

# Van Der Graaf Generator, The People You Were

Your father has just left your mother,  
gone off to live with his latest lover:  
she sits there, just staring.  
You've got to get back to your own flat  
because the atmosphere in there is  
so bad you can't bear it.  
And the people you were going to America with  
just left on the dawn 'plane  
without you.

The people in the downstairs flat  
are no longer there now, because they  
left the gas tap on: they're all dead.  
So you've no-one left to talk to,  
you just lie there, in melancholy,  
half-naked on your unmade bed.  
And the people you were going to Africa with  
just left on the Southern Star  
without you.

Now the haze that's been forming  
round your window-panes  
is protracted and poisoned,  
and you cannot feel a portion  
of the world outside.

Can you imagine the way you'd feel  
if all these things had happened to you  
and the doctor says you're dying?  
That is the way that I feel now  
on finding that your love belongs  
to someone else, and not I...  
My chance of heaven has just blown away  
upon a passing cloud, and there is nothing  
that I can do without you.