

Climb Above The Rooftops

Robin Trower

When surrounded by confusion
And the future seems unclear
When the road has not been chosen
By yourself or someone near

I climb above the rooftops
Where the air is fresh and sweet
I climb above the rooftops
And leave the world
And leave the world beneath my feet

I wipe away the traces
Of the city from my skin
There are no tired old faces
Out where the dreams begin

I climb above the rooftops
Where the air is fresh and sweet
I climb above the rooftops
And leave the world
And leave the world beneath my feet