

# Might As Well Be On Mars

Strawbs

Sunday morning with the New York Times  
The sun is shining in my penthouse suite  
My lady love laid down some lines  
They reach from Culver Beach to Easy Street  
Before the mirror you apply your cream  
Cosmetic secrets of eternal youth  
There's something the matter, it's just a bad dream  
I knew you'd leave me if you knew the truth.

I might as well be on Mars  
I might as well be on Mars  
Only the stars mean anything to you  
I might as well be on Mars  
I might as well be on Mars  
I'm already that far away from you.

We lead such a sweet existence  
But I'm reaching out to you in vain  
You're disappearing in the distance  
Of this alien terrain.

Monday night, another day goes by  
Your voice keeps telling me that life is sweet  
I watch your star flash into the sky  
Crash down to earth again on Easy Street.