Wanders to You

Howard Jones

It's been so long since I slept The good book at bedtime no longer suffices The bottle of whiskey just one of my vices It might help me to sleep There you are with your golden brown skin The sparkling pacifico catching your chin The salt on your marguerita will stick to your lips Lips that I'd die for a fleeting stolen kiss

My mind wanders to you and things that we might do But you're just another illusion My mind wanders to you

You couldn't live with someone in dreamland Toothpaste from harrods when the corner shop will do A friend giving a lift becomes a chauffeur for two The grandest illusions to hang on to There you are with your golden brown skin The sparkling pacifico catching your chin The salt on your marguerita will stick to your lips Lips that I'd die for a fleeting stolen kiss

My mind wanders to you and things that we might do But you're just another illusion My mind wanders to you Wanders to you and the things that we might do But you're just another illusion My mind wanders to you

(come with me)
(wander with me)

There you are with your london grey skin The light from the streetlamp corrupting your chin The cream from a guinness lingers on your lips Lips that would beg for a meaningful kiss

My mind wanders to you and all that we might do But you're just another illusion My mind wanders to you Wanders to you and all that we might do But you're just another illusion My mind wanders to you Wanders to you Wanders to you