

Al Steward "Year Of The Cat"

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On a morning from a Bogart movie, in a country where
they turn back time
You go strolling through the crowd like Peter Lorre,
contemplating a crime
She comes out of the sun in a silk dress running like a
watercolour in the rain
Don't bother asking for explanations, she'll just tell you
that she came in the year of the cat

She doesn't give you time for questions as she locks up
your arm in hers
And you follow 'till your sense of which direction
completely disappears
By the blue tiled walls near the market stalls there's a
hidden door she leads you to
"These days", she says, "I feel my life just like a river
running through the year of the cat"

Well, she looks at you so coolly and her eyes shine like
the moon in the sea
She comes in incense and patchouli so you take her to
find what's waiting inside the year of the cat

Well, morning comes and you're still with her and the
bus and the tourists are gone
And you've thrown away your choice and lost your
ticket so you have to stay on
But the drum-beat strains of the night remain in the
rhythm of the new-born day
You know sometime you're bound to leave her but for
now you're gonna to stay in the year of the cat

Year of the cat

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