

First Train to York

You rush with no limit.
Your laughter, I sit in it,
As I wait for you to notice
That I'm just sat, just sitting
As you run around and around
Checklists in the air, the only sound
Letting me find out
How fun you are to be around.
I shower quick, no haste
Quickly chucking on some toothpaste,
So we don't miss the first train
I wish I could get into your brain,
And know every single thing there is to know
To know you like you know yourself -
Is that too greedy? Is that too much?
I should keep dressing, we're in such a rush,
But still, it's true:
I want to know you,
You, you, you -
Black shirts and navy blue
Eyes, on me, taking too long
To find my socks and put them on.
I calm you down and we both laugh,
It seems to be like this a lot,
This lightness, this air,
This support and all this care.
I feel wanted and needed,
And I'm sure you feel the same -
If, by some miracle you don't realise
I'll repeat:
You're wanted and needed
Needed by me.
I am my own person, and I want what I want
I can be a bird in the air flying alone, but
That's not what I want.
I want you, you rushing down the road,
Me holding the suitcase,

Stopping to tie my shoelace.
All the stops and starts,
All the thoughts inside my brain -
My brain, which I have had such trouble with -
A lens I find it hard to give
Sometimes, I find I'm stuck in a loop
But I find, with you, I can do
What I need to
To quiet all the noise
To let the calmness settle
And feel the freedom in the pause
In the breakaway, the moment safe.
I can do it, and I do do it,
I protect this love always,
We nurture it and let it live,
And throw ourselves sideways,
Onto the seat, onto the train
(Which we made, by the way),
And here we are, your hand on mine
Smiling at each other
A beautiful love on the Transpennine,
Oh, how I do love my lover!