

Looks Like Chaplin

Stereophonics

I feel awash
Close down the street
Yeah Chaplin walks
Be 9:15
And I hear them, hear them call his name
And I see him, see him turn away

They take him in
And clean him up

They take him in
And strip him down
They dry his skin
And feed him wine
And I hear them, hear them call his name
And I see him, see him turn away

Ask's to use the phone

Yeah he lives alone, he lives alone
There's no one, no one home to phone
He sits alone at home
He call his home his own
His wife is still unknown