Tuesday

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One year like any old other year in a week like any week
Monday lying down, half asleep
People doing what people do, loving, working and getting through
No portraits on the walls of Seventh Avenue
Then Tuesday came and went like a helicopter overhead
The letter that she left, cold addressed in red
Tuesday came and went one, one September when
Will she come again?
The thing about memories they're sure and bound to fade
Except for the stolen souls, left upon her blade
Is Monday coming back? Well, that's what Mondays do
They turn and turn around afraid to see it through
Tuesday came and went like a helicopter overhead
The letter that she left, cold addressed in red
Tuesday came and went one, one September when
Will she come again?
Tuesday came and went one, one September when
Cold and dressed in red, how could I forget?
Tuesday came and went like a helicopter overhead
Will she come again?

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