

Kaledon

"Days In The Rain"

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Days in the rain
Down to Josephine's house for tea
French toast and Elvis
French kisses for a boy called me

Scrumpling apples in Harrow
Throwing fallers at black Austin cars
Lemon-ices at De La Mura's
Plotting my life by the stars
And I remember the scent of my father's Christmas
cigar

Traces of lives
Like gold -dust in a museum of rooms
In the corner the black and white television
blinking like a prophet of doom
And I remember my father falling like a stone from the
moon

It's all in the past
It's all in the photographs
It all looks familiar, but we don't know the places
We know that we love them
But we cannot put names to the faces
Those faces -- those beautiful faces

Days in the rain
Bruises and powerful scars
I swallowed a sixpence
Someone said: " Who'd you think you are? "
And I remember the scent of my father's Christmas
cigar

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