

The Violet Hour

The Clientele

Your lips are nettles
Your tongue is wine
Your laughter's liquid
But your body's pine
You love all sailors
But hate the beach
You say "Come touch me"
But you're always out of reach

In the dark you tell me of a flower
that only blooms in the violet hour
Your arms are lovely
Yellow and rose
Your back's a meadow
Covered in snow
Your thighs are thistles
and hot-house grapes
You breathe your sweet breath
And have me wait

In the dark you tell me of a flower
that only blooms in the violet hour
I turn the lights out
I clean the sheets
You change the station
Turn up the heat
And now you're sitting
Upon your chair
You've got me tangled up

Inside your beautiful black hair
In the dark you tell me of a flower
that only blooms in the violet hour
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