

Howard Jones, Go With The Sun

There's a foul taste in my mouth today
I'm looking at the world from my fragile bubble
Turning me inside out, tipping me upside down
Undermining, suffocating pressure

I will find my own space to breath
New life living in me

Go with the sun...

Never look back into yesterday
No pillar of salt in the desert sunshine
Being the here and now
And seeing beyond my dreams
Stimulating, celebrating

I will find my own space to breath
New life living in me

Go with the sun...