

Empty Through Holloway

The Clientele

cancel the car
to number ten
such a thick fog rolling in
I played my cards
on unreal glass
I left the party next to last

Friday night to Sunday morning I go on
I don't know if I am really here at all
Monday down to Friday night
I work all day
move emptily so emptily through Holloway

forget my face
I won't be back
I hear your friends have turned their backs
when summer comes
where Rose Street winds
the longing makes you close your eyes
it's unreal so unreal
to walk along these streets
it's unreal so unreal
to close your eyes and breathe

(chorus)

when I left you at the Coronet this morning
you said that your happiness was gone
but the hum of voices somehow brings me back here
though there's no happiness and there's no love

mid-afternoon
Lincoln's Inn
terraces though crying wind
before the night I disappear
what else can I do round here?