

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?