

# Blurred Girl

John Foxx

I'm taking nothing  
It's not my way  
It's almost summer now  
This bed's been made  
Some time ago a figure strolled  
Along the esplanade  
Changing in the mist and light  
Underneath the green arcades

A blurred girl  
A blurred girl  
Are we running still?  
Or are we standing still?  
Are we running still?  
Or are we standing still?  
Standing so close  
Never quite touching  
Standing so close  
Never quite touching

Wounded in sleep again  
The sequences move by me  
A million miles across the room  
A tearing sound of smiling  
We're fixing distances on maps  
And echo paths in crowds  
The light from other windows  
Falls across me now

Standing so close  
Never quite touching  
Standing so close  
Never quite touching