

Geometry Of Lawns

The Clientele

Leaving came to us
Just like a song
A dull geometry of lawns
The sense that you are still a strangerBut we were born
To fade away like light
Looking sideways into life
There is no reason we should stay hereAnd I know you are listening to this song
Late in a still room with your lover
Now see that moon above the edge of speech
As we flicker like a screen and we are gone
Once a spell of grace
Came over me
And I walked on through empty streets
Redbricks, sweat shops and madrassahsInside everything
I heard a voice
Mechanical, beyond itself
Like the sentence of a dreamer
And I know you are listening to this song
Late in a still room with your lover
Now see that moon above the edge of speech
Out here beyond your reach I'm singing on
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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