

Twenty Seven Strangers

Villagers

The bus was late
And forced us all to congregate
Twenty seven strangers
Made to stand and wait

The time went by
The sun went down
A baby cried
I just stood in line

But there is no cue
No stage hand saying what to do
And you are me
And I am you

The bus it came
And everybody loaded in
Twenty seven strangers
In a moving can

The fluorescent light
Doubled everyone inside
The baby's face reflected
In the shop fronts, in the sky

But faces change
And rules they all get rearranged
And photographs
All fade away

The bus broke down
At the graveyard on the edge of town
Twenty seven strangers
Separate without a sound

So I walked home
Just feeling nothing on my own
Noticing that tree of yours
I've been watching it grow

So that's why I'm late
My dearest one what can I say
And tomorrow it could be the same
When I do it all again