

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So where's the girl running,  
With no shoes on her feet,  
Cos there's no shade nor shadow,  
In this deafening heat.