

Steve Hackett, Big Dallas Sky

In all those deserted farms I searched for you
In the driving rain most nights feeling like a ghost
Moving unseen and through every street of dreams
Then I saw you one day laughing under that big Dallas sky

After you went away I thought I'd never see your face again
Ships that pass in the night
Thought I'd make my way up north, go get a steady job
Work with my hands if the occasion called

But the West Texas wind
Kept calling me back
Through China-town and up the East River
To that big Dallas sky

I knew I'd find you in a bar some place
Pretending you never knew the stranger at the door
But the other customers were wise to that game
I knew you'd come running sooner or later

But not because of my sweet longing arms
And not because of the way I held you that night