

## Crystal Gazing

Be Bop Deluxe

The man who owned the heartache  
That lived on the stairs...  
Passed me in the night whistling "Memories of You"...

I stared, too frightened to move  
For fear my eyes shone a light  
On the darkness he drew like a cloak  
All around his shoulders...

And the church on the corner  
Marked the time for the mother  
Who was giving birth to a child across the hall...

And I waited half in anger, half in sadness  
For an answer to the call for help  
I had written on the wall

And the rain fell like jewels  
On the heads of all the fools  
Who wandered crazed with their souls ablaze for me...

And the blessing of the hour  
Was the twilight and the tower  
With its golden bell from the bottom of the sea...

And the moon through the window of the bedroom  
Where lovers slumbered  
Made a silver dance of such dust beneath the bed...

And I waited for a moment in the lamplight,  
Crystal gazing  
Listening to their hearts  
And the changing of their breath.

Listening to their hearts  
And the changing of their breath.