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

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

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