A Perfect Day

Bobby Cole

This is a perfect day
The morning was meek
I, on this perfect day
Am equally weak
The sky looks gray
The clouds look mean
A darker day
I've never seen no lightWe parted yesterday
My manner was cold
But now I find today
I'm not quite as bold
Ironically, your photograph
Just stares at me
It doesn't laugh or cryWhy do I contrive my own unhappy fate
All my life I'll die for melancholy baitSlowly the fading light
Of this afternoon
Turns into endless night
Without any moon
A night designed for those resigned
Oppressive as an old cathedral tuneWhy do I contrive my own unhappy fate
All my life I'll die for melancholy baitSlowly the fading light
Of this afternoon
Turns into endless night
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Oppressive as an old cathedral tune

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