

## Autumn Years

Johnny Hates Jazz

Picking up the pieces of my life  
I wonder why the hell I ever came here  
A man without a future left to face  
And nothing but a memory to embrace

Holding on to threads of sanity  
Imagining the roads I could have taken  
It fills me with a deepening sense of shame  
And outside I can hear the pouring rain

There is a place  
Where in my mind I escape  
And there I understand the way I feel  
And deep in this world of make-believe  
I will spend my autumn years with you

Sitting in this grey and sunless world  
I try to come to terms with guilty feelings  
A man about to pay the final price  
And nothing but his breath to sacrifice

There'll be a time  
When I'll be gone from your mind  
A fading ghost that soon will disappear  
And deep in my world of endless pain  
I must face my autumn years

I'm picking up the pieces, I'm picking up the pieces  
I'm picking up the pieces, I'm picking up the pieces  
Picking up the pieces of my life