

Isn't it Quiet and Cold?

Gentle Giant

Isn't it quiet and cold walking all alone, alone?
Happened I missed the bus and found I had to walk, alone

What was that?
Only me
Hear the echo of my feet
Footsteps
Are they mine?
Hear the echo of the street

Wished I lived near at hand although I live alone, alone
At least I'll find company, so why should I moan, alone

Movement
By my feet
Paper wind across the street
Curtains closed
Sleepy heads
Wrapped together in their beds

I used to walk with someone else
I didn't seem to notice sights and sounds of the lonely street
I used to talk with someone else
Now the only answers are the calls of the night

Look at that alley cat, it's winding home to rest, alone
Half-past four and daylight shows itself once more
Walking all alone
Walking all alone