

Steve Hackett, How Can I?

The local radio says sorry time to go
But I don't sleep too well.
Where are those Southern Belles

Tryin to get a telephone line through South Caroline
Your call may bring somebody down for miles around
I'm watching her eyes again.
I won't use no fountain pen.

The lady isn't here. The message wasn't clear.
She left an hour ago, screamed from the floor below.

Mother nature never gives in, she wants you to sing
But how can I go on just singing this song
My car's out of gas again.
Hurry home to see my friend

Money won't help you to win a new look at things
Loving can bring you down so you fall
Then why do you still try to get up at all
Your good and bad side showing through
Problems are a part of you

You must love someone else or face life by yourself
You may expect a call.
She's waiting in the hall

See the garden grows and it grows nobody else knows
And you can wear just any old thing,
The show can begin
I'm falling asleep to dream.
No more hills to climb it seems

Money won't help you to win a new look at things
You never give in
So why don't you sing
But how can I go on just singing this song
My car's out of gas again
I'll be home to see my friend