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across the river thames
on a sunday morning
the smell of the air
a tiny noise
dark blades of grass
trees and big clouds
factory smokes
and plastic balloons
moving around the meridian line
and hearing from here
some silly jokes
familys strolls
children circles
couples kissing
and grand'ma's sitting
today there's a frontier
a big white line
today season's changing
what's comming next
everything is in it's write place
today someone is missing
this a point blank
a little later
on a sunday night
sitting on a train
under the sea
lights are flashing
speed and fat boys
computer's screens
smoking second classe
no troubles here
a safety place
drinking coffee
in a plastic cup
wrinting postcards
nothing in mind
all is quiet
under control
tonight there's a frontier
a big white line
wright on the middle
of the channel
tonight I'm back in France
what's comming next
tonight someone's missing
this is a point blank