

Peter Green

"Fogwalking"

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Everything clumsy slow-motion,
I look for the source.
Buildings loom up like icebergs
on collision course.
I don't want to go in there,
I just want to be alone,
unpick the stitches of time
in London
in the no-go zone.
I've been kicking around like a dog,
lost myself in the blank mass of fog,
it's some kind of service.
All humanity's fall-out is there,
slumped in doorways
and mouthing cold air -
I have heard this.
Fogwalking, fogwalking.
Since the curfew
the streets are half-dead,
all the good folk asleep in their beds,
it's so easy to go off the rails
when the fog spores
are breeding inside by head.
Fogwalking: there's a presence that I sense
Fogwalking: the neck muscles tense
Fogwalking: it's right here inside me,
try to find a defense - oh, no.
Fogwalking through the wreckage,
fogwalking through the worm-eaten
Night Apple,
fogwalking through what used to be
Whitechapel

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