Van Der Graaf Generator "The People You Were Going To"

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Your father has just left your mother, gone off to live with his latest lover: she sits there, just staring.
You've got to get back to your own flat because the atmosphere in there is so bad you can't bear it.
And the people you were going to America with just left on the dawn 'plane without you.

The people in the downstairs flat are no longer there now, because they left the gas tap on: they're all dead. So you've no-one left to talk to, you just lie there, in melancholy, half-naked on your unmade bed. And the people you were going to Africa with just left on the Southern Star without you.

Now the haze that's been forming round your window-panes is protracted and poisoned, and you cannot feel a portion of the world outside.

Can you imagine the way you'd feel if all these things had happened to you and the doctor says you're dying? That is the way that I feel now on finding that your love belongs to someone else, and not I...

My chance of heaven has just blown away upon a passing cloud, and there is nothing that I can do without you.

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