

# 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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