

## Another Way

Savatage

Times were changing  
Eighteen years and fading  
Ain't a lot of time left to be a star

On an island

All alone and dying

Walk upon the water  
But you won't get far

Dreams and visions  
Tied into decisions  
Saw you on a postcard  
From the other side

Hope and glitter

Never feeling bitter

Walk upon the water

Just to be your bride

Don't tell me now  
That there is nothing more  
There is a how  
Just like there is a door  
And if there's not to be another way  
You tell me why

Why

Why

Stay and follow  
If the words are hollow  
Gotta' go along  
Cause it's all you got

Each day earn them  
Turn around and burn them  
Think your fitting in  
But you hope you're not

Neatly drowning

Every drink your downing  
If you drink enough

You'll forget the game

Each illusion

Wrapped in absolution  
Live your life in weekends  
But it's not the same

Don't tell me now  
That there is nothing more  
There is a how  
Just like there is a door  
And if there's not to be another way  
You tell me why

Why

Why

Why

AND AS HE STOOD THERE CURSING FATE  
FOR MAKING LIFE SO HARD  
IT SEEMED THAT FATE HAD LISTENED  
FOR SHE DEALT ANOTHER CARD

FOR ARRIVING IN THE HARBOUR  
SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY  
WAS A SHIP BOUND FOR AMERICA  
AND HER NAME, "MAERSK DUBAI"

AND SO WHEN NO ONE ELSE WAS LOOKING  
AND THE SHIP WAS SAFELY MOORED  
HE WAITED FOR HIS MOMENT  
THEN HE QUICKLY SNUCK ON BOARD

THEN HE FOUND HIMSELF A HIDING PLACE  
BETWEEN TWO CRATES OF IRON WARE  
AND AS FOR DISTANT AMERICA  
IN HIS MIND HE WAS ALREADY THERE

BUT WHAT HE WAS UNAWARE OF  
AS THEY SAILED AWAY FROM SHORE  
WAS THAT THERE WERE OTHER STOWAWAYS  
AND HE WAS ONE OF FOUR

AND MEANWHILE THE OLD SAILOR  
HAD WALKED RIGHT PAST THAT PIER  
WHILE STILL CONVERSING WITH THE OCEAN  
ON THE STRENGTHS OF HIS IDEA

AND AS HE WALKED HE CAME UPON  
A YOUTH HE THOUGHT ASLEEP  
BUT THE OCEAN SAID THAT HE WAS NOT  
AND BRUSHED A WAVE AGAINST HIS FEET

AND WHEN THE YOUNG MAN DIDN'T STIR  
BUT LAY QUITE STILL INSTEAD  
THE SAILOR TOOK A CLOSER LOOK  
AND SAW THAT HE WAS DEAD

AND ALL AROUND THE BODY  
WAS SOMETHING HE HAD NEVER SEEN  
LITTLE CELLOPHANE PACKAGES  
MARKED "BLACKJACK GUILLOTINE"

AND SO HE ASKED THE OCEAN  
WHAT THESE STRANGE PACKETS WERE

AND SHE ANSWERED THEY HELD THE HEROIN

THAT IN HIS BLOOD THE YOUTH HAD STIRRED

AND IT IS CERTAINLY A SIGN  
THAT THINGS HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF HAND  
WHEN ONE CAN PURCHASE ONES OWN DEATH  
AND CHOOSE IT BY THE BRAND