

## TERMINUS

Ralph McTell

Finally the moment has come and here we stand,  
And all the words have gone, along with all the plans  
And though the hands are surely moving on the clock,  
For us, this moment, time itself has stopped.

Our early morning eyes still feel a little sore  
And bodies sweetly aching from the night before.  
I can feel the cold platform through my shoes.  
There must be something to be said, but what's the use.

The wind picks up some paper, blows it passed our feet  
We watch it, grateful, that our eyes don't have to meet.  
A screaming whistle rips the air  
And takes away the last seconds we have shared.

In still photographs the train begins its run  
And suddenly all the words I should've said have come.  
Someone touches me and asks me for a light,  
And wonders if I'm feeling quite all right,  
And I say, "Yes".

On another platform, there's a train.  
The same old scene is to be shot again.  
The wind picks up some paper, and with it I shall ride  
Out through the door marked 'exit' into the world outside.