

Slade, Far, Far Away

(Lea/Holder)

I've seen the yellow lights go down the Mississippi
I've seen the bridges of the world and they're for real;
I've had a red light of the wrist without me even gettin' kissed
It still seems so unreal.

I've seen the morning in the mountains of Alaska
I've seen the sunset in the east and in the west;
I've sang the glory that was Rome,
And passed the hound dog singer's home;
It still seems for the best.

Chorus

And I'm far, far away
with my head up in the clouds
And I'm far, far away
with my feet down in the crowds
Lettin' loose around the world
But the call of home is loud still as loud

I've seen the Paris lights from high upon Montmartre
And felt the silence hanging low in no mans land;
And all those Spanish nights were fine,
It wasn't only from the wine;
It still seems all in hand.

I've seen the yellow lights go down the Mississippi
The grand Bahama island stories carry on;
And all those arigato smiles
Stay in your memory for a while;
There still seems more to come.

And I'm far, far away
with my head up in the clouds
And I'm far, far away
with my feet down in the crowds
And I'm far, far away
But the sound of home is loud still as loud.