

Duffy Stephen, Charlotte's Conversations

Autumn rhythm sweet submission
And the cheekbones you bequeathed
Is it over is it ever
'Till they sell the air they breathed.
The stars are dead although they still shine
In Charlotte's conversation
Loves old sweet song
The epilogue to Charlotte's conversations.
I learnt insanity and sweet vanity
Cases related history
Did I choose this now can I lose this
Selfish blues to posterity.
The stars are dead although they still shine
In Charlotte's conversations
Loves old sweet song
The epilogue to Charlotte's conversations.
You don't need a song to sing
You don't need a book to read
You don't need me.
Was it only empty pockets
That brought me here to you
>From the back room to the honeymoon suite
The sour perfection grew.
The stars are dead although they still shine
In Charlotte's conversations
Loves old sweet song
The epilogue to Charlotte's conversations.