

# Barclay James Harvest, When The City Sleeps

In the shining sun  
My images they run  
Confusing all I've done before I've begun  
And every city scene  
Becomes a roaring stream  
A nightmare and a dream rolled into one

But when the city sleeps  
I'm up and on my feet  
Along the darkened streets  
Hear me run

Through the empty town  
Running, laughing, down  
No-one else around - to bother old me  
By factories I sway  
My shadows seem to play  
To do this in the day - I'd never be free

But when the city sleeps....