

The Alan Parsons Project "Closer to Heaven"

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Rising and falling, lighter than air
Silently calling, no one is there
Oh, bird that is flying, so high and so free
Closer to Heaven, than you and me

Voices of strangers, keep me from sleep
Guardian angels, watch over the deep
A ship that is sailing, way out to the sea
Closer to Heaven, than you and me

Visions of rain fall out of blue skies
Rivers of tears fall out of dry eyes
Answer my question, tell me no lies
Is this the real world or a fool's paradise?

Wind that is blowing, so wild and so free
Closer to Heaven, than you and me

Closer to Heaven, longing to be
Closer to Heaven, than you and me

Visions of rain fall out of blue skies
Rivers of tears fall out of dry eyes
Answer my question, tell me no lies
Is this the real world or a fool's paradise?

Love that lies sleeping, wakes in the night
Secrets for keeping that won't see the light
I look to the future and I hope it will be
Closer to Heaven, than you and me

Closer to Heaven, longing to be
Closer to Heaven, than you and me

Closer to Heaven, than you and me

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