

Walking to You

Everything But the Girl

I met your boyfriend on St. Martin's Lane
and he said, "Fancy running into you again".
We talked a minute or so, then he turned to go,
and I walked into the crowd again.

And the morning was a different place,
in every passerby I saw your face.
Love leaves a lonely ghost,
with one thought uppermost
- is this the case in every case?

Am I walking to you?
Am I walking to you?
In everything I do,
am I just walking to you?

It was seven years ago to the day,
you rang my house and we met halfway.
We walked round Leicester Square and
sat through 'Being There' and every moment of it I replay.

And I was desperate for love to be pure,
though what that meant, I never was sure.
You spent your time on me,
I took it willingly,
and I made you trust in literature.

Am I walking to you?
Am I walking to you?
In everything I do,
am I just walking to you?
I just don't know what to do.