

## Isn't it Quiet and Cold?

Gentle Giant

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