

## Haunted Melody

The Clientele

basketballs bounce out of tune  
the streets are empty & the moon  
has shone on Mrs. Porter  
& her daughter's soda water 'till they swoon

golden evenings pass me by  
beneath a dream of darker eyes  
& empty on a southbound train  
through Battersea in glowing rain  
I ride

oh the music is so loud  
enchanting all the faltering crowd  
to sing again their lonely melody

my heart is yours & I love you  
you keep my mind as well  
& sometimes here when I touch you  
it's heaven & it's

so the years have passed me by  
the library's shelves refract the light  
& black & white will not make clear  
the seasons & the reasons & my fear