

The Clientele, (I Can't Seem To) Make You Mine

In the silence of the garden
Moss arising on the wind
And the beast is pondering love love love
'Till the rusty nail grow dim
I can't seem to make you mine
Through the long and lonely night
And I try so hard, darling
But the crowd pulled you away
Through the rhythm and the rain
And the ivy coiled around my hand
So I lingered with the people
In the silent August glade
But the rain has brought the night
And the night has brought the rain