

## Walking On Air

John Wetton

I'm walking on air, down a smoky corridor  
I'm barely aware, this is no dream  
I felt you were there, you spoke to me, beware of  
What I saw, yes I'm sure, I want more,  
And I'm walking on air

Oily, dark and blue, the picture hangs in front of you  
Don't turn around, this is for real  
The walls of this place, imprisoning your pretty face  
I'm sure, what I saw, is no more and I'm walking on air

I'm floating, I'm falling, I'm silently calling  
Adrift on an ocean, on waves of emotion

I'm following the light, through centuries of endless  
light  
The soporific sky, the moon and the stars  
To Morpheus I fly, he holds me in a twilight that we  
share, in his lair  
If I dare, we'll go walking on air

I'm floating, I'm falling, I'm silently calling  
Adrift on an ocean, on waves of emotion

Say a prayer for me, in solace and sincerity  
Then sip your holy wine out of the silver spoon  
And when my soul shall rise, then realize you live with  
what you swore, and before, any more of your talking  
Feel a chill, at the door, it's just me  
And I'm walking on air...