

Something Fine

Leo Sayer

The papers lie there helplessly
In a pile outside the door
I've tried and tried, but I just can't
Remember what they're for
The world outside is tugging
Like a beggar at my sleeve
Ah, that's much too old a story to believe
And you know, that it's taken it's share of me
Even though you take such good care of me
Now you say Morocco, and that makes me smile
I haven't seen Morocco for a long, long while
And dreams are rolling down
Across the places in my mind
And I just had a taste of something fine
The future hides and the past just slides
England lies between
Floating in a silver mist
So cold and so clean
And California's shaking like some angry child will
Who has asked for love and is unanswered still
And you know that I'm looking back carefully
'Cos I know that there's still something there for me
But you said Morocco and that made me smile
And it hasn't been that easy for a long, long while
Looking back into your eyes
Oh, I saw them really shine
Giving me a taste of something fine
Something fine
Now if you see Morocco, oh I know you'll go in style
I may not see Morocco for a little while
But while you're there I was hoping
You might keep it in your mind
To save me just a taste of something fine
Something fine