

Space, Dark Clouds

I think we need a holiday
A week or two in Mexico
The two of us
We'll leave the fools at home
Away from all the heartache
And the troubles that we've suffered, in the last two weeks
Although they felt like years
We'll be free
No-one to bother you or me
Down in old Mexico, let your inhibitions go

Dark clouds drift away to reveal, the sunshine
Dark clouds drift away to reveal, the sunshine

Two lovers in a cage, rapped and ever so afraid to step outside
From the world we hide
The street life and the bright lights blind their eyes and send us running to obscurity
We need to break free
Trapped you see
Trapped here in mediocrity
Don't ever trust a soul on planet Earth

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