

Last Days Of The Century

Al Stewart

When the cock crows
And the wind blows
And the primrose of dawn
Is at your windows
Moving through the deep
You chase dreams across your sleep
Scarecrows, waiting at your door

In the last days of the century
Leaning from your balcony
You said this is how it's meant to be
Can't you feel it in the air
See that light come shining down
All the way to chinatown
See it come from miles around
Reflecting everywhere

You wore black clothes
You quoted shakespeare
You still make me shake
When you get this near
You look like a still from Cecil B. DeMille
When I saw you waiting at my door

In the last days of the century
Leaning from your balcony
You say changes come so rapidly
You can feel them in the air
Whoever you pretend to be
You must face yourself eventually
In the last days of the century
Who knows who we were

In the last days of the century
Leaning from your balcony
You said this is how it's meant to be
Can't you feel it in the air
See that light come shining down
All the way to chinatown
See it shine from miles around
Reflecting everywhere