

Still Corridor

The Clientele

Follow the rich man
Down to the cloud
See the cross
See the
Stand in a circle
And talk with your friend
Like the handsome [?]
Then turn back your face to me
Then turn back your face

Now the heart is in a [?]
And the grass is in flames

I heard a voice
In a still corridor
Once when I was a boy
It called me away
Somewhere far from myself
Then the voice was gone
Wind, come from the sea tonight
Where no exile returns

Now the heart is in a [?]
And the grass is in flames