

Who is that upon the stairs
acting like he don't know where
and who is laying down all the cards
and giving me the wrong things to say
and like a wheel on the table
He's a Cain to my Abel: Oh.....it's my shadow
A confessor to my dreams casting ribbons round my feet
Oh.....into my day
It's my shadow

Making eyes until the sun lights the daytime as she comes
Oh..... into my day
Happy in the time when I would have been there to see you
Happy in the time when I would have been there at all
Happy when the night is gone and I believe you
Happy when the night is gone and I need a call

Who is chasing in the wind all the letters never sent
and who is dusting down the stars and giving me the wrong moves to make.
And like a wheel on the table, he's a Cain to my Abel
dancing upon the floor, its my shadow
making eyes until the sun blinds the daytime as she comes
Oh.....into my day
Its my shadow

Like a willow to my stream casting heaven round my feet
Oh.....into my day.

When you find that things are getting wild is that
the hardest smile that you can ever feel.

Paralysed until the sun lights the daytime as she comes.

And if my shadow comes a creeping
Then I'll always find me sleeping in the sun.