

# 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.