

Clockwork Monkey "Rear Vision Mirror"

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I think the last time that I saw him was
West of the border where the trees are black and
Blue is not the colour of the sky

Hands buried deep in the pockets of his jeans
And his wild hair was powdered with
Our familiar ash

I see his face in every corner
Of each and every rear vision mirror
Of every car I drive
And every face in every corner
Of each and every rear vision mirror
Reminds me of our last night

I think the last time that I saw him was
Out by McCarthy's Road where the pictures on the trees
are all faded and torn

Wires in his ears and his shirt of just a year ago
Moving in a circle
Erecting dust around his shoes

I see his face in every corner
Of each and every rear vision mirror of every car I drive
And every face in every corner
Of each and every rear vision mirror
Reminds me of our last night

I think the last time that I saw him was
Down by the tracks and the water tower
With its rusted constellations

Lips dry and every muscle spidering
A place to catch the sun or climb above one

I see his face in every corner
Of each and every rear vision mirror
Of every car I drive
And every face in every corner
Of each and every rear vision mirror reminds me of our
last night

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