

Somebody Changed

The Clientele

Back on the streets every day is the same, lord
Girls in the trees have the faces of angels
Somebody changed
It's like the year has another face
Smilin' all night long through the glass and the pine

You paint the nighttime blue
Lord and the daytime too
Lost in the night with you
I don't wanna wake
I don't wanna wake up

High on a dream, weary nights of the victory
Heading home kicking stones on the ride
Down in the lane I was so home till I saw your face
But it was just my mind playin' games with the light

You paint the nighttime blue
Lord and the daytime too
Lost in the night with you
I don't wanna wake
I don't wanna wake up

Back on the streets every day is the same, lord
Girls in the trees have the faces of angels