

## 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  
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