

## Leaving

Steve Hackett

Endless fog and rain  
Grounded 'plane  
There an unshaved man  
Was exchanged

Wonder if, a cold grey sky  
They led me here to die  
(You can telephone from here)  
When you wish  
(Time to run away from here)  
Won't be missed at all

Turn the snow to red  
Someone fled  
Tell the viewers  
Were you starved or fed?

Running wild, a hunted deer  
Her eyes were filled with fear  
(People dream in colour here)  
So they said  
(Shine your shoes from ear to ear)  
Right or left, the west