

# John Miles, Take Me To My Heaven

What could be easy for the poor man's son,  
When all he wanted was a rich man's daughter,  
His game was lost before it had begun,  
But he still had to give it a try.  
It wasn't long before he had to run,  
He'd had his share of all the fire and water,  
Another race that someone else had won,  
But he'd get rich or else he would die.

Social climbing  
Hoping everything has a price,  
Chasin' diamonds, nowhere  
Thinkin' its paradise.

He's usin' any chance that he can make  
He doesn't think that he can wait much longer,  
He'll never know how much his mind can take,  
But there's no way he'll let it go by.  
Nothing matters to him "Make me a millionaire:"  
You can hear him cryin' "Somebody take me there,"  
Take me to my heaven,  
My fantasy life,  
Take me to my heaven,  
Make it tonight.  
Take me to my heaven,  
Material delight,  
Take me to my heaven,  
And I'll tell myself when I'm there  
That I'm doin' all right

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You can hear him cryin' "Somebody take me there,"  
Take me to my heaven,  
My fantasy life,  
Take me to my heaven,  
Make it tonight.  
Take me to my heaven, (Take me to my heaven)  
Material delight,  
Take me to my heaven, (Take me to my heaven)  
Take me tonight  
Take me to my heaven, (Take me to my heaven)  
My fantasy life,  
Take me to my heaven, (Take me to my heaven)  
Take me tonight  
Take me to my heaven, (Take me to my heaven)  
Material delight,  
Take me to my heaven, (Take me to my heaven)  
And I'll tell myself when I'm there  
That I'm doin' all right ,  
Take me to my heaven.