

Al Stewart, Sleepwalking

The stranger comes to town
He is greeted like a prince
Society declares him wise and funny
Celebrities are only decorations in this place
What really matters here is old money
His temporary lover has amber coloured skin
In a lush apartment in the city center
Bankers like his company
They always let him in
There is no door to tell him do not enter
They're following a dream
Following a dream
Sleepwalking
A boy has become a member of a most desired club
He has a fine address in these sixties
If hipness could be diagrammed he would be the hub
Girls follow him round like sexy pixies
There's talk among the money men in Miami beach
The train is leaving
You don't want to miss it
Whatever it is he's offering it's there within your reach
So here is the ring
Why don't you kiss it
They're following a dream
Following a dream
Sleepwalking
But there's a country house a world away from here
Where accusations fill the room today
Something has gone missing and it's absolutely clear
A servant left quite suddenly
He didn't ask for money
He just packed up and left quietly away
Back inside the nouveau world
The rich are sitting down
They realize it's time for some assessments
Their charismatic friend is somehow no where to be found
Along with beggered will and their investments
Someone said they saw him on a plane to Salvador or Moscow
Now the weather's warming
The lure of easy money keeps him constantly employed
It's a social service he's performing
Following a dream
Following a dream
Sleepwalking
They're following a dream
Willingly it seems
Sleepwalking