

## **The Clientele**

### **"Kelvin Parade"**

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am I only dreaming or is this the kelvin parade?  
watching a winter sun slowly drift into the shade  
leaving on Sunday so tired and alone  
a westerly service I'm soaked to the bone

and I burn with love  
in the night my friend no no no no  
and the dreams I'm dreaming of  
have no beginning or end  
beginning or end

well I hope you find happiness somewhere tonight in  
the streets  
where the radio cries to the hours and the night for  
release  
but our friends and the strangers who pass through the  
lens  
won't ever explain it or come back again

(chorus)

it's alright the fog is really rolling in now  
through the front door and the quietness of this place  
we can load up with the shifting house around us  
won't you ride it on babe  
won't you ride it on babe  
won't you ride it on babe

so I came in to this room in my coat and my shoes  
inside a night that will never be real or be true  
Sunday so haunted and Monday so bright  
how can I ever escape from the light?

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