

Three Month Summers

The Clientele

Three month summers
In the haunted suburbs pass
Your tea leaves in your glass
You think you're Paul Verlaine

Helen in the Rhododendrons
Stole your clothes
I lost myself, I vanished in
A brief ecstatic rain

Autumn round the corner
With its eeriness
Someone's smoking in a hatchback
Screwing on your lawn

Late that year I caught a glimpse
Inside the trees
I cannot tell you what I saw
I was somebody else

As I sing, the night is clear
The swallows fly in from nowhere
From nowhere
I never saw them before
I never saw them before
I never saw them before