

# Year of the Cat (Remastered)

Al Stewart

On a morning from a Bogart movie  
In a country where they turn back time  
You go strolling through the crowd like Peter Lorre  
Contemplating a crimeShe comes out of the sun in a silk dress running  
Like a watercolor in the rain  
Don't bother asking for explanations  
She'll just tell you that she cameIn the year of the catShe doesn't give you time for questions  
As she locks up your arm in hers  
And you follow till 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 catWhy she looks at you so coolly?  
And her eyes shine like the moon in the sea  
She comes in incense and patchouli  
So you take her, to find what's waiting insideThe year of the catWell 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 new-born day  
You know sometime you're bound to leave her  
But for now you're going to stayIn the year of the cat  
Year of the cat

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>