

## 80 Days

Marillion

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

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

Get real  
Get real right now  
Somehow