

Giant Gentle "Isn't It Quiet And Cold?"

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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

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