

Butler Bernard, Autograph

Is the summer time nearly over,
or has your warm smile turned us cold?
When dark clouds slip between us
that's the moment when our love grows, our love grows.
It's not what I choose to tell you
it's about what you already know.
It don't matter which way you push me
you've got to feel which way I flow.
Inside my book of autographs,
I pictured scenes that I could not write.
If your name was in that book of autographs,
would you stay with me every night?
..the songs in my head you write.
Is the winter time really over,
or does the soft snow mirror your eyes?
When I say "don't hurry me over"
it's because I'm drifting to the edge of time.
Inside my book of autographs,
I pictured scenes that I could only describe.
If your name was in that book of autographs,
would you stay with me here tonight?
..the songs in my head you write.