

John Foxx, The Hidden Man

I want to stay where the summer goes
change my name and change my clothes
stand in the light of forgotten windows
out of reach down the corridors
the hidden man
the hum of a forest and a lost perfume
the streets of a rainy afternoon
eyes like a tide of liquid blue
we talk about things I almost knew
the hidden man
just walk ahead in the winter haze
smoke a cigarette as the light decays
"the child is father to the man" he says-
silhouette glows in the sunsets blaze
the hidden man