

## The Year of the Cat

Al Stewart

On a morning from a Bogart movie  
In a country where they turn back time  
You go strolling through the crowd like Peter Lorre  
Contemplating a crime  
She comes out of the sun in a silk dress running  
Like a watercolour in the rain  
Don't bother asking for explanations  
She'll just tell you that she came  
In the year of the cat.

She doesn't give you time for questions  
As she locks up your arm in hers  
And you follow 'till your sense of which direction  
Completely disappears  
By the blue tiled walls near the market stalls  
There's a hidden door she leads you to  
These days, she says, I feel my life  
Just like a river running through  
The year of the cat

She looks at you so coolly  
And her eyes shine like the moon in the sea  
She comes in incense and patchouli  
So you take her, to find what's waiting inside  
The year of the cat.

Well morning comes and you're still with her  
And the bus and the tourists are gone  
And you've thrown away the choice and lost your ticket  
So you have to stay on  
But the drum-beat strains of the night remain  
In the rhythm of the new-born day  
You know sometime you're bound to leave her  
BUT for now you're going to stay  
In the year of the cat.