

# Alison Moyet, Stay

A wait in hope of every day  
That changes come as changes may  
With every fear that I allay.  
I have a horror of this place  
Yet I'm accustomed to its face  
And I am safe within its maze

But you leave me nothing in my home town  
And now you want to pull us down,  
But I can hope, and I can pray, and I will stay

I traced my way from bluebell hill  
To the park, and further still,  
Onto the rise beyond the mounds.  
And from this point I can see  
My life in its entirety  
Mapped before me on the ground

Let the cold air bite my face  
For I am angry at this place  
Wherein nothing stays the same.  
It breaks by heart to let you go  
When deep inside us we both know  
That you will not be back again.