

Barclay James Harvest, The, Suicide?

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Octoberon
Suicide?

I woke up to a feeling, it was cold by my side
You had gone with the sunrise, leaving tears in my eyes
I got up with a feeling of an emptiness inside
To the noise of the sidewalk and the silence of my mind
Well i walked out this morning, down a street with no name
To a club called "the loser", like a dog that's gone lame
Took the club elevator to the floor with a view
I took out life subscription - it's the only one they do

I stepped out on the guard rail, saw the crowds slowly part
Heard a voice shouting "don't jump, please for god's sake let me move my car!"
Felt a hand on my shoulder, heard a voice cry "just in time!"
Felt the quick push, felt the air rush
Felt the sidewalk, fell in line