

# 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