

Le Méridien

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across the river thames
on a sunday morning
the smell of the air
a tiny noise

dark blades of grass
trees and big clouds
factory smokes
and plastic balloons

moving around the meridian line
and hearing from here
some silly jokes

family's strolls
children circles
couples kissing
and grand'ma's sitting

today there's a frontier
a big white line
today season's changing
what's coming next

everything is in its right place
today someone is missing
this is a point blank

a little later
on a sunday night
sitting on a train
under the sea

lights are flashing
speed and fat boys
computer's screens
smoking second classe

no troubles here
a safety place
drinking coffee
in a plastic cup

writing postcards
nothing in mind
all is quiet
under control

tonight there's a frontier
a big white line
right on the middle
of the channel

tonight I'm back in France
what's coming next
tonight someone's missing
this is a point blank