

## Girl On A Train

Rialto

It was late when she got on the train  
Found a space between the coffee stains  
Struggling to lift her suitcase  
Pushing back the hair from her face  
Here in my seat  
I feel a rush beneath my feet  
She's just a girl on a train  
I'll probably never see her again  
The girl on the train  
Never even asked her her name  
The girl on the train  
Wonder if she's feeling the same

She looks listlessly at magazines  
Past the horoscopes and beauty creams  
Through the suburbs and the scrubland  
I wonder whether she understands  
This world is drab  
You've got to take what you can grab  
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