

Al Stewart "Night Meeting"

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It was a night meeting:
somewhere in a troubled land.
They came with no greeting;
left without a shaken hand.

Nearby the town sleeping
was unaware of what was done.
No need for watchkeeping,
they'll be gone before the sun.

You may not see just where the sense is
in the actions of the State.
You may not know the consequences
of their actions till too late.
The rival factions still debate
as shadows gather at your gate.

It was a night meeting:
independent, prearranged,
to get a signed treaty,
force the government to change.

Secret diplomacy without the means to make their
policy prevail.
Meanwhile the powers that be behind the scenes have
guaranteed to see
them fail.

You seem beyond the jurisdiction
of the democratic powers.
You do not see the contradiction
of the watchmen in the towers,
you turn your back as night devours
the final chance, the final hours.

It was a night meeting:
these are men who won't be missed.
Their lives were just fleeting:
they don't officially exist.

