

## Al Stewart "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 watercolor 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  
Why 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 drumbeat 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 going to stay

In the year of the cat

Year of the cat

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