

Mike Scott, Somebody Might Wave Back

Seven O'clock in the morning and I'm riding the overnight train
I've got ten tonnes of luggage but I left it behind when I came
I look at my watch, says September seventeen
We're riding past some place where I've never been
And I'm waving through the window as we go
Somebody says "Well, hey, what are you waving at?"
Well what have I got to lose
Somebody might wave back

Seven O'clock in the morning and I'm carrying bags under my eyes
Been awake all night, counting the hours to sunrise
(Drawing patterns/Beating rhythms) on the tabletop
I lift my gaze and my mouth just dropped
Someone waving in the window at me
And I say "Hey there, what are you waving at?"
When he says "What do I have to lose,
Somebody might wave back"
What do I have to lose,
Somebody might wave back