

# 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

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