

Slade, Far Far Away

I've seen the yellow lights go down the Mississippi
I've seen the bridges of the world and they are for real
I've had a red light off-the-wrist without me even getting kissed
It still seems so unreal
I've seen the morning in the mountains of Alaska
I've seen the sunset 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
Letting 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 Man's Land
And though those Spanish nights were fine
It wasn't only from the wine
It still seems all in hand
And I'm far, far away...
I've seen the yellow lights go down the Mississippi
The Grand Bahama Island stories carry on
And though those aligator smiles
Stay in your memory for a while
There still seems more to come