

The Violet Hour

The Clientele

terraces that climb like vines
towards the moon
the five a sides
the evening inter-city lights
I see your face each time I close my eyes

Jude I told you yesterday that I know nothing
all my friends are loaded & they smile
picking up the pieces from a bleary night away
exhaust fumes, magnolias & light

Helen in the art-class light
yes I guess that if I stay, I'll stay all night
& I know that you're not afraid
but every time I close my eyes I see your face

walking down to Springfield Park uneasy in the haze
uneasy in the sunlight & the quiet
living life without love in your mother's waiting room
minute here by minute it's like dying

terraces that climb like vines
towards a moon that hangs above another night
& streets so filled with echoing
you're so tired that you believe in everything

so that summer came & went & I became cold
yeah I became cold
yeah I became cold

so that summer came & went & I became cold
yeah I became cold
ah I became cold