

Double agent

Alain Caron

Where would you rather be?
Anywhere, anywhere but here
When will the time be right?
Anytime but now
Anywhere, anywhere but here
Anywhere, anywhere but here
On the edge of sleep
I was drifting for half the night
Anxious and restless
Pressed down by the darkness
Bound up and wound up so tight, so tight
So many decisions, a million revisions
Caught between darkness and light
Wilderness of mirrors
World of polished steel
Gears and iron chains
Turn the grinding wheel
I run between the shadows
Some are phantoms, some are real
Where would you rather be?
Anywhere, anywhere but here
When will the time be right?
Anytime but now
Where would you rather be?
The doubt and the fear
I know would all disappear
Anywhere but here
Anywhere but here
On the edge of sleep
I heard voices behind the door
The known and the nameless
Familiar and faceless
My angels and my demons at war, at war
Which one will lose depends on what I choose
Or maybe which voice I ignore
Wilderness of mirrors
Streets of cold desire
My precious sense of honor
Just a shield of rusty wire

I hold against the chaos
And the cross of holy fire
Where would you rather be?
Anywhere, anywhere but here
When will the time be right?
Anytime but now
Where would you rather be?
The doubt and the fear
I know would all disappear
Anywhere but here
Anywhere but here
Wilderness of mirrors
So easy to deceive
My precious sense of rightness
Is sometimes so naive
So that which I imagine
Is that which I believe
On the edge of sleep, I awoke to a sun so bright
Rested and fearless, cheered by your nearness
I knew which direction was right, was right
The case had been tried by the jury inside
The choice between darkness and light
The choice between darkness and light

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