He fancied himself a professional dreamer Never much good at pretending to be something else Often times he would sit there expressionless Staring at nothing and everything at the same time [Chorus] Sometimes he hear voices ... It's that space in his head you say Sometimes he hear voices ... Then they just seem to fade away Gone it an instant, without notice One minute with us, next minute miles away This time Vienna, next time Calais The further the better with little or no delay [Repeat Chorus] One day he took it a little too far Woke up ... standing ... right where you are ! Surrounded by strangers and stranger surroundings Staring at nothing and everything at the same time Sometimes he hear voices ... It's that space in his head you say Sometimes he hear voices ... But they just seem to fade away It's time to go ...