

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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