

Commuter Love

The Divine Comedy

Freezing Monday morning
She is waiting for her train to come
I brush past her, smell her perfume
Watch her hair move as she turns to go
She doesn't know I exist
I'm gonna keep it like this
I'm not gonna take any risks this time

She's not like the others
With their papers and their headphones on
She reads novels by French authors with loose morals
She can do no wrong
I wouldn't say I'm obsessed
I don't wanna see her undressed
We can be prince and princess in my dream
And we're dancing
Through the evening
'Til the morning