

Neil Innes

"Evening Sun"

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I am standing on a station platform
enjoying the evening sun
How it shines on the tracks
and on the backs
of other people waiting

In my mind's eye
I suddenly become one of the small summer birds
that are dipping and swooping so freely
under the evening sun

The trees look so different from above
Not so solid not so tall
It doesn't matter
where in the world I am
under the evening sun

I see everything around me

The castle-like people
waiting for trains
standing with faces too far from their brains

I see everything around me

All at once as if from nowhere
A train is coming to a standstill
Opening doors and I am once more
among my fellow travelers

We climb aboard
to rattle underground
avoiding each other's eyes
As I cling to a handrail above me
I suddenly realize
it doesn't matter
where in the world I am
under the evening sun

