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