

Missing

The Clientele

on a night like this
you can't brush away
all the faces in the street
I've got so much longing in my heart
I can't even sleep

darling
there's a thick fog up ahead
the first time that I saw you
I couldn't say a thing
I walked in now, I walked in now
I walked in this room
I walked in with nothing
'cos spending time & money doesn't mean a thing
when the moon comes smiling through the trees
when the night has come like music to surround you
but you're missing

I picked her up at half past four
& felt the evening coming in her tired eyes
& everyone was leaving & the moment soon passed away

darling
there's a thick fog up ahead
the first time that I saw you
I couldn't say a thing
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but you're missing