

## The Clientele

# "Emptily Through Holloway"

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cancel the car  
to number ten  
such a thick fog rolling in  
I played my cards  
on unreal glass  
I left the party next to last

Friday night to Sunday morning I go on  
I don't know if I am really here at all  
Monday down to Friday night  
I work all day  
move emptily so emptily through Holloway

forget my face  
I won't be back  
I hear your friends have turned their backs  
when summer comes  
where Rose Street winds  
the longing makes you close your eyes  
it's unreal so unreal  
to walk along these streets  
it's unreal so unreal  
to close your eyes and breathe

(chorus)

when I left you at the Coronet this morning  
you said that your happiness was gone  
but the hum of voices somehow brings me back here  
though there's no happiness and there's no love

mid-afternoon  
Lincoln's Inn  
terraces though crying wind  
before the night I disappear  
what else can I do round here?

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