Optical Illusion

Al Stewart

In my darkest hour just before the dawn There's no sound from the empty street But sleep won't seem to come to me All your words in my head Linger on and on They've come to steal my time away Till the night is gone I must be losing my shine Like an old dusty Burgundy wine In a cellar cool and damp Dull beneath a yellow lamp No one turning the key To come and get me today The more I think about you now The more I'm feeling that way I see you there, everywhere Optical illusions Telephone, let it ring I don't want intrusions in my life I know tomorrow I'll find There's nothing here at all Just some trick your mind will play With shadows on the wall I see you here, feel you near Optical illusions Nothing real that I feel Just some confusion of my time In my darkest hour, when all the blinds were drawn You're just some mirage I saw Just before the dawn

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