

From Brighton Beach To Santa Monica

The Clientele

Cross the lonely parade
Your face turned away
From the people who talk
One more night in the town
I spun you around
To the house in the dark

Autumn's coming in the air
Autumn's coming in the air

Voices in the park
Following us down to Vinson Street
Ghosts inside the yard
Rattling their balls and chains
There's a light in the dark
Lord, it doesn't seem far
Every night with the rain
Falling earlier again
I watch and I wait

Autumn's coming in the air
Autumn's coming in the air

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Autumn's coming in the air
Autumn's coming in, for you