

# Al Stewart, End Of The Day

And in the evening when the day goes down  
She leaves the bright house lights  
Stands and watches with her coat pulled around  
As torches light the western skies

Sometimes she thinks she knows him just too well  
Other times not much at all  
They live their lives in some familiar spell  
And catch each other when they fall

Nothing lasts, well she knows, try to hang on  
When it's gone, you'll be burned  
Fashions and friends come and go  
Everyone travels that road in their turn

She wants to go out where the day meets the night  
Far beyond these Midwest farms  
But she'll be with him till the day she finds  
A stranger lying in her arms