

## **Peter Hammill**

### **"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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