Eighty Days

Staring down from this high window At the faces in the line Cold from hours of waiting How many people can you love? When you're black and blue with bruises From collisions on the road The friction grind of travelling This is the never ending show All over the world in eighty days Head in a blur of information What kind of a man could live this way I do what I can I do okay

But right now All I want to do Is get real If that's all right with you

Woke up last night under the mountains Driving from Zurich to Milan I lay there listening to the echoes Thinking of Iceland and Japan So many smiles, so many faces And my home so far away I lose some of me in all these places And I can't help the way I'm changed

All over the world in eighty days Memories turn like magazine pages What kind of a man could live this way I do what I can But I can't escape it

Right now All I want to do Is get real If that's all right with you Right now All I want to do Somehow Be myself with you

All over the world in eighty days Alcohol haze of information What kind of a man could live this way As long as I have And stay the same

Right now All I want to do Is get real If that's all right with you Right now All I want to do Get real If that's all right with you

Marillion

For just one night with you If that's all right with you

Get real Get real right now Somehow