

The Clientele

"Fear Of Falling"

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Nights
tenderly drift
losing my grip
losing the 5th or the 6th or the 7th thing on my mind

days spiraling past
trapped in the glass
but in the snapshot I don't feel enchanted
or alive

everybody's smiling I can see my face inside the
summer crowd
the apparition of these faces brings you in and gently
puts you down

softly on the 153 with sunlight in my eyes
dawn comes so uneasily they never shut the lights
and I'm going nowhere tonight

maybe there's a reason for the people and the times
softly on the 153 with sunlight in my eyes
but I'm going nowhere tonight

everybody's smiling I can see my face inside the
summer crowd
the apparition of these faces brings you in and gently
puts you down

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