

Cold Autumn Sunday

Ken Hensley

When the leaving birds
Fill the stone grey sky
And the green, green leaves
Turn away and die
And the once warm sun
Has to run and hide
And the Winter clouds
Begin their stormy ride
Cold black shadows cross my eyes
And help to make me realize
You've gone, oh
Cold Autumn Sunday

Still I walk alone
The paths we shared
And I try to recreate the love we had
For you were my life
And my heart is sad
And it's strange how autumn
Used to make me glad
Only now an empty sky is there
To let me know how much I care
You've gone, oh
Cold Autumn Sunday

I'm near to dying
No use denying that it's true
Spend my whole time crying
Finding ways of trying
Not to be blue, oh, over you