

Walk On By

Burt Bacharach

If you see me walking down the street
And I start to cry each time we meet
Walk on by, walk on by
Make believe
That you don't see the tears
Just let me grieve
In private 'cause each time I see you
I break down and cry
And walk on by (don't stop)
And walk on by (don't stop)
And walk on by

I just can't get over losing you
And so if I seem broken and blue
Walk on by, walk on by
Foolish pride
Is all that I have left
So let me hide
The tears and the sadness you gave me
When you said goodbye
Walk on by (don't stop)
Walk on by (don't stop)
Walk on by (don't stop)
Walk on
Walk on by
Walk on by
Foolish pride
Is all that I have left
So...