

Mixed Blessing

Al Stewart

She never learned her lesson
She had to have it all
It was a real mixed blessing
I don't believe she saw
She liked to keep them guessing
Sometime later on
She'd gather her possessions and be gone
When the night comes following
From the clear blue sky
You can see her running
Don't you wonder why
When the light goes fading
From her clear blue eyes
Only in the darkest places will she feel at home
Tonight