

A pale yellow morning moon  
Hung over, over the workaholics on the streets of rain  
And high up in a window box  
Were blue forget-me-nots right here  
On the northern line

Waterloo  
You can hear the trains pulling out  
From the world inside your room  
You said if we start running  
We could run forever

I can hear the trains pulling out  
Ten flights up  
In a tower block heaven

With half a return ticket in my pocket  
And memories of all the same sad souvenirs  
And the beating of the rain  
In patterns of the same old pain  
I shared with you  
And I tried to tell it rue  
But I don't hear you

Waterloo  
You can hear the trains pulling out  
From the world inside your room  
You said if we start running  
We could run forever

I can hear the trains pulling out  
Hear the trains  
Pulling out  
Waterloo