

# Anekdoten, Sw4

The lights have all turned red  
On holloway road  
A pale vision of inertia  
In cold halogen glow  
The last clapham bound train  
Is waiting to leave  
But the engine-driver's fallen  
Asleep at the wheel  
When i picked up the phone  
My hopes were put on hold  
The outgoing wires were humming  
My heart was growing cold  
No rattling of keys  
No break before the dawn  
I still wait for my relief  
What's taking him so long?