

## An Hour Before The Light

The Clientele

And when I see your sunlit eyes it turns my laughter  
into stone  
I wait a single hour before the light unreal and alone

Summer's waxing in the air the meadows stretch  
and onwards to St James square  
Oh my mind's astray  
I dream of you each fevered night the stars are cold  
and singing in an august sky  
that breaks into the day

Are you really in the lonely evening light  
That falls in shadows to the ground  
And when I wake enchanted and alone  
I don't know where to turn my eyes

Summer's waxing in the air the meadows stretch  
and onwards to St James square  
Oh my mind's astray  
An afternoon on Saturday before the stars  
can shine upon the streets of grey  
And you and I go home

And when I see your sunlit eyes it turns my laughter  
into stone  
I wait a single hour before the light unreal and alone