Gentle Giant "Isn't it quiet and cold walking all alone, alone?"

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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

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