

Steve Hackett, Taking The Easy Way Out

Another night I've drunk my fill
Perhaps it's time to dim the light
And while the hours the sandman comes
Stumbling round like a bowery bum
Maybe I'll dream an Egyptian scene
Taking the easy way out
Taking the easy way out again

Maybe we'll meet in paradise
Where far beyond the shores of trust
A boat on sea can travel the land
We set sail for a castle of sand
The desert wind
Can darken your skin