

## If You Choose To Go

Chris Rea

There's a street outside my window  
There's a light outside my door  
There's a road straight through this old town  
There's a boat on every shore  
There's a promise down that freeway  
But there is no guarantee  
There are dreams on every ocean  
There are storms on every sea

If you choose to go

Now I've been out upon that ocean  
Sometimes further than before  
Sometimes not even past my waistline  
And I screamed at what I saw  
Many times along that freeway  
Returning sometimes beat  
There are dreams on every ocean  
There are storms on every sea

If you choose to go

Plenty of places, plenty of things to see  
Plenty of faces, plenty of ways to be

If you choose to go