

Saturday

The Clientele

the taxi lights were in your eyes
so warm against st marys spires
the carnival was over in the rain
and arm in arm through vincent street
the evening hanging like a dream
i touched your face and saw the night again

and in your arms i watched the stars
ascend and sweep a loneliness away for a while
your fingers white and locked in mine
i kiss your face i kiss your eyes until
they turn to me and softly smile

and empty hearted i walked on
the river flowing to the song
of the evening in the darkness and the rain
the christmas lights were far down stream
the wind so lonely and unreal
i saw your face and i thought you were a dream

but when i saw your eyes what could i do?
what could i say, my love?
your kisses they will hide away the stars

its Saturday, the evening's come
the football crowds have all gone home
but still behind this window i look on
december's leaves so slowly fall
to cars that break the evening's pall
and i will wait for you to come tonight