

# Terminal

Rupert Holmes

I've come back this mornin' to where I first came alive  
Here within this terminal where the buses arrive  
I was a commuter on the 804  
Work for a computer on the 19th floor and

You came down the aisle of the bus and you sat by my side  
Shoulder up to shoulder we shared that 9 O' clock ride  
Oh, my heart was screamin' as you left your seat  
Followin' your movements I was at your feet and

Oh, down into the terminal both of us smiled  
So we entered the terminal just as you smiled  
"Won't you leave out work for today?" You ask of me then  
So, I phoned in sick on the way to the home of a friend  
We were all alone from 10 am till 3  
Really thought the fire had gone out of me but

You awoke the sleep of my life from gray into red  
Made the weary wonder of wall street rise from the dead  
Could have held up budding my entire life  
But I had to get home to the kids and the wife and  
So, I left for the terminal where I began  
Baby, no, I wouldn't have left if I'd been half a man

So here I am this morning where love had asked for the dance  
Here within this terminal where I passed on a chance  
Lord, I'll never find her though I've truly tried  
Probably she's found another bus to ride and

I am now about to begin the last of my days  
I'm within what others would call a terminal phase  
I myself can only say it's livin' dead  
Ridin' to the office with a song in my head that goes

La da da and you know it grows  
La da da, oh, la da da, oh, la da da