

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