

# Stina Nordenstam, Stations

They all see you off at some point  
I was always prepared  
That's what airports and stations are there for  
I'd wave goodbye try not to stare  
It's never too early  
It's never too late  
He spoke my name and his eyes glowed  
His skin was like velvet from pain  
I would have known him with eyes closed  
See what I saw all the same  
It's never too early  
It's never too late  
We see them all off at some point  
We wave goodbye and we stare  
I should have seen it with eyes closed  
This one would be hard to bear