

The House Always Wins

The Clientele

so wake up
& smell the scent on your skin
the night breathes
easily, the subway's wind
carries me back, brings me all the way back in

here's a car that we can drive
come on get in
through the night that rolls in every room
you're too beautiful to love these plastic things my
friend
lord I'll be coming round so soon

& I see the sad young friend has gone away
with his promises his speeches & his poems
but the fields have drifted in to fill his space
like ghosts
like ghosts

here's a car that we can drive come on get in
through the night that rolls in every room
you're too beautiful to love these plastic things my
friend
lord I'll be coming round so soon
lord

& I remember afternoons inside your mother's house
us skipping school & getting high inside
but I can't even think about it anymore I can't fit
my words inside

the afternoons were grey & overwhelming as they fell
to fused lamps & September's clarity
the way back home is lost to us forever in the night
& the leaves
the falling leaves

here's a car that we can drive come on get in
through the night that rolls in every room
you're too beautiful to love these plastic things my
friend
lord I'll be coming round so soon
lord