

# The Sweetest Illusion

Basia

Bread and butter tastes more like it could be cordon bleu  
Mona Lisa's smiling like a Cheshire cat  
Even Johnny rocker sounds today like Nat King Cole  
Every yellow taxi's like a Cadillac

And the cup that once appeared half empty  
Has become a cup that is half full  
Where there was a space there is now plenty  
You're a lucky sign ascending  
No one does for me what you do

Love is the sweetest illusion  
Love is the sweetest illusion

Every innuendo seems to be in semaphore  
Monday mornings turn into a Mardi Gras  
And a glass of soda taste more like Dom Perignon  
Every dead end street's an ocean boulevard

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The more I look the more I see  
And I don't mind if my senses are deceiving me  
The more I touch the more I feel  
Who cares what is imaginary, what is real

Love is the sweetest illusion  
(If black is white and red is green)  
(I don't care which way around it is supposed to be)  
Love is the sweetest illusion  
(I close my eyes but I can see)

Love is, love is  
Love is the sweetest illusion  
Love is the sweetest illusion  
(The more I learn, the more I see)  
(Form where I stand my world is looking good to me)  
Love is the sweetest illusion