

## Far Far Away

Pretty Maids

Written by Slade

I've seen the yellow lights go down in Mississippi  
I've seen the bridges of the world and they're for real  
I've had a red light of the wrist  
Without me even gettin' kissed  
It still seems so unreal  
I've seen the mornings in the mountains of Alaska  
I've seen the sun set in the east and in the west  
I've sang the glory that was Rome  
And passed the hound dog singer's home  
It still seems for the best  
And I'm far far away  
With my head up in the clouds  
And I'm far far away  
With my feet down in the crowds  
Lettin' loose around the world  
But the call of home is loud, still as loud  
I've seen the Paris lights from high upon Montmartre  
And felt the silence hanging low in no mans land  
And all those Spanish nights were fine  
It wasn't only from the wine  
It still seems all in hand  
And I'm far far away  
With my head up in the clouds  
And I'm far far away  
With my feet down in the crowds  
Lettin' loose around the world  
But the call of home is loud, still as loud  
I've seen the yellow lights go down the Mississippi  
The grand Bahama island stories carry on  
And all those arigato smiles  
Stay in your memory for a while  
There still seems more to come  
With my head up in the clouds  
And I'm far far away  
With my feet down in the crowds  
Lettin' loose around the world  
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