Autograph

Bernard Butler

Is the summer time nearly over
Or has you warm smile turned us cold?
When dark clouds slip between us
That's the moment when our love grows, our love growsIt'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 flowInside 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 writeIs the winter 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 timeInside 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

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