

Walking On Air

John Wetton

I'm walking on air, down a smoky corridor
I'm barely aware, this is no dream
I felt you were there, you spoke to me, beware of
What I saw, yes I'm sure, I want more,
And I'm walking on air

Oily, dark and blue, the picture hangs in front of you
Don't turn around, this is for real
The walls of this place, imprisoning your pretty face
I'm sure, what I saw, is no more and I'm walking on air

I'm floating, I'm falling, I'm silently calling
Adrift on an ocean, on waves of emotion

I'm following the light, through centuries of endless
light
The soporific sky, the moon and the stars
To Morpheus I fly, he holds me in a twilight that we
share, in his lair
If I dare, we'll go walking on air

I'm floating, I'm falling, I'm silently calling
Adrift on an ocean, on waves of emotion

Say a prayer for me, in solace and sincerity
Then sip your holy wine out of the silver spoon
And when my soul shall rise, then realize you live with
what you swore, and before, any more of your talking
Feel a chill, at the door, it's just me
And I'm walking on air...