

Leo Sayer, Something Fine

the papers lie there hopelessly in a pile outside the door
I tried and tried, but I just can't remember
and you know, that it's taken its share of me
even though you take such good care of me
now you say morocco, and that makes me smile
I haven't seen morocco for a long, long while
the dream the future hides and the past just slides
england lies between floating in a silver mist, so cold and so
and you know that I'm looking back carefully 'cause I know that there's still something there for me
but you said morocco and it made me smile
and it hasn't been that easy for a long, long while
looking for something fine
now if you see morocco, oh I know you'll go in style
I may not see morocco for a little while
but while I'm looking for something fine