

## Policeman Getting Lost

The Clientele

& I see the blue-eyed surfer boys gone home  
to the west coast  
& the Clerk Street morning  
haunted by the figures of your friends

but if you get too tired  
you can lay your hair across my pillow  
the darkness coming quickly  
at this time of the year

but you can lay your hands on me  
if you like  
Yeah you can lay your hands on me  
for a while

that night inside the fog  
I saw a policeman getting lost