

# The Vanishing

Stars

Tremor of light  
The sky, a porcelain wall  
Landing at Heathrow, a Tuesday in the fall  
You are sleeping next to me  
I just let go your hand  
I hope I can go through with this  
I hope you understand  
I leave you dreaming in row twelve  
Run quickly down the escalator  
At customs I am first in line  
You wake now, it's three minutes later  
I am gone  
I am gone  
I am gone  
I am gone

M40 night  
London, a blur behind me  
Leave from Heathrow at the dawn  
No one will ever find me  
You will look for five more days  
You will trawl the city night  
Then you'll make yourself forget me  
I'll fade into the half-light

I am gone  
I am gone  
I am gone  
I am gone  
I am gone  
I am gone  
I am gone  
I am gone