

These Are The Days

Kids In The Way

The cold October air is blowing in my hair.
And I'm losing everything i never thought i would.
Where is that old playground?
Where is that old sundown, when I would come home late an hour
or two?
These are the days when we will see all our yesterdays are memo
ries.
The tides will rise.
The winds will turn.
And we are drowning and growing from the burn.
The red October leaves hold on to barren trees.
And frailty is where we became so strong.
Where is that old gun fight?
Where is that old twilight, when fire flies were on the run?