

# 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