

Pretty Maids, Far Far Away

written by Slade

I've seen the yellow lights go down in Mississippi
I've seen the bridges of the world and they're for real
I've had a red light of the wrist
Without me even gettin' kissed
It still seems so unreal

I've seen the mornings in the mountains of Alaska
I've seen the sun set in the east and in the west
I've sang the glory that was Rome
And passed the hound dog singer's home
It still seems for the best

And I'm far far away
With my head up in the clouds
And I'm far far away
With my feet down in the crowds
Lettin' loose around the world
But the call of home is loud, still as loud

I've seen the Paris lights from high upon Montmartre
And felt the silence hanging low in no mans land
And all those Spanish nights were fine
It wasn't only from the wine
It still seems all in hand

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With my head up in the clouds
And I'm far far away
With my feet down in the crowds
Lettin' loose around the world
But the call of home is loud, still as loud

I've seen the yellow lights go down the Mississippi
The grand Bahama island stories carry on
And all those arigato smiles
Stay in your memory for a while
There still seems more to come

With my head up in the clouds
And I'm far far away
With my feet down in the crowds
Lettin' loose around the world

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