

Ten O'clock In Toronto

Christine Lavin

It's Ten O'Clock in Toronto
I check into a room on the 21st floor
I'm travelling on cruise control
Turn on the TV and lock the door
I hear a news reporter
She says "we are looking to the sky
Tonight we're in the midst of a lunar eclipse
Hmmm what a heavenly sight"
I pull back the curtains, and there
Above the building across the street
I spy the man in the moon playing hide and seek
I try to keep my eyes fixed on that elusive moon
But I'm distracted across the way
I can see into some rooms
There's a young woman sitting at a desk
So busy writing
Now a man sits next to her
Looks like they're fighting
She buries her head in her hands
And silently she cries
He gets up, paces, pounds the wall
Shakes his fist up to the sky
To the moon, Alice
Two rooms down I can see
Jimmy Stewart and Grace Kelly
No it's just a Hitchcock film
A wide screen color TV
Over in the corner
There's an old man playing with a black cat
If he saw me spying like this
What would he think of that
Would he think that I'm a voyeur
Or just another lonely one
An interloper taking notes of heartache on the run
Now the moon is bathed in shadows
That woman is bathed in tears
Grace Kelly bathed in the limelight
For so many years
I'm bathed in the darkness
Behind this window pane
Watching light and love and life
Wax and wane
Now the old man and the black cat
Are dozing in an easy chair
Are visions dancing in their heads
Of moonbeams in the air
It's Ten O'Clock in Toronto
Ten O'Clock in Toronto
Ten O'Clock in Toronto -