

Alan Parsons, Out Of The Blue

Out of the blue, I come sailing
Through the years, through the years
What do I do, now that I've seen
All our hopes, and all of our fears

And I'm riding, the lonely highway
I'm the man, from out of the blue
Yes I'm riding, the lonely highway
I'm the man, from out of the blue

I travel far, yet no distance
I'm still here, always here
So follow the call, to our senses
Still there's hope, behind the fear

And I'm riding, the lonely highway
I'm the man, from out of the blue

And I'm riding, the lonely highway
I'm the man, from out of the blue
Yes I'm riding, the lonely highway
I'm the man, from out of the blue

From out of the blue...