

## Tom Mcrae "Streetlight"

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She's a street light in the evening rain  
An empty seat on the rush hour train  
She's a Polaroid lying on the street  
She's the lover I may never meet

And every night I breathe her in, feel her sink into my  
skin  
Still I feel that I am envious and obvious and desperate  
for your love  
I am shattered by and criticized and still I crave your  
touch  
And I know the time you're killing is mine but I, I don't  
mind

She's a phone call in the dead of night  
A stranger's voice, I recognize  
She's a radio playin' in the dark  
She's the name you'll find written on my heart

And every night I breathe her in, feel her sink into my  
skin  
Still I feel that I am envious and obvious and desperate  
for your love  
I am shattered by and criticized and still I crave your  
touch  
And I know the time you're killing is mine but I, I don't  
mind

I don't mind, I don't mind  
I don't mind, I don't mind

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