

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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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

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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

No one does for me what you do
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)
(From where I stand my world is looking good to me)
Love is the sweetest illusion