

Phillip Thomas**"Traces"**

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The girl in the gallery,
The way she moves her hair,
Footsteps in the Autumn leaves,
Turning and finding no-one there
Traces of you in the morning light
Traces of you in the night
You're haunting me still
I don't even have to try
I always find those...
Traces of you all around my life
Traces of you like a Knife
Twisting inside my heart
You're tearing my world apart
Don't torture me
The ring of the telephone
The quizzical hello
The glass in my hand shaking
Lying shattered in the snow
I saw a face in a picture show
Those Alborado eyes calling me
I see trees, I see indigo
I can't keep up this disguise

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