

A Sense of Deja Vu

Al Stewart

Looking back on my diary
I seem to get a sense of deja vu
And all these different things I'm going through
Seems that after all I've been through before
Faded days of my memory
Paper dreams of things I didn't do
Three years back, oh 1962
In the wheel and spin
You just breathe again
All right you say to me
Live your life for today
Dreams are just fantasies
Waste your time and you pay
Oh, but some time ago
I was on my own
By a green telephone
And looking back on my diary
I seem to get this sense of passing through
Nothing's really changed and nothing's new
In the rise and fall it was after all deja vu
All right you say to me
Live your life for today
Dreams are just fantasies
Waste your time and you'll pay
Oh, but some time ago
I was on my own
By a green telephone
And looking back on my diary
I seem to get this sense of deja vu
And all these different things I'm going through
In the rise and fall
It was after all
Deja vu
Deja vu
Deja vu
Deja vu