

U.K., Rendezvous 6:02

It's 5 o'clock
Driving down Park Lane
As London leaves
For the weekend again
Through the dark city streets
In the clinging rain
I take my car
Towards the Thames
And Waterloo

Rendezvous 6:02
Rendezvous 6:02

Was that a face I saw?
No, just a trick of light
It's getting clearer now
But moving out of sight
It's cold and late
And I can't miss that train
I turn around
Walk through the arch
Of Waterloo

Rendezvous 6:02
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Rendezvous 6:02

I saw the same hooded face
He beckoned me from the gate
Did you not know, my friend?
Ten years ago was the end
After the war
Waterloo was no more
But your ticket states
There is one train
It's leaving now
And there is a place
Remember my face
And Waterloo