

## Geometry Of Lawns

The Clientele

leaving came to us just like a song  
a dull geometry of lawns  
the sense that you are still a stranger

but we were born to fade away like light  
looking sideways into life  
there is no reason we should stay here

and i know you are listening to this song  
late, in a still room, with your lover  
now see that moon above the edge of speech  
as we flicker like a screen  
and we are gone

one a spell of grace come over me  
and i walked on through empty streets  
redbricks, sweat-shops and madrassahs  
inside everything i heard a voice  
mechanical, beyond itself  
like the sentence of a dreamer

and i know you are listening to this song  
late, in a still room, with your lover  
now see that moon above the edge of speech  
out here beyond your reach  
i'm singing on