

Retiro Park

The Clientele

Monday's cool but Tuesday's slow
But sunshine follows everywhere I go
The dead streets and the signs
Well none of them are mine

I'm walking in Retiro Park tonight
I'm walking in Retiro Park tonight
And somehow in this dream I'm getting tired
The forest seems to breathe
There's something in the trees
The forest seems to breathe
There's something in the trees

I'm walking in Retiro Park tonight
I'm walking in Retiro Park tonight
And somehow in this dream I'm getting tired
The dead streets and the signs
Well none of them are mine
The dead streets and the signs
Well none of them are mine

I'm walking in Retiro Park tonight
I'm walking in Retiro Park tonight
It's raining in my house but outside's dry
The forest seems to breathe
There's something in the trees
The forest seems to breathe
There's something in the trees