

Peter Green

"Airport"

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I stand on the tallest building
and stare down at the grey runway
and the tail-smoke of the Boeing jet
that's taking you so far away.
Believe me, I don't want you to leave me;
look in my eyes and you'll see them
filled with pain.
Imagine just how sad I'll be
in some future day when I turn
and no longer see your face.
All I can now cry is goodbye, love, goodbye.
In a week, in a month, in a year,
in a lifetime how I'll feel none can tell.
All I know is now you're going
there's really no-one here to help.
Believe me.
Already it's too late, you're through the boarding-gate
and walking on the tarmac.
Already you are free, already you've left me
and cannot bear to look back,
can you?
A brief taxi on the runway,
then up into the stilling night sky;
and I'm standing on the observation tower,
my eyes too dimmed by distance to cry.
Believe me.
All I can now do is walk away alone,
without you.

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