

Wanders to You

Howard Jones

It's been so long since I slept
The good book at bedtime no longer suffices
The bottle of whiskey, just one of my vices
It might help me to sleep There you are with your golden brown skin
The sparkling pacifico catching your chin
The salt on your margarita will stick to your lips
Lips that I'd die for a fleeting stolen kiss My mind wanders to you
And things that we might do
But you're just another illusion
My mind wanders to you You couldn't live with someone in dreamland
Toothpaste from Harrods when the corner shop will do
A friend giving a lift becomes a chauffeur for two
The grandest illusions to hang on to There you are with your golden brown skin
The sparkling pacifico catching your chin
The salt on your margarita will stick to your lips
Lips that I'd die for a fleeting stolen kiss My mind wanders to you
And things that we might do
But you're just another illusion
My mind wanders to you Wanders to you
And the things that we might do
But you're just another illusion
My mind wanders to you Come with me
Wander with me There you are with your London gray skin
The light from the street lamp corrupting your chin
The cream from a guinness lingers on your lips
Lips that would beg for a meaningful kiss My mind wanders to you
And all that we might do
But you're just another illusion
My mind wanders to you Wanders to you
And all that we might do
But you're just another illusion
My mind wanders to you Wanders to you
Wanders to you

Songwriters

HOWARD JONES Published by

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