

# As Night Is Falling

## The Clientele

Drag yourself along to the sweetest Sunday song  
Then you smile  
It's the kind of place where, dizzy and awake  
You face the night And I stoop to touch the skin  
That only seems to be here in my mind  
And I see a stranger now  
Playing games that break her heart Oh, Miss Jones  
Oh, Miss Jones, can't you see?  
Oh, Miss Jones  
Oh, Miss Jones, it's me  
I am in a dream and I don't know why  
The sweetest pain that I, the sweetest pain that I  
Sunday in the garden and my mind, oh my mind  
And my fever close my eyes till my dream enclose my mind Oh, Miss Jones  
Oh, Miss Jones, can't you see?  
Oh, Miss Jones  
Oh, Miss Jones, it's me  
Drag yourself along to the sweetest Sunday song  
Then you smile  
It's the kind of place where, dizzy and awake  
You face the night

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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