

Skint & Demoralised, The Thrill Of Thirty Seconds

It was five-past the hour when you said your train was due
But in the spirit of the evening I arrived on fifty-two
I was going through my inbox on a regular basis
And occasionally scanning through all the rush-hour faces

I wondered down the platform but I could not see a sign
I looked-up at the clock and it was only fifty-nine
Just you and me together, that's the way it needs to be
I'm standing here, waiting for you, on Platform 23

It feels like time is slowing down
For our secret rendezvous in town
As anticipation beckons
I start counting-down the seconds
My heart beats fast but the clock ticks slowly
You could be my one and only
As anticipation beckons
I've felt the thrill of thirty seconds
Felt the thrill... of thirty seconds

It almost seems too perfect as you glide along the floor
I looked for imperfections and loved everything I saw
I'd never felt so scared, infatuated or excited
I felt just like a school-boy, and for some reason I liked it
I wondered down the platform, but I could not see a sign
I looked-up at the clock, and it was only fifty-nine
Just you and me together, that's the way it's gonna be
I'm standing here, waiting for you, on Platform 23

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And I could not seem to settle, so I tried to make a call
And then I suddenly remembered, what you'd written on my wall
It wasn't even special, just the fact that it was you
And the fact that we were meeting, was just too good to be true...

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