

All These Days Undone

Anything Box

Blackbirds dance among the roses
On the garden walls.
They are like the passers-by
On the nameless street.
All these hours undone.
Sounds of sandals on the curbstones
Echo in my head...
Oh the way the love has dwindled
In the end
All these hours undone.
I try to avert your love
You brought me tears my friend.
With poise and empty gestures
They took their toll...
All these hours undone.
All these hours undone.
(laugh...."bam, bam, bam..bam...hey Chris...")