

# Tuesday

## The Early Hours

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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