

Diary Of a Young Man

Television Personalities

I draw the curtains on another day
I pick up my diary but there's nothing to say
I went to see a friend to see how she's been
But when I got there she wasn't in
She never is

I sat in the park for what seemed hours on end
Watching autumn leaves falling from the trees
And the birds flying high up in the breeze
And tomorrow it could not rain
But then again it always does

I buy a ticket for the mystery train
As soon as I get there it's time to come home again
And from every window there's a different view
But I still can't find you
I don't think I'll ever will