John Foxx, The Hidden Man

I want to stay where the summer goes change my name and change my clothes stand in the light of forgotten windows out of reach down the corridors the hidden man the hum of a forest and a lost perfume the streets of a rainy afternoon eyes like a tide of liquid blue we talk about things I almost knew the hidden man just walk ahead in the winter haze smoke a cigarette as the light decays " the child is father to the man" he says-silhouette glows in the sunsets blaze the hidden man