Jack Penate, Torn On The Platform

Once more just before Im leaving
Torn on the platform
Once more just before Im leaving
Torn on the platform
Cos Ill miss you and I love you
I know this is over just for mow
Cos I miss you, ohh, how I miss you
Youre not my girl you're my town
A weekend away, leave the city today
Dont want the big smoke to leave me behind
The train leaves at 2, platform 3 Waterloo
50 p to the tramp makes me feel kind
I get a good seat , with a window my feet
Are up on the one in front everyone stares
Why do they care, like theres feelings in chairs
Trapped for 3 hours until I get there
Cos my
Eyes, eyes, eyes
Are not
Dry, dry, dry
As I
Realise, ise, ise
That in a few minutes this train will be gone
Sighs, sighs, sighs
City
Fly's, fly's, fly's
Wonder
Why, why, why
Would anyone want to leave where I come from?
Torn on the platform
Torn on the platform
Torn on the platform
It's 1.58 wish that I had been late
And missed the train and given them an excuse
But what is the use, I've less slack than a noose
Do or die stay or go what shall I choose
Cos my
Eyes, eyes, eyes
Are not
Dry, dry, dry
As I
Realise, ise, ise
That in a few minutes this train will be gone
Sighs, sighs, sighs
City
Fly's, fly's, fly's
Wonder
Why, why, why
Would anyone want to leave where I come from?
Torn on the platform
Torn on the platform
Torn on the platform
Like in a film the motion starts to slow
As the beeping carriage doors begin to close
Momenterily I'm standing froze
Then I jump between the gap
Land on the platform flat
I'm not
Torn on the platform
Torn on the platform
Torn on the platform