

## Sharon Cuneta "Terminal"

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I've come back this morning to where I first came alive  
Here within this terminal where the buses arrive  
I was a commuter on the 804  
Work for a computer on the 19th floor and

You came down the aisle of the bus and you sat by my  
side  
Shoulder up to shoulder we share that 9 o'clock ride  
Oh, my heart was screaming as you left your seat  
Followin your movements I was at your feet and

Oh, down into the terminal both of us smiled  
So we entered the terminal just as you smiled  
Wont you leave off work for today?you asked of me  
then  
So I phoned-in-sick on the way to the home of a friend  
We were all alone from to A.M. till 3  
Really thought the fire had gone out of me but

You woke the sleep of my life from gray into red  
Made the weary wonder of Wall Street rise from the  
dead

Could bare held his body my entire life  
But I had to get home to the kids and my life and  
So I left for the terminal where I began  
Baby, no, I wouldn't have left if Id been half a man

So here I am this morning where love had asked for the  
dance  
Here within this terminal where I passed on a chance  
Lord, I'll never find himr though I've truly tried  
Probably he's found another bus to ride and

I am now about to begin the last of my days  
I'm within what others would call a terminal phase  
I myself can only say it's living dead  
Riding to the office with a song in my head that goes...

La la la la la la la la la la  
And you know it grows  
La la la la la la da day

Oh, la la la la la da da  
Oh, la la la la la da da....

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