

Ember Swift

"Tram #86"

Visit "[Tram #86](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It was a misty Melbourne evening and the tram was
delayed
as we sat on a bench, our gear splayed out before us,
like bodies on the sidewalk.
It's hard to talk about the down days when we're so
lucky to be so far away.
But, we were seemingly sinking, there we were:
migraine and frustration, thinking, thinking
"Travelling without wheels feels like gigging without a
gig."
And such was our fate the night the tram was late.

She offered us reiki in the tram stop...

(A stranger's hands to heal the hurt, a drunken smile, a
crooked skirt.)

There was this Irish lady who leaned over and eyed
me, warily,
eyebrows raised at all the instruments.
She was fussing with her lighter aimlessly
She couldn't make fire despite her nearly one hundred
attempts.
But, Lyndell had matches that lit her up, made her
smile swell, it made her night and everything was
alright
the night...

She offered us reiki in the tram stop...

Who knows if it helps, but sometimes senseless days
make sense
for just a small moment, that rush of disappointment
can just freeze on a bench
even in a different hemisphere
o more heads pounding, implosion
just people and circumstance and whatever force
brought us here
to expose and stop the fear,
grin and begin again.

She offered us reiki in the tram stop...

It was a misty Melbourne evening in March
and a moment of peace was made by
A stranger's hands to heal the hurt, a drunken smile, a
crooked skirt
and the tram that was delayed.

She offered us reiki in the tram stop...

Visit [Ember Swift](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.