

Lunar Days

The Clientele

5 o'clock, and in the street by Russell Square
The strip lights shine
I disappear
I was no one today
Hearing voices hurrying through the alleyways

Holloways
Lunar days
Down in the streets they're falling in love
Holloways
Lunar days
This is the year that the monster will come

When it's late November and you're lost in the leaves
And you speak in beaten copper tongues that nobody hears
And I'll come up and see you if I get out alive
I quit work at half past nine on Friday night

As the summer turns, I seem to fall away
Gaps in the light
The lunar days
On the 410
Heading nowhere with no place to really go

Holloways
Lunar days
Down in the streets they're falling in love
Holloways
Lunar days
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When you lean on the stanchion and the ring roads hum
And the summer whispers back to you like words of love
If I call your name out, will I see you again?
If I call your name out, call your name out

Holloways
Lunar days
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Bending grass on playing fields
In the choir the tenors weave
Their voices in between:
I heard the wind in the leaves

So, I walked along the street with no one home
Lamps no one lit, roads no one drove
I was nowhere today
Watching sunlight moving through the alleyways

Holloways
Lunar days
Down in the street they're falling in love Holloways
Lunar days

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