

Bernard Butler

"Autograph"

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Is the summer time really over
Or has your warm smile turned us cold?
When dark clouds slip between us
That's the moment when our love grows, our love
grows

It's not what I choose to tell you
It's about what you already know
It won't matter which way you push me
You've got to feel which way I flow

Inside my book of autographs
I pictured scenes that I could not write
If your name was in that book of autographs
Would you stay with me every night?
(Ahh)

Every night
The songs in my head you write
You write

Is the winter time really over
Or does the soft snow mirror your eyes?
When I said, "Don't hurry me over"
It's 'cause I'm driftin' to the edge of time

Inside my book of autographs
I pictured scenes I could only describe
If your name was in that book of autographs
Would you stay with me please tonight?
(Ahh)

Every night
The songs in my head you write
You write
[Incomprehensible]

[Incomprehensible]

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