

Might As Well Be On Mars

Strawbs

Sunday morning with the New York Times
The sun is shining in my penthouse suite
My lady love laid down some lines
They reach from Culver Beach to Easy Street
Before the mirror you apply your cream
Cosmetic secrets of eternal youth
There's something the matter, it's just a bad dream
I knew you'd leave me if you knew the truth.

I might as well be on Mars
I might as well be on Mars
Only the stars mean anything to you
I might as well be on Mars
I might as well be on Mars
I'm already that far away from you.

We lead such a sweet existence
But I'm reaching out to you in vain
You're disappearing in the distance
Of this alien terrain.

Monday night, another day goes by
Your voice keeps telling me that life is sweet
I watch your star flash into the sky
Crash down to earth again on Easy Street.