

Steve Hackett, Way Down South

Dreaming of the rose
I left behind
Staring at these four walls
It's time to hitch a ride

You'll find me way down south
You'll find me way down south
You'll find me

The city's like a ghost town
They can all go to hell
One thought that's with me
To see that Southern belle

You'll find me way down south
You'll find me way down south
You'll find me

Blue in the morning
My empty bed
That's why I'm going
Where angels fear to tread

You'll find me way down south
You'll find me way down south
You'll find me