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The Clientele "Everybody's Gone"

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please don't say a thing
it's so simple just to let it all begin
& I bend my head to kiss your lips again
& stoop to touch your hand
it's half past eight
when I get home
so let the gas fire glow

everybody's gone & the fever that lights up the empty room floods the distance & the emptiness between us like a miracle

your shoulders bare your bed untouched you haunted me so much

your make up on your bed untouched you haunted me so much

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