

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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