

Haunted Days

Trembling Blue Stars

These are haunted days
bonfire-scented autumn days
Someone's slipped away
and someone's thoughts are all in one place

These are haunted days
the year is facing its old age
I met her from work at three to see her home
so she could catch some sleep

Everything's a little
everything's a little - thrown
I watched her cry for someone I didn't know

You can sense it on the wind
the wind that sets the trees to singing
hear them whispering how someone's gone
someone's missing

These are haunted days
sad and golden, underplayed
I met her on Oxford Street to see her home
so she could catch some sleep

These are haunted days
bonfire-scented autumn days
You can't fix everything that breaks
and someone's thoughts are all in one place