

Howard Jones, Wanders To You

It's been so long since I slept
The good book at bedtime no longer suffices
The bottle of whiskey just one of my vices
It might help me to sleep
There you are with your golden brown skin
The sparkling pacifico catching your chin
The salt on your marguerita will stick to your lips
Lips that I'd die for a fleeting stolen kiss

My mind wanders to you and things that we might do
But you're just another illusion
My mind wanders to you

You couldn't live with someone in dreamland
Toothpaste from Harrods when the corner shop will do
A friend giving a lift becomes a chauffeur for two
The grandest illusions to hang on to
There you are with your golden brown skin
The sparkling pacifico catching your chin
The salt on your marguerita will stick to your lips
Lips that I'd die for a fleeting stolen kiss

My mind wanders to you and things that we might do
But you're just another illusion
My mind wanders to you
Wanders to you and the things that we might do
But you're just another illusion
My mind wanders to you

(Come with me)
(Wander with me)

There you are with your London grey skin
The light from the streetlamp corrupting your chin
The cream from a Guinness lingers on your lips
Lips that would beg for a meaningful kiss

My mind wanders to you and all that we might do
But you're just another illusion
My mind wanders to you
Wanders to you and all that we might do
But you're just another illusion
My mind wanders to you
Wanders to you
Wanders to you