

## When I Came Home From The Party

The Clientele

When I came home from the party  
Everything had changed  
The city was beside itself  
Just one inch away  
Alright, my tongue gets split my hands are gloved  
I just can't quite shake it off  
I just can't quite shake it off  
I just can't quite shake it off

When I came home from the movies  
Through each ten and nine  
The city was in retriiform  
For the twenty-second time  
All night they haunted in Middleston  
All the summoned faces  
Marching through the crowd  
All the summond faces  
Marching through the crowd

All that day, and all that night  
Our dead friends walked into the streets  
Their faces in the doorways  
Like a mirror to your photographs  
They mingled with the crowds until  
The living and the dead became each other