

## The Violet Hour

The Clientele

terraces that climb like vines  
towards the moon  
the five a sides  
the evening inter-city lights  
I see your face each time I close my eyes

Jude I told you yesterday that I know nothing  
all my friends are loaded & they smile  
picking up the pieces from a bleary night away  
exhaust fumes, magnolias & light

Helen in the art-class light  
yes I guess that if I stay, I'll stay all night  
& I know that you're not afraid  
but every time I close my eyes I see your face

walking down to Springfield Park uneasy in the haze  
uneasy in the sunlight & the quiet  
living life without love in your mother's waiting room  
minute here by minute it's like dying

terraces that climb like vines  
towards a moon that hangs above another night  
& streets so filled with echoing  
you're so tired that you believe in everything

so that summer came & went & I became cold  
yeah I became cold  
yeah I became cold

so that summer came & went & I became cold  
yeah I became cold  
ah I became cold