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.