Haunted Days

Trembling Blue Stars

These are haunted days
bonfire-scented autumn days
Someone's slipped away
and someone's thoughts are all in one placeThese 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 sleepEverything's a little
everything's a little - thrown
I watched her cry for someone I didn't knowYou can sense it on the wind
the wind that sets the trees to singing
hear them whispering how someone's gone
someone's missingThese are haunted days
sad and golden, underplayed
I met her on Oxford Street to see her home
so she could catch some sleepThese are haunted days
bonfire-scented autumn days
You can't fix everything that breaks
and someone's thoughts are all in one place

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