

## Looks Like Chaplin

Stereophonics

I feel awash  
Close down the street  
Yeah Chaplin walks  
Be 9:15  
And I hear them, hear them call his name  
And I see him, see him turn away

They take him in  
And clean him up

They take him in  
And strip him down  
They dry his skin  
And feed him wine  
And I hear them, hear them call his name  
And I see him, see him turn away

Ask's to use the phone

Yeah he lives alone, he lives alone  
There's no one, no one home to phone  
He sits alone at home  
He call his home his own  
His wife is still unknown