

## Optical Illusion

Al Stewart

In my darkest hour just before the dawn  
There's no sound from the empty street  
But sleep won't seem to come to me

All your words in my head  
Linger on and on  
They've come to steal my time away  
Till the night is gone

I must be losing my shine  
Like an old dusty Burgundy wine  
In a cellar cool and damp  
Dull beneath a yellow lamp

No one turning the key  
To come and get me today  
The more I think about you now  
The more I'm feeling that way

I see you there, everywhere  
Optical illusions  
Telephone, let it ring  
I don't want intrusions in my life

I know tomorrow I'll find  
There's nothing here at all  
Just some trick your mind will play  
With shadows on the wall

I see you here, feel you near  
Optical illusions  
Nothing real that I feel  
Just some confusion of my time

In my darkest hour, when all the blinds were drawn  
You're just some mirage I saw  
Just before the dawn