

My Own Face Inside The Trees

The Clientele

All the pines that shiver in the park
Kick my fever through the dark
Through the railings and the iron
Empty bars and tenement lines
Something slips back into place
For a second there's a trace
Of my face inside the trees
Sudden light in everything

I get up and head down into work
Running errands like a jerk
But the fever does me in
Never touching anything
Like the sea inside a shell
Everything speaks to itself
Darkness comes at half-past three
My own face is in the trees

For six years I have seen a friend
In summer crowds in Europe
When the evening falls
For six years I have seen a friend
In summer crowds in Europe
When the evening falls

So I left myself back in the night
Moving into clearer light
Neither here nor really gone
Both surrounded and alone
Like the sea inside a shell
Everything speaks to itself
Darkness comes at half-past three
My own face is in the trees