John Foxx, Walk Away

When I walk away I notice That the streets won't stay in focus And then when I turn my head

I'm listening

As the pictures slowly shifting

Back again

When I walk away

When I walk away

I walk away

Walk away

Walk away

In the special room

And someone almost there

And now the rain is gone

And the air is clear

In the waking warm

And on the shimmer shore

And on the gilded falls

Just like the time before

When things get so displaced

When I walk away

When I walk away

I walk away

Walk away

Walk away

Oh, walk away

Walk away

Walk away

Oh in the dawn adrift

And through the howling dark

With such a tender step

With such a crowded heart

And I'll be someone else

I'll be the passing man

I'll be the voice in sleep

I'll be the waving hand

But something always stays

When I walk away

When I walk away

I walk away

Walk away

Walk away

Oh, walk away

Walk away

Walk away