

Five Day Morning

The Clientele

Mrs. Jones and I were dreaming of the moon
On Wednesday afternoons without a cloud
And the mirage of a suburb in the rain
On a train and drifting down Oh, Miss Lloyd, your smiling eyes are in my mind
Holidays and nights away and quieter times
What's in the game that we both play
Walking our dogs in the rain, anyway? And we think about the things that we have done
What our love's become, as we drift down
And our glowing eyes are filled with silent rooms
Alleyways and evenings that we found
Oh, Miss Lloyd, your smiling eyes are in my mind
Holidays and nights away and quieter times
What's in the game that we both play
Walking our dogs in the rain, anyway? And it's a five day morning
As I am in the rain
And I don't know if I'll see you again
Again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again
Mrs. Jones and I were dreaming of the moon
On Wednesday afternoons without a cloud
And the mirage of a suburb in the rain
On a train and drifting down
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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