

Stereophonics, Graffiti On The Train

Oh the graffiti on the train
Oh the graffiti on the train oh no
Rolling in to her life
Oh the graffiti on the train oh

Stepped outside he left his lover sleeping
Rain falls he's drowning in his secret
Wet streets are quiet as a church hall
Last house where children kick the football
Cross roads his heart is beating faster
Getting close to asking her the question
"Marry me" he wants to paint the words on
The night train he's hiding with his spray cans
And that is going to ride
When the paint is done and dried oh come on

Oh the graffiti on the train
Oh the graffiti on the train
Oh the graffiti on the train
Oh she'll never be the same oh no
Rolling in to her life
Oh the graffiti on the train oh

Day breaks as lovely as she wakes up
Sips her cup and dusts her face in make up
Black phone she hears the people whisper
Someone died themselves train has slipped up
Train comes the coach she's always used to
The doors read a "Marry me I love you"
Heart stops ecstatic and suspicious
She makes the call but he does'nt pick the phone up
The train sped down the line
It was last train he would ride oh no

Oh graffiti on the train
Oh graffiti on the train
Oh graffiti on the train
Oh she will never be the same
Oh god rolling back into her life
Oh graffiti on the train oh