

The Clientele

"As Night Is Falling"

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Drag yourself along to the sweetest Sunday song
Then you smile
It's the kind of place where dizzy and awake you face
the night
And I stoop to touch the skin that only seems to be
here in my mind

And I see a stranger now
Playing games that break her heart

Oh miss jones oh miss jones can't you see
Oh miss jones oh miss jones it's me

I am in a dream and I don't know why
The sweetest pain that I, the sweetest pain that I, I,
I
Sunday in the garden and my mind, oh my mind

And my fever close my eyes
Till my dream enclose my mind

Oh miss jones oh miss jones can't you see
Oh miss jones oh miss jones it's me

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the night

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