

# Falling Asleep

The Clientele

Voices moving in the quiet house:  
Thud of feet and muffled shutting doors:  
Out in the night there's autumn-smelling gloom  
Crowded with the whispering trees;  
Across the park  
A hollow cry of hounds like lonely bells:  
The low, red, rising moon  
Now herons call  
And wrangle by their pool;  
And hooting owls sail above pale stooks of oats

Waiting for sleep, I drift from thoughts like these;  
And where to-day was dream-like, build my dreams  
Music ... a white room below  
And someone singing a song  
About a soldier, one hour, two hours ago:  
And soon the song will be 'last night':  
But now the beauty swings across my brain

Ghost of remembered chords  
Which still can make such radiance  
That I can watch the marching of my soldiers  
And count their faces; sunlit faces  
The herons, and the hounds....  
September in the darkness  
All fading past me into peace

When the old light comes in  
It's as sharp as a knife  
You feel the drift in the pub  
As the radio cries  
September's stars, September's lies  
September's stars, September's lies  
When the old light comes in  
It's as sharp as a knife  
You feel the drift in the pub  
As the radio cries  
I'll know you when I see you

Now the mirrors are misted  
But the room is the same  
I see the face in the place in the painted lane  
Ursa major at the edge of the rain  
Ursa major at the edge of the rain  
And now the mirrors are misted  
But the room is the same  
I see the face in the place in the painted lane  
I'll know you when I see you