

# My Own Face Inside The Trees

The Clientele

All the pines that shiver in the park  
Kick my fever through the dark  
Through the railings and the iron  
Empty bars and tenement lines  
Something slips back into place  
For a second there's a trace  
Of my face inside the trees  
Sudden light in everything

I get up and head down into work  
Running errands like a jerk  
But the fever does me in  
Never touching anything  
Like the sea inside a shell  
Everything speaks to itself  
Darkness comes at half-past three  
My own face is in the trees

For six years I have seen a friend  
In summer crowds in Europe  
When the evening falls  
For six years I have seen a friend  
In summer crowds in Europe  
When the evening falls

So I left myself back in the night  
Moving into clearer light  
Neither here nor really gone  
Both surrounded and alone  
Like the sea inside a shell  
Everything speaks to itself  
Darkness comes at half-past three  
My own face is in the trees