

Chris Isaak, Go Walking Down There

I go walking down there, I go searching down there,
There's nothing left for you and me.
I go walking down there, I go searching down there,
But nobody there remembers me.

It doesn't matter now to me cause I lost my baby.
Nothing means that much to me without my baby anyway.

Oh. Oh. Oh.Oh Look at all you lucky people, think of all the things you do.
Look at all you happy people, wish I could be like you. Oh.Oh.Oh.Oh.Oh.Oh

I go walking down there, I go searching down there,
There's nothing left for you and me.
I go walking down there, I go searching down there,
There's nothing left for you and me.

Oh. Oh. Oh.Oh Look at all you lucky people, look of all the things you do.
Look at all you happy people, wish I could be like you.
Look at all your smiling faces, think of all the things you've done.
Look at all you happy people, and I've lost my only one.
Oh oh, oh oh, oh oh.