

Driving South

The Clientele

Though I know you'll never read the words I'm writing now
shopping lists, ephemera beneath the Kingston stars
evening rain is drifting in through spaces in the dark
and I dream of angels in the plumes of cigarettes
a single feather floating high above the silent Thames
bright electric trains on Friday
evening rain again

me and mr.jones
so, so speechless and alone
shopping lists, ephemera beneath the silent Kingston stars you
know

drifting though the Sunday mall until I'm blind
and tonight tonight tonight the time is mine
to purge the sweetness from my heart
and turn my eyes back to the darkness speechlessly
wherever it is I should be

(chorus)

it's a suburb in the rain
it don't matter anyway
I get into work with the night still in my mind
on bright electric trains I'm blind

drifting though the Sunday mall
and burning in the night
I wish I was driving south forever
from the light upon the asphalt and the rain
but into Sunday's dreams I fall again
standing in my kitchen
I am turning with a fever in my heart
above the drifting summer and the dark