

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