Everything But The Girl "Walking To You"

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I met your boyfriend on St. Martin's Lane 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 that 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 I 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 that I do, am I just walking to you? I just don't know what to do

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

I just don't know what to do, am I walking to you? I just don't know what to do, am I walking to you? I just don't know what to do, am I walking to you? I just don't know what to do, am I walking to you?

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