

Yankee Grey

"Le Meridien"

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Accross 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

Writing 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 coming next

Tonight someone's missing

This is a point blank

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