

Walking In London

Concrete Blonde

This deja-vu feeling I know quite well
This psychic confusion, this living hell
A cosmic connection with someone somewhere
Is coming from your direction, I swear, I swear

And I've been running all this time
And I'm running out of places to go
And I am, oh, so sick and tired
Of every face that I know

Everything I do
Everything I say
Everything in my head
Every night, every day

I've been east, I've been west
I've been north, I've been south
I feel your arms, I hear your voice
I feel your hands, I kiss your mouth

And I am walking in London
And you are watching me walk
Talking Italian
And you are hearing me talk

Singing in Sydney
And you were sitting right there
Feeling you in me
Everywhere, everywhere

An invisible touch on the back of my neck
Fingerprints lingering, warm breath
I'm either going insane or I'm a human wire
Receiving a signal, desire, desire

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