

Looks Like Chaplin

Stereophonics

I feel the wash close down the street
Yet Chaplin walks feet nine fifteen And I hear them, hear them call his name
And I see him, see him turn away You take him in
And clean him up Let's take him in and strip him down
Let dry his skin and feed him wine And I hear them, hear them call his name
And I see him, see him turn away Asks to use the phone
But he lives alone, he lives alone
There is no one, no one home to phone
He sits alone at home
He calls his home his own
His wife is still unknown

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