

You're Looking At Me

John Wesley Harding

I was breathing not sleeping nor having the choice
I was brushed by the skirts of a ghost with your voice
You were drowned in the buzz of the humming machines
And you were looking at me
You're looking at me

A strange conversation in the visiting room
The big smile of ignorance shone like the moon
What I wanted to say was lost at sea
'Cause you were looking at me
You're looking at me

Being your sleeper what should I do but tend
Enhanced in your beauty, silent shining friend
Sunburned and bruised where no-one can see
You were looking at me
You're looking at me

Where is the dreamer when night makes it's slide
And light takes a candle to shine on inside
And is it a dream that no-one can see
That you're looking at me?
You're looking at me