

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