

# Everything You See Tonight Is Different from Itself

The Clientele

Ballerina, breathe  
Doubled night, cohere

Nothing here is quite the same  
Songbirds singing new refrains  
Palpitations on the train and  
Static in the grass

You just can't place it as you move  
Through nights and days and mornings lost  
But everything you see tonight  
Is different from itself

You're an empty face  
In an empty house  
You're an empty face  
In an empty house

Birds fly in from Africa  
Birds fly in from Africa  
Every day is closer  
But still something hesitates

Nights that sing with car alarms  
Broken mains and summer storms  
What is it I'm living for?  
What am I living for?

You're an empty face  
In an empty house  
You're an empty face  
In an empty house

Ballerina, breathe  
Doubled night, cohere

I don't know why  
I'm wasting my time  
Walking these avenues

Stars drift in lines  
From bones into eyes  
Everything flowers inside

Inside  
Inside  
Inside

When all the towers have fallen away  
In the lee of the wind, on the west estate  
We'll put the kettle on and hear the school bell sing  
Now you and I, we're holding the line  
We'll light the lamps against winter time  
I'll catch you if you fall, don't be afraid  
Let me in, bride of the whin

I'll come knocking at your door

I'll see you again  
Here you come, into the sun  
Vine leaves, constellations, you are here for everyone

When all the towers have fallen away  
In the lee of the wind, on the west estate  
We'll put the kettle on and hear the school bell sing  
Now you and I, we're holding the line  
We'll light the lamps against winter time  
I'll catch you if you fall don't be afraid