Barclay James Harvest, Night

The world outside my window slowly passes by
As I gaze on the dim glow of the evening sky
Where every breath that I take becomes a vapour cloud
That wraps itself around me to hide me from the crowd

Then like a wall descending
Night will the day be ending
And it's if as though by magic
Everything's become so tragic
Become so tragic

I turn and look behind me and all the crowd have gone
And though they're all around me I feel I am alone
The sounds of day have vanished and I find in their place
There is an awesome silence, of life there is no trace

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