

# Nana Mouskouri, The Guests

One by one, the guests arrive  
The guests are coming through  
The open-hearted many  
The broken-hearted few  
And no one knows where the night is going  
And no one knows why the wine is flowing  
Oh love I need you  
I need you  
I need you  
I need you  
Oh . . . I need you now

And those who dance, begin to dance  
Those who weep begin  
And "Welcome, welcome" cries a voice  
"Let all my guests come in."

And no one knows where the night is going ...

And all go stumbling through that house  
in lonely secrecy  
Saying "Do reveal yourself"  
or "Why has thou forsaken me?"

And no one knows where the night is going ...

All at once the torches flare  
The inner door flies open  
One by one they enter there  
In every style of passion

And no one knows where the night is going ...

And here they take their sweet repast  
While house and grounds dissolve  
And one by one the guests are cast  
Beyond the garden wall

And no one knows where the night is going ...

Those who dance, begin to dance  
Those who weep begin  
Those who earnestly are lost  
Are lost and lost again

And no one knows where the night is going ...

One by the guests arrive  
The guests are coming through  
The broken-hearted many  
The open-hearted few

And no one knows where the night is going ...