

Eighty 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