

## Here Comes The Phantom

The Clientele

April in my mind, but I can't sleep  
So I took a walk around the trees  
and what did I see? Summer waits the leaves  
As lovely as I've ever known  
Happiness just comes and goes

My heart is playing like a violin  
Sunday, and she called again  
Now where can I go?  
Somewhere the wind don't blow me back into the  
conversations  
Promises and situations, yeah  
It's all constant, in the air.

The phantom finds you cryin' in the streets  
Lonely cops pick flowers on their beats  
And what do they see? Summer waits in the leaves  
As lovely as they've ever known  
Happiness just comes and goes

My heart is playing like a violin  
Sunday and she called again  
All of the dreams that you dream  
I hope that they are all of me  
I hope that they are all of me

It's the phantom  
Here comes the phantom