

Alan Parson Project, The

"Too Close To The Sun"

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(parsons, bairnson, elliott)

There must be a thousand ways
Holding us within this maze
Every path we take leads us astray
Comfort me my only son
Till the day my work is done
There's no earthly reason we should stay

And when the wind gets under these wings
You will feel what freedom brings
Stay right by me, walk don't run
I don't want you flying too close to the sun

Turn your eyes towards the light
Steal away in silent flight
The skies are calling out to you and me
Over sea and over land
God protect us with your hand
Bring us safely to our destiny

And now the wind is under our wings
We can taste what freedom brings
Stay right by me, walk don't run
I don't want you flying too close to the sun

God forgive his fall from grace
The sea conceals his resting place
Can we learn to stay behind the line
If we have the means to fly
Some of us will surely die
Being reckless was his only crime

And now the wind is under our wings
We can taste what freedom brings
Stay right by me, walk don't run
I don't want you flying too close to the sun

Vocal niel lockwood
Guitars ian bairnson
Drums stuart elliott

Bass john giblin
Keyboards gary sanctuary, richard cottle and alan
parsons Saxophone richard cottle

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