

# Cafe Society

## Al Stewart

Late at night,  
when reality's failed and nothing is prevailing but the wind,  
I come to you.  
Out of sight,  
like a fugitive trailing across a barren land, you let me in,  
you always do.

My reason is caught by a sudden gust  
of lateral thought that sweeps me  
far beyond,

it's the opium of the night.

And the ocean of words  
that we throw in the air  
grows more absurd  
and nobody seems to care,  
it's a refugee's respite.

Cafe Society.

Late at night,  
while the city lies sleeping and solitude is keeping me awake,  
I think of you.  
Dim your lights,  
oh, I want to sink deep in that river of oblivion you make,  
I need it, too.

Let me check-in my mind  
with my coat at the door,  
'cause I want to go flying  
where I've never been before,  
some inviting [some 3-syllable thing that rhymes with "ravine"].

If the hand that you hold  
in the dead of the night  
is a little too cold,  
the body seems just right,  
it's a [some 5-syllable thing that also rhymes with "ravine"].

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8. 1-2-3

[Sound of footsteps walking along a street. A pause, the footsteps take two steps up a short flight of stairs. Five knocks, a door opens, a cocktail party is heard in the background, and a semi-snobbish voice says, "Excuse me, sir, are you a member?"]

One, two, three.

That's how elementary  
it's gonna be.  
Just fine and dandy,  
it's easy,  
like taking candy from a baby.  
>From the poor country,  
when you bought a rose, you  
paid them with beads,  
tipped the general,  
it's easy,  
like taking candy from a baby.  
The hard part is learning about it,  
the hard part is breaking through to the truth.  
The hard part is learning to doubt  
what you read, what you hear, what you see on the news.  
Foreign policy,  
made above my head, well,  
no one asked me.  
They just laughed and said  
it's easy,  
like taking candy from a baby.  
It's easy,  
like taking candy from a baby.  
Once they get you sucked into the system,  
once they get you under control,  
the hard part is knowing how to resist  
the grip that they keep on your mind and your soul.  
So in the end,  
we just compromise,  
and pretend.  
If you close your eyes,  
it's easy,  
like taking candy from a baby.

#### 9. The Candidate

Inside the lonely building  
sits the candidate.  
His speech is typed and ready,  
the hundred-dollar plates  
sit on deserted tables,  
beneath fluorescent lights.  
But no one comes to hear him,  
no cheers disturb the night.  
So where are all the voters?  
Where the voter's wives?  
They've all gone to the movies

trying to understand their lives.

The candidate is slipping  
into some dream of old,  
not noticing around him

a thousand rubber chickens going cold.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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