

Trembling Blue Stars, Haunted Days

These are haunted days;
bonfire-scented autumn days.
Someone's slipped away,
and someone's thoughts are all in one place.

These are haunted days;
the year is facing its old age.
I met her from work at three to see her home
so she could catch some sleep.

Everything's a little
everything's a little - thrown.
I watched her cry for someone I didn't know.

You can sense it on the wind,
the wind that sets the trees to singing
hear them whispering how someone's gone,
someone's missing.

These are haunted days,
sad and golden, underplayed.
I met her on Oxford Street to see her home
so she could catch some sleep.

These are haunted days;
bonfire-scented autumn days.
You can't fix everything that breaks,
and someone's thoughts are all in one place.