

# 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 marguerita 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 marguerita 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 grey skin  
The light from the streetlamp 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

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