

Tara MacLean, Passenger

Have you been the broken one?
lying by the side of the road
waiting for a good samaritan
but no one has the time
to ask
Why are you bleeding?
and are you going far...?

All the rest has left
it is burning on my chest
can you see the air is angry
collapsing into nothing
Oh, the soul has risen
but never has forgiven
so we stay and starve the heart
to make a living

Have you seen the hungry ones?
digging in the sand
once a sleeping passenger
awoken to this tired land

Last chance
to find out where I am...

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