

Peter Murphy, Gliding Like A Whale

It only takes the time
Between here and there
For a landing in another place
Saw your shadow fleeting
In the corner of my eye
Your feet were skimming the sand
And then some began to fly
Lasted no time at all
No time at all

Gliding like a whale
In and out of hotels
Gliding like a whale
In and out of hotels

The flower seller told the tale
Saw you kiss the King one minute
Then the next set sail
Two places in one time
And that's not all
In one you're swimming to the limit
Then the next you're riding the whales
This clever never no man's land
Angels whisper that you're winning
Shooting starts that leave no trail
It took you no time to leave the land
When you kissed the King one minute
The next you're setting sail

Gliding like a whale
In and out of hotels