

Same Old Walk

Paul Kelly

My house burned down a year ago and all your letters and photos
I lost them
Waiting at the terminal, suddenly I see you stroll through customs
Your hair is long and bottle red, it used to be light brown
I nearly didn't recognise you, then my heart unwound
I see you've got the same old walk

A man is sticking close to you, you're both wearing Italian shoes and diamonds
And he looks so satisfied, a little on the glassy side, he's smiling
You changed the country where you live, you changed your second name
You changed your brand of perfume, but one thing you can't change
I see you've got the same old walk

The same old walk, you've even got the same old talk
Let's break the bread and pull the cork

Alex says to say hello, he would have come but he had to go to practice
Things are much the same around here, you know we've both fallen for the same actress
I'm still working on the projects, I've got my books at night
I woke up at the table, the house was burning bright
I was dreaming of the same old walk

The same old walk, you've even got the same old talk
Let's break the bread and pull the cork

My house caught fire a year ago and your books and paintings I lost them all
Waiting at the terminal suddenly I see you strolling through the customs hall
I wonder why I love you, I guess it's just because
The one who thinks he found you doesn't realize he's lost
And yes you've got the same old walk

The same old walk, you've even got the same old talk
Let's break the bread and pull the cork