

Savatage, Another Day

Times were changing
Eighteen years and fading
Ain't a lot of time left to be a star

On an island

All alone and dying

Walk upon the water
But you won't get far

Dreams and visions
Tied into decisions
Saw you on a postcard
From the other side

Hope and glitter

Never feeling bitter

Walk upon the water

Just to be your bride

Don't tell me now
That there is nothing more
There is a how
Just like there is a door
And if there's not to be another way
You tell me why

Why

Why

Stay and follow
If the words are hollow
Gotta' go along
Cause it's all you got

Each day earn them
Turn around and burn them
Think your fitting in
But you hope you're not

Neatly drowning

Every drink your downing
If you drink enough

You'll forget the game

Each illusion

Wrapped in absolution
Live your life in weekends
But it's not the same

Don't tell me now
That there is nothing more
There is a how
Just like there is a door
And if there's not to be another way
You tell me why

Why

Why

Why

And as he stood there cursing fate
For making life so hard
It seemed that fate had listened
For she dealt another card

For arriving in the harbour
Silhouetted against the sky
Was a ship bound for america
And her name, "maersk dubai"

And so when no one else was looking
And the ship was safely moored
He waited for his moment
Then he quickly snuck on board

Then he found himself a hiding place
Between two crates of iron ware
And as for distant america
In his mind he was already there

But what he was unaware of
As they sailed away from shore
Was that there were other stowaways
And he was one of four

And meanwhile the old sailor
Had walked right past that pier
While still conversing with the ocean
On the strengths of his idea

And as he walked he came upon
A youth he thought asleep
But the ocean said that he was not
And brushed a wave against his feet

And when the young man didn't stir
But lay quite still instead
The sailor took a closer look
And saw that he was dead

And all around the body
Was something he had never seen
Little cellophane packages
Marked "blackjack guillotine"

And so he asked the ocean
What these strange packets were

And she answered they held the heroin

That in his blood the youth had stirred

And it is certainly a sign
That things have gotten out of hand
When one can purchase ones own death
And choose it by the brand