

Chris Rea, If You Choose To Go

There's a street outside my window
There's a light outside my door
There's a road straight through this old town
There's a boat on every shore
There's a promise down that freeway
But there is no guarantee
There are dreams on every ocean
There are storms on every sea

If you choose to go

Now I've been out upon that ocean
Sometimes further than before
Sometimes not even past my waistline
And I screamed at what I saw
Many times along that freeway
Returning sometimes beat
There are dreams on every ocean
There are storms on every sea

If you choose to go

Plenty of places, plenty of things to see
Plenty of faces, plenty of ways to be

If you choose to go