

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