

# The Walk

## Eurythmics

I could be contended  
I don't need to suffer  
You're beautiful  
Good to talk to  
You make an impression  
To take my attention  
And when you touch my skin  
I smell disaster

Step away - walk away  
All I want is the real thing  
(nothing but the real thing)

Walking on pavements  
We collect in bars  
Asleep in the houses  
So alone -  
Looking inside herself  
She breaks the glass  
Turns her head backwards  
She's fallen down again