

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