Refugee Of Love
by Donovan

I was fishing for emotion
In the sea of loneliness
I was wishing for the motion
And the waves of tenderness
I was walking down a dark street
In the city of the dead
When I saw you in a caf
And your hair was henna-red

You were crying crystal crimson
Tear into your glass
The patron he was sleeping
Waiting for the time to pass
I wondered was I dreaming
For you did not hear me call
The I saw the flas of fusion
And a distant city fall

The caf it was empty
As the Sun began to sinc
There were memories in my coffee
And almost took a drink
When I woke up I was singing
And the words came clear and fair
There beside me you were breathing (in the gentle)
In the gentle morning air (in the gentle)
In the gentle morning air (in the gentle)...