

# Madness "Prospects"

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Prospects By Madness.

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A train ride  
Till tuesday  
A platform far away  
Scarlet shades of evening  
Move clouds so grey  
The waking  
Ariving  
The dirty station where  
He passes crouds of people  
Who Don't see him there  
He's a desert island man  
A forgien man who's cast away  
Stranded in this home from home  
>From his family far away  
Home  
This is it  
This is it  
Is this my heart  
I miss you with all my heart  
This is not  
Is this not my home  
One shoe-laced cardboard suitcase  
One passport from he came  
One room for a light bulb  
Where no one's been  
Sticks and stones  
My old bones

It's now nineteen fifty-four  
When then I could fight  
But not any more  
The city room  
Where is my room  
He thinks of home far away  
Home  
This is it  
This is it  
Is this my heart  
I miss you with all my heart  
This is not

Is this not my home  
I thik I'm geting old  
Well the climate's changed  
Stranded on this island  
While others change  
He's a desert island man  
A forgien man who's cast away  
Stranded in this home from home  
>From his family far away  
How is it when you feel it  
Do you know what gets you down  
You're looking in the windows  
When you walk this town  
>From the L.P./Cassette "Keep Moving"

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