

# My Enemies Have Sweet Voices

Al Stewart

Was in a bar called Paradise  
When the fiddler from the band  
Asked me "Why do you stand there crying?"  
I answered him: "Musician, this may come as a surprise  
I was trying to split the difference  
And it split before my eyes  
And my enemies have sweet voices  
Their tones are soft and kind  
When I hear my heart rejoices  
I do not seem to mind"

I was playing Brag in Bedlam  
And the doctor would not deal  
Asking me: "Why do you kneel down there bleeding?"  
I answered him "Physician,  
I think you would have cried  
I was falling back on failure  
The failure stepped aside  
And my enemies have sweet voices  
Their tones are soft and kind  
When I hear my heart rejoices  
I do not seem to mind"

I was blind side to the gutter  
And Merlin happened by  
Asking me "why do you lie down there bleeding?"  
I answered him "Magician, as a matter of a fact  
I was jumping to conclusions  
And one of them jumped back  
And my enemies have sweet voices  
Their tones are soft and kind  
When I hear my heart rejoices  
I do not seem to mind"

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