

# The Psychedelic Furs, Book Of Days

the air here tastes like poison  
the traffic moves on broken roads  
the river runs like silver  
my own feelings let me down  
she's 14 and she's fading  
there's a wasted year for  
every train that passes  
she is leaving someday  
someday never comes  
this road is poison  
walk me to the wheels  
i fear for my life  
this road is poison  
lovers coo goodbye  
singing don't forget me boys  
tired of waiting in the cheap seats  
she is haunted by her failure here  
the river runs like silver  
my own feelings let me down  
she's 24 and feels it  
like a wasted year  
for every day that passes  
she is leaving one day  
one day never comes  
this road poison  
walk me to the wheels  
i fear for my life  
this road is poison  
lovers coo goodbye  
singing don't forget me boys  
in monday morning houses down  
through gravel yards and dirty smoke  
to somewhere on the sky line  
what i feel is still the same  
she's 40 and afraid that there's  
a wasted life for every town that passes  
she is leaving here but  
nothing here remains  
this road is poison  
walk me to the wires  
i fear for my life  
this road is poison  
lovers coo goodbye  
singing don't forget me boys