

Mr Wilson

Mr Wilson, you waved from the train
I was hoping you'd call on your way to the station
But you never came

The blame is all in the past now
Such a shame this wall still divides us

When your wife died, you tended her grave
Up the coast line; ten miles from this place
Every Sunday you'd go without fail

The blame is all in the past now
Such a shame this wall still divides us

In a village so small
All your neighbours
(you know what they're thinking)
And the rumours move faster
Than wheels on the trains that run by here