

Tuesday

Starflower

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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