

Strange Town

The Clientele

Magnolias bloom now
In a strange town
When I look out there's no one out there to be seen
Nobody's walking in the streets
Just the moon on football fields

The streets in the wind now
In a strange town
Sound like a hand that's tapping at my window pane
A silhouette out in the rain
An empty day by the seaside

For seventeen days now
In a strange town
I've felt my life moving so slowly into dreams
The nights awake, the days unreal
Waiting for your email