

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