

When I Came Home From The Party

The Clientele

When I came home from the party
Everything had changed
The city was beside itself
Just one inch away
Alright, my tongue gets split my hands are gloved
I just can't quite shake it off
I just can't quite shake it off
I just can't quite shake it off

When I came home from the movies
Through each ten and nine
The city was in retriiform
For the twenty-second time
All night they haunted in Middleston
All the summoned faces
Marching through the crowd
All the summond faces
Marching through the crowd

All that day, and all that night
Our dead friends walked into the streets
Their faces in the doorways
Like a mirror to your photographs
They mingled with the crowds until
The living and the dead became each other