



## THE PLATFORM CLOCK

by Andy Nuttall

Tick ... tock ... tick ... tock ...  
Can you hear the platform clock?

Crowds are queuing in the station,  
Dreaming of their destination.

Bags and trunks and packs and cases,  
Bound for umpteen different places!

Up the line the track is singing;  
Silver rails are faintly ringing.

Through the meadows, vales and valleys,  
Past the football stadiums and alleys;

Down the tunnels' brick-lined throats,  
Beside the harbour's fishing boats;

Round the bend the Engine slows,  
A snaking giant with a bullet nose!

Crossing borders, loch and sea,  
This is the train that's come for me!

Tick ... tock ... tick ... tock ...  
I can hear the platform clock!

