

# Al Stewart, The Ear Of The Night

You put your tongue in the ear of the night  
Expecting rejection but finding instead  
A certain connection that left you surprised  
And then gave you electrical thoughts in your head  
Emboldened by this you were tempted a kiss  
On the brow of a mystery passing you by  
And thus we're afforded a simple reward  
In the shape of a chord from a street corner choir  
Through her window you can see her  
With her solitary air  
You felt a certain twinge inside you  
From her military hair  
And you'd have normally acted quite formally  
This was the moment to open the door  
You instantly mated and constantly dated  
Though your mother hated the clothes that she wore  
Oh well