

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