

Impossible

The Clientele

There's a place that we can go
at the end of a long slow day
streetlamps fuse the rising night
I feel so far away

when you came back late, from the garden
I couldn't turn my eyes
and I was dead

outside in the crowded pines
ships are sailing though the wood
impossible
leaving in the space between
the Hovis homes, the railway heath
impossible

I can see my freedom but I need a little time
your hair wet and your arms full
you were dead, you were alive

looking in the heart of light
looking into the silence

from those nights so frigid
they seemed hardly real
through the last light on the plain
Roland to the dark tower came
weialala leia
weialala leia
impossible
impossible
impossible