

Al Stewart, Terminal Eyes

Cut glass porcupine, sailing on the serpentine
Fingers on the skyline, pulling down the black blinds
Terminal eyes at the edge of the night
Rivulet of dark wine, moving in a straight line
Smudging out the stop signs, running down the life lines
Terminal eyes at the edge of the night
Shadows on the ceiling, coffee cup congealing
Tarot cards revealing, a solitary feeling
Terminal eyes, but I think it's alright
Silver studded jet plane screaming through the migraine
Cutting through the cellophane wrappers of your tired brain
Terminal eyes, put out the light
Terminal eyes
Only the lonely Arabian skies
Terminal eyes
Calling you home from your restless disguise
Hands of the windmill, moving to a standstill
Rain on the windowsill, ashes on the phone bill
Terminal eyes at the edge of the night
Rain drop, fire flies sparkle on the shop blinds
Echoes of the summertime flicker in the street-signs
Terminal eyes at the edge of the night
Shadows on the ceiling, coffee cup congealing
Eyes that look unseeing, hands that look unfeeling
Terminal eyes, I think it's alright
Silver-studded sea plane breaking through the migraine
Cutting through the cellophane enveloping your tired brain
Terminal eyes, put out the light
Terminal eyes
Only the lonely Arabian skies
Terminal eyes
Calling you home from your restless disguise
Terminal eyes
Only the lonely Fantasian skies
Terminal eyes
Calling you home from your restless disguise
Terminal eyes
Only the lonely Arabian skies
Terminal eyes
Calling you