Moderately

On a morning from a Böggart movie,

Cmaj7 Bm Em

morn-ing from a Bo-gart mov-ie,

doesn’t give you time for ques-tions

Cmaj7 Bm Em

in a coun-try where they turned back time.

morning comes and you’re still with her

and the bus and the tourists are

Cmaj7 Bm Em

you go stroll-ing through the crowd like Peter Lor-re con-tem-

And you fol-low till your sense of which di-rec-tion com-

gone.

And you’ve thrown a-way your choice and lost your tick-et so you
plating a crime
pletely disappears.
have to stay on

She comes out of the sun in a silk
By the blue-tiled walls near the mar-
But the drum-beat strains of the night

dress, running like a water-color in the rain.
ket stalls, there's a hidden door she leads you to.
remain in the rhythm of the new-born day.

Don't bother asking for explanations.
"These days," she says, "I feel my life just like a river running through
You know some-time you're bound to leave her, but for now you're gon-na stay
To Coda

in the year of the cat,
the year of the cat,
in the year of the cat.

She

Well, 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 inside... the year of the cat.