

Ligabue, Year Of The Cat

(Al Stewart)

On a morning from a Bogart movie
in a country where they turned back time
you go strolling through the crowd like
Peter Lorre contemplating a crime.
She comes out of the sun in a silk dress
running like a water color in the rain.
Don't bother asking for explanations.
She'll just tell you that she came
in the Year of the Cat.
She doesn't give you time for questions
as she locks up you arm in hers.
And you follow 'til your sense of
which direction completely disappears.
By the blue-tiled walls near the market stalls
there's a hidden door she leads you to.
"These days," she says, "I feel my life just
like a river running through
the Year of the Cat."
Well she looks at you so coolly
and her eyes shine like the moon
in the sea.
She comes in incense and pathchouli
so you take her to find what's
waiting inside
the Year of the Cat.
Well morning comes and you're still with her
and the bus and the tourists are gone.
And you've thrown away your choice and
lost your ticket so you have to stay on.
But the drumbeat strains of the night
remain in the rhythm of the newborn day.
You know sometime you're bound to leave her
but for now you're gonna stay
in the Year of the Cat.