

## The Clientele "Impossible"

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There's a place that we can go  
at the end of a long slow day  
streetlamps fuse the rising night  
I feel so far away

when you came back late, from the garden  
I couldn't turn my eyes  
and I was dead

outside in the crowded pines  
ships are sailing though the wood  
impossible  
leaving in the space between  
the Hovis homes, the railway heath  
impossible

I can see my freedom but I need a little time  
your hair wet and your arms full  
you were dead, you were alive

looking in the heart of light  
looking into the silence

from those nights so frigid  
they seemed hardly real  
through the last light on the plain  
Roland to the dark tower came  
weialala leia  
weialala leia  
impossible  
impossible  
impossible

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