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

Yeah you've got to follow
You must follow
Oh you must follow