

My Enemies Have Sweet Voices

Al Stewart

I was in a bar called Paradise
When the fiddler from the band
Asked me "Why do you stand there crying?"
I answered him: "Musician, this may come as a surprise
I was trying to split the difference
And it split before my eyes
And my enemies have sweet voices
Their tones are soft and kind
When I hear my heart rejoices
I do not seem to mind"

I was playing Brag in Bedlam
And the doctor would not deal
Asking me: "Why do you kneel down there bleeding?"
I answered him "Physician,
I think you would have cried
I was falling back on failure
The failure stepped aside
And my enemies have sweet voices
Their tones are soft and kind
When I hear my heart rejoices
I do not seem to mind"

I was blind side to the gutter
And Merlin happened by
Asking me "why do you lie down there bleeding?"
I answered him "Magician, as a matter of a fact
I was jumping to conclusions
And one of them jumped back
And my enemies have sweet voices
Their tones are soft and kind
When I hear my heart rejoices
I do not seem to mind"