

## As Night Is Falling

The Clientele

Drag yourself along to the sweetest Sunday song  
Then you smile  
It's the kind of place where dizzy and awake you face  
the night  
And I stoop to touch the skin that only seems to be  
here in my mind

And I see a stranger now  
Playing games that break her heart

Oh miss jones oh miss jones can't you see  
Oh miss jones oh miss jones it's me

I am in a dream and I don't know why  
The sweetest pain that I, the sweetest pain that I, I,  
I  
Sunday in the garden and my mind, oh my mind

And my fever close my eyes  
Till my dream enclose my mind

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Oh miss jones oh miss jones it's me

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