

Tom McRae, Street Light

She's a street light in the evening rain,
An empty seat on the rush hour train.
She's a polaroid lying on the street,
She's the lover I may never meet.

Every night I breathe her in,
Feel her sink into my skin.
Still I feel,
That I am envious and obvious and desperate for your love,
I am shouted by and criticised,
Still I crave your touch.
And I know the time you're killing is mine,
But I... I don't mind.

She's a phone call in the dead of night,
A stranger's voice I recognize.
She's a radio playing in the dark,
She's the name you'll find written on my heart.

Every night I breathe her in,
Feel her sink into my skin.
Still I feel
That I am envious and obvious and desperate for your love,
I am shouted by and criticised,
Still I crave your touch.
And I know the time you're killing is mine,
But I... I don't mind.