

This City

John Foxx

All the kisses taste of dust here
And it's too late to change my mind
I'm still in love with the private world
Sometimes I've got to pull the blinds
Why aren't you dissolving yet?
And why's that car always there?
I got a letter from America
Somebody else lost in the glare
In this city, this city, oh
In this city, this city, oh
I'm walking through this big arena
I'm passing millions, missing some
When someone touches me like a sudden light
I think it's memory but it's still so bright
There were always dreams of leaving
My face gets dimmer every day
When I can see myself I'm waving
I'm going back into the crowds again
In this city, this city, oh
In this city, this city, oh
In this city, this city, oh
This city, this city, oh