

## 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

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