

George Says He Has Lost His Way In This World

The Clientele

When you sleep you lose your face
The gardenhead he knows your name
He's rising
And you don't wanna be here then

Now a fog rolls through the streets
It clicks between your tongue and teeth
You're no one
Ah but you're dressed up as someone

George says he has lost his way in this world
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Dogs are barking in the night
The pylons hum the marsh is quiet
And outside
It's just a hair after midnight

Satyrs laughing in the trees
The green man walking in the leaves
It's nothing
But isn't everything something?

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