

Ken Hensley

"Cold Autumn Sunday"

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When the leaving birds fill the stone-grey sky

And the 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 realise

You've gone - O cold autumn Sunday

Still I'll walk along the paths we shared

And I'll 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 - O cold autumn Sunday

I am near to dying, no use denying that it's true

Spend my whole time crying, finding ways of trying

Not to be blue over you

When the leaving birds fill the stone-grey sky

And the 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 realise

You've gone - O cold autumn Sunday

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