

The Lady Vanishes

Fairport Convention

I've seen the trick performed, but not on one so rare
She's finery in motion with ease and savoir faire
But when that name is mentioned and when her guard is down
The gaze will drop so sharply, her heart begins to pound

And in a fleeting moment
The watchful eye discerns
The Lady vanishes - the child returns

Her conversation dances, her jewels and trinkets gleam
She walks in grace and laughter as one who treads a dream
What ghost or broken remnant is it that clouds her face
And puts a frightened stranger there helpless in her place

And in a fleeting moment
A torch that always burns
The Lady vanishes - the child returns

There is a strange expression that rises and is gone
Deep fear comes into her eyes like clouds across the sun
Mysterious disappearance, unclear from where we stand
I look for smoke and mirrors, I watch for sleight of hand

She takes a breath and settles
Laughs quickly and denies
Before my words are ready
Before my very eyes

And in a fleeting moment
The watchful eye discerns
The Lady vanishes - the child returns
And in a fleeting moment
Her face still dreams and yearns
The Lady vanishes - the child returns