

# John Foxx, Twilight's Last Gleaming

In twilight's last gleaming  
The sky slides away  
Leaving me here at  
The edge of the day  
Songs in the sand  
Hand on the door  
I've been here so often before  
In twilight's last gleaming  
So smoky and gold  
Endless horizons  
Glisten and glow  
I see you in strangers  
In light on the sea  
In twilight's last gleaming we'll meet  
In twilight's last gleaming  
At this time of year  
Wherever you go to  
Whoever you're near  
Think of these times  
Remember these dreams  
And twilight's last gleaming and me