

## Since K Got Over Me

The Clientele

Juliet  
I get on my knees  
Speaking in tongues  
In a washed out sun in  
Perfect clarity  
But I get so delirious  
I think my sides will split  
Standing on the sidewalk  
Sometimes it's as if..

I don't think I'll be happy anyway  
Just scratching out my name  
And everything so vivid  
And so creepy  
Since K got over me  
Since K got over me

All my senses sharp  
My hands are fists  
I'm pretty tired of making lists  
It's just this emptiness  
I can't chase it away  
And when the evening paints the streets  
When the evening paints the streets  
It's like walking on a trampoline

I don't think I'll be happy anyway  
Just scratching out my name  
But everything's so lucid  
And so creepy  
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Theres a hole inside my skull  
With warm air blowing in  
Standing on the sidewalk  
Where do I begin?

I dont think I'll be happy anymore  
I guess I closed that door  
But every night, a strange geometry  
Since K got over me  
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