

# 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 what  
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