

**RAFA RUSSO**



*A petrified forest*

## LONDON CLANDESTINE

Shadows invade London clandestine  
Like dragons rising from the drains  
Today the pennies landed just like rain  
In my tambourine  
Might see a movie in Shaftesbury  
Or might have dinner in a tandoori  
Might get stoned  
Might get stoned

The winds blow loneliness, the winds blow lust  
In this greasy-chicken-smelling street  
The mornings after always taste like rust  
When someone stranger is in your sheets  
But she was there in a moon reflection  
When she sadly extended her invitation  
And I was cold  
Sure I was cold

Now the game's become so dumb  
Trying hard to make a loaf by piling crumbs  
While the chances come and go  
Come and go

This bedroom narrows in a town that swells  
And the mirror don't seem to change its grin  
The vase is empty but I still can smell  
The flowers smouldering  
I've got no reasons, no leit-motifs  
I've got no dreams, no high beliefs  
I've got no reason, I can't explain  
Why I'm going to go out once again  
And follow my way  
Follow my way

