

Out Of The Blue

The Alan Parsons Project

Out of the blue
I come sailing
Through the years
Through the years
What do I do?
Now that I've seen
All our hopes
And all of our fears
And I'm riding a lonely highway
I'm the man from out of the blue
Yes, I'm riding a lonely highway
I'm the man from out of the blue
I travel far
Yet no distance
I'm still here
Always here
So follow the call
To our senses
Still there's hope
Behind the fear
And I'm riding a lonely highway
'Cause I'm the man from out of the blue
And I'm riding a lonely highway
I'm the man from out of the blue
Yes, I'm riding a lonely highway
I'm the man from out of the blue
Out of the blue

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