

One Hundred Leaves

The Clientele

We left in the spring
In a dying afternoon
Like the hours inside the hours
When we stared from the windows of the school

And she picks her way through elms
In that moment once again
With the darkness coming down
I don't know what more I can say

But the friends inside my mind
Are they really in the night?
Watching the corners turn corners

All that summer in some wood we waited out the hours
Buried in the hollows of the wind
Telephone was ringing and the ashes in the air
Rising, turning, falling

Days are out of tune, midnight at noon
And it opened your heart like a lover
I burned down to the skin
Holding you in 'til the sins died away