

Rialto, Girl On A Train

It was late when she got on the train
Found a space between the coffee stains
Struggling to lift her suitcase
Pushing back the hair from her face
Here in my seat
I feel a rush beneath my feet
She's just a girl on a train
I'll probably never see her again
The girl on the train
Never even asked her her name
The girl on the train
Wonder if she's feeling the same

She looks listlessly at magazines
Past the horoscopes and beauty creams
Through the suburbs and the scrubland
I wonder whether she understands
This world is drab
You've got to take what you can grab
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