

# Peter J. Birch, Too Far From The Train

Another station  
Watching the trains passing by  
Everything that's good  
Everything was bad is gone with it

Sometimes  
Spoke one world  
It's enough  
For me to stay  
One smile I \_\_\_

There is \_\_\_ now  
Alone in the crowd  
I walk my  
But without, without her  
I don't understand \_\_\_

Sometimes  
Spoke one world  
It's enough  
For me to stay  
One smile I \_\_\_

(sorry ze słuchu)