

## Cafe Society

Al Stewart

Late at night  
When reality's failing and nothing is prevailing but the wind,  
I come to you  
Out of sight  
Like a fugitive trailing across a barren land, you let me in, you  
always do.

My reason is caught by a sudden gust of lateral thought that sweeps  
me far beyond  
It's the opium of the night  
And the ocean of words that we throw in the air grow more absurd  
and nobody seems to care  
It's a refugee's respite.

Café Society.

Late at night (late at night)  
While the city lies sleeping and solitude is keeping me awake,  
I think of you  
Dim your lights (dim your lights)  
Oh, I want to sink deep in that river of oblivion you make, I need  
it too.

Let me check-in my mind with my coat at the door 'cause I want  
to go flying where I've never been before  
Some inviting dark ravine  
If the hand that you hold in the dead of the night is a little  
too cold, the body seems just right  
It's a Toulouse Lautrec scene.

Café Society.

('Excuse me, sir, are you a member?')