

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