

Barclay James Harvest, The, Negative Earth

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Everyone Is Everybody Else
Negative Earth

For fifty-five days i've been flying around the world
Didn't anybody know, didn't anyone suppose
That my life up here was slowly drifting by
And all i've got to do is sit and cry
The earth is so clear and it's simply a reach away
I just had to laugh today but the news it seemed to say
That my life once full was surely running dry
I prayed a while but then i had to cry

Look in my eyes - i know
That man is surely just a man
It's no surprise - i know
The road is far too long
And life too short to carry on

For fifty-five days i've been flying around the world
Here in syncopated time, while my tangled web of rhyme
Dangles aimlessly, time drips slowly by
And all i've got to do is sit and cry

Look in my eyes - i know
That man is surely just a man
It's no surprise - i know
The road is far too long
And life too short to carry on