

Level 42, A Floating Life

in your hands there's a photograph
you look up, she begins to laugh
so cold as she walks away
and you know that it's time to pay
you're caught in a web you spun yourself
face to face with your failure this very day
you call out her name you can't help yourself
but you need love like you need a - kick in the head
you worked hard for the things you own
fancy cars and a country home
gave it all for a glittering prize
to be a face people recognise
on the walls of your home there are works of art
but you stare at the picture - on the floor
the face of a man with an aching heart
it's no fun to be famous anymore
(you said)
this is a sad day
and I would gladly give it all away
in exchange
for a floating life
shed your tears for a shallow dream
let your cry be a primal scream
a song through the mists of time
a serenade to your concubine
you were wrong to believe she could set you free
you're trapped by the trappings - of success
and you know she'll never let you be
'til the world knows the secrets - you confessed
(you said)
I see her cruel face
my heart is nothing but an empty space
and on this sad day
I would gladly give it all away
in exchange
for a floating life
neither asleep nor awake
losing control you start to shake
as the day begins to break
they're gonna shoot you down in flames
when that girl starts naming names
there's nowhere to hide from your shame