

Yes, Astral Traveller

(Jon Anderson)

And in the ruins
Caught in the noose around me,
Glasses tell lies.
Wondering when
To do it again of another
Flying to the sky,
Somewhere flying high.
Astral trav'ller,
Leaving without her,
Wond'ring where lives go;
In and out the valley below.

Once in the air,
We could expect a great respect in being.
(Astral trav'ller.)
Memories fly
Over the sky, and oh, the
Sight's worth seeing,
Just believin'.
Astral trav'ller,
Leaving without her,
Wond'ring where lives go;
In and out the valley below.