

# 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