

John Foxx, Like A Miracle

I see you walking in the streets again
a quiet ocean in a suit of grey
locations mixed and drifting
our features dim and shifting
I stand and watch from years away
and I see you standing there like a miracle
the parks and bridges and the old school walls
a taste of summer in the cool of the dawn
some bright clothes out of focus
the shops are still and closed up
I'm old enough to know they never wait
then I see you standing there like a miracle
I'm walking through you in these crowded places
you're swimming slowly under all these faces
the sky is going out now
I'm slowly turning round now
then someone says "it's not too late"
and I see you standing there like a miracle