

Andrew Lloyd Webber, The Music Of The Night

Night time sharpens, heightens each sensation
Darkness wakes and stirs imagination
Silently the senses abandon their defences
Helpless to resist the notes I write,
For I compose the music of the night.

Slowly, gently, night unfurls its splendour
Grasp it, sense it, tremulous and tender
Hearing is believing, music is deceiving
Hard as lightning, soft as candlelight
There you trust the music of the night

Close your eyes for your eyes will only tell the truth
And the truth isn't what you want to see,
In the dark it is easy to pretend
That the truth is what it ought to be.

Softly, deftly, music shall caress you,
Hear it, feel it, secretly possess you,
Open up your mind
Let your fantasies unwind
In this darkness which you know you cannot fight
The darkness of the music of the night

Close your eyes start a journey through a strange, new world,
Leave all thoughts of the world you knew before,
Close your eyes and let music set you free,
Only then can you belong to me

Floating, falling, sweet intoxication
Touch me, trust me, savour each sensation
Let the dream begin, let your darker side give in
To the power of the music that I write
The power of the music of the night

You alone can make my song take flight
Help me make the music of the night.