

Fish, Zoe 25

He struggles to the breakfast table, still hung-over, hardly able
To come to terms with Monday's new demands,
To activate the microwave, to reheat Friday's take away,
The cafetiere to muster up some coffee from the grains,
He lights the next last cigarette and promises himself,
As he retches in the sink, to change his ways,
He dreams inside the sun,
Of Zo, from London, 25.

She's foetal on the foldaway, staring at the laundry in the corner,
That she should have done the night before,
Listening to her flat mate singing Stones' songs in the shower,
She hopes she leaves hot water when the bathroom's finally free,
Where she cries into the mirror and smudges her mascara,
She's Zo, from London, 25.

When you're looking for somebody, you might not even see them,
When they're standing there in front of you, right before your eyes,
If you're looking for somebody you're gonna need some help,
You know you'll never find her when you're looking for yourself.

He races to the subway station, out of breath and out of options;
He couldn't make the phone call to explain himself away,
He's locked in a reality that's taking time to sink in
Because he's lost inside a daydream his mind is occupied,
He turns his back on everybody, on Zo from London 25.

When you're looking for somebody, you might not even see them,
When they're standing there in front of you, right before your eyes,
If you're looking for somebody you're gonna need some help,
You know you'll never find her when you're looking for yourself.

She clutches at the broken heel from tripping down the escalator,
Chasing her white rabbit through the tunnels far below,
Where she moves around invisible, to all concerned anonymous,
A dream girl in a nightmare on a journey to the stars.
She makes her journey to the stars.

At the Micklegate, where you lost your way, and time stood still.
At the Micklegate, with my heart in chains, the dream was killed.
At the Micklegate, where you lost your way, and time stood still.