

The Clientele "Haunted Melody"

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basketballs bounce out of tune
the streets are empty & the moon
has shone on Mrs. Porter
& her daughter's soda water 'till they swoon

golden evenings pass me by
beneath a dream of darker eyes
& empty on a southbound train
through Battersea in glowing rain
I ride

oh the music is so loud
enchanted all the faltering crowd
to sing again their lonely melody

my heart is yours & I love you
you keep my mind as well
& sometimes here when I touch you
it's heaven & it's

so the years have passed me by
the library's shelves refract the light
& black & white will not make clear
the seasons & the reasons & my fear

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