

Haunted

Greg Lake

Rainy days, closed cafes,
drifting, haunting.
Hollow eyes, numb inside,
lonely and empty.
I'm searching for laughter,
for memories brought alive.
Places and faces and traces of you.

Darkened skies, spot lit lies,
aching, awaking.
Words return, why can't we learn?
Love is forgiving and taking
and living in honesty.
Truth and affection
not cast to the sea.

Oh, oh what a fool I've been.
My pride let you go.
The eye of the storm remains.
Chillingly cruel, silently screaming your name.
Silence is pain.

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Rainy days,
forever and always
haunted by you.