

Stereophonics, Looks Like Chaplin

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
They take him in, and clean him up

Well, they take him in, and strip him down
They 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
Yet he lives alone, He lives alone
There's no one, no one home to phone, sits alone at home
He calls his home his own
His wife is still unknown