

Steve Hackett, Leaving

Endless fog and rain
Ground the plane
There an unshaved man
Was exchanged

Wonder if a cold grey sky they led me here to die
(You can telephone from here), when you wish

(Time to run away from here), won't be missed at all

Turn the snow to red
Someone fled
Tell the viewers were
You starved or fed?

Running wild a hunted deer, her eyes were filled with fear
(People dream in colour here), so they said
(Shine your shoes from ear to to ear), right or left the west