

# Steve Hackett, Icarus Ascending

There are many things that I would rather do  
Many many places I would rather be

Splendour wings of ambition  
Melted by the sun  
To the sea of remorse  
Graveyard come

Dogs that bark at night are fearful of the moon  
Will the sound of children's toys remain in tune

The same light shines on vineyards  
That makes deserts its true  
What awaits me if I follow you - ooh

And all that's behind me  
And I flew this time  
Never falling  
Since your eyes first touched mine