

Chris Rea, You Must Follow

I recall the fleeting glimpse of light
That smiled across a sky of darkest grey
And a summer dress of cotton
Gently moved in fields of green
I tiptoed silently
I tried to hear what she may say
You must follow,
You must follow

What good is love that never sees the flame
What good a re grey clouds that never turn to rain
I doesn't matter
She says no-one turns away
And always chase your wildest dream
Just to hear what she may say
You must follow
Oh you must follow

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I doesn't matter
She says no-one turns away
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Yeah you've got to follow
You must follow
Oh you must follow