

# Beacon Street

[Al Stewart](#)

When your little world has fallen apart  
You'll be living on Beacon Street  
In a flat above a laundry  
It's warm and forgiving on Beacon Street  
Hundreds of paperback novels adorning your shelves  
Piles of CDs that are eager to please  
Still asserting themselves  
There's something in the morning light  
That is muted and soft down on Beacon Street  
Then a bar or two of classical music  
Will waft through the air

Newspaper adverts will usher the future your way  
Indian teas and then take-out Chinese  
At the end of the day  
Shadows on furniture cast by the light of the moon  
You've got a fridge full of food  
You won't need to go anywhere soon  
When it's time to start again  
They will welcome you in down on Beacon Street  
Everybody needs a moment or two  
Now and then on their own

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