

Al Stewart "Terminal Eyes"

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Cut glass porcupine, sailing on the serpentine
Fingers on the skyline, pulling down the black blinds
Terminal eyes at the edge of the night

Rivulet of dark wine, moving in a straight line
Smudging out the stop signs, running down the life
lines
Terminal eyes at the edge of the night

Shadows on the ceiling, coffee cup congealing
Tarot cards revealing, a solitary feeling
Terminal eyes, but I think it's alright

Silver studded jet plane screaming through the
migraine
Cutting through the cellophane wrappers of your tired
brain
Terminal eyes, put out the light

Terminal eyes
Only the lonely Arabian skies
Terminal eyes
Calling you home from your restless disguise

Hands of the windmill, moving to a standstill
Rain on the windowsill, ashes on the phone bill
Terminal eyes at the edge of the night

Rain drop, fire flies sparkle on the shop blinds
Echoes of the summertime flicker in the street-signs
Terminal eyes at the edge of the night

Shadows on the ceiling, coffee cup congealing
Eyes that look unseeing, hands that look unfeeling
Terminal eyes, I think it's alright

Silver-studded sea plane breaking through the
migraine
Cutting through the cellophane enveloping your tired
brain
Terminal eyes, put out the light

Terminal eyes
Only the lonely Arabian skies
Terminal eyes
Calling you home from your restless disguise

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Only the lonely Fantasian skies
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Calling you home from your restless disguise

Terminal eyes
Only the lonely Arabian skies
Terminal eyes
Calling you

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