Walkabout

John Catney

There are walls to keep the stranger out
And doors that open wide
Over here, over here
Open spaces for a silent shout
A place for you to hide
Over hereOver here that feeling that fills my head
And smiles as as I take my time to bed
AndI hear someone calling me
Oh no
This certain space is not your place to go
And
I see someone standing there
Go away
Gone walkabout, not coming out todayNothing ever seems to matter
And yet, nothing means so much
Over here, over here
No magic box or slight of hand
No mockery of touch
Over hereOver here I go but not to sleep
I hope there's something I can keep(Chorus)

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