

E.M.P.T.Y.

The Clientele

When I'm riding home at night now
I get in so tired
To the saws and bows that spell out
E-M-P-T-Y

But driving west now
Half-past five
My skin is cut
My hands are knives
I could be anyone alive
But I just can't fit
And it's too late to quit

When the night air comes to me
I wonder if the days I've lived through count

With the world strung like a rosary
Through faces moving in the crowd

What is the color and the number
When happiness begins?
When the knight waits in the laurels
Hesitating...

I found a clarity I've never known
In fag-end weeks before I left for school
The darkness in the pylons
And the smoke and creosote
Cancelling the faces that we knew

Did they forget the light inside your eyes?
Those simple words, those lovers' signs?
The hand is dealt, the cards are played
But i just can't fit
And it's too late to quit

I saw them, and I knew them all
Inside a sheet of flame
I saw them, and I knew them all
Inside a sheet of flame

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