

Horrorshow "Days Past"

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Thankyou for this day.
Thankyou for days past.
Thankyou for this day
Thankyou for everyday to come

They wandered over drugs and alcohol
In the memory of
What it really is
To have a soul

Opposite sides of the track
Same suburbs
Strangers turn friends
Then saviours turn lovers

And he scared her a little bit
Never did quite understand
To clear her fear
Of the intimate

But she scared him a little more
Been searching for so long
Afraid he may of found
What he was looking for

She wasn't sure at first
Cos she's learnt
When you play with fire
That you might get burnt.

But somewhere between
The cigarettes and late night TV
She found a reason to believe
In what might be

It's like hazel eyed
Seek shelter from the storm
Clever brunette likes to read
Stays awake until the break of dawn

Just a mother's son
And the fathers daughter

Trying to build some paradise
Within a life of disorder.

He got DP was living for that couple of minutes
After they kissed
And he could still taste her lips on his

But all of this is just a little bit much for me
How'd some drunken fun turn into a love story

(sample)
ohhhhhh

Ain't it funny how time flies?
A few months can feel like a lifetime

So caught up in the game
He don't even realise
That he's watching from complacency
And it's taking it's toll

Now each day that fades
Watch the flames turn cold

They never fight

To afraid of what might get said
Instead,
Silence screaming for help under her breath

Sharing a cold bed
And some silent phone calls
It's scary how quickly
The rise can turn to fall

Until the day arrives
(I don't really know how to say this)
But on the inside, his world turned black
Moments running through his mind
And if he could then he'd take it all back

Now he can't sleep
He stays awake
Dreams of better days
When he wrote her love letters
And the weather didn't seem so great

Business as usual
Her coping mechanism
Finds comfort in the fact
That others still find her beautiful

And as the seconds
Turn minutes
Turn days
Turn weeks
Lovers revert to strangers
They don't even speak

The king of the blues
The queen of the street
Now the kingdom lies in ruins
Break-up songs on repeat

Now he misses her touch
And the sound of her voice
Everyday he wakes up
Wishing she made a different choice

Another failed attempt
To capturing the beauty
Till he finds himself alone
Listening to shhh...

Co-author in the story
The first chapters written
But you gotta wonder
If it's really finished

Co-author in the story
The first chapters written
But you gotta wonder
If it's really finished

(Sample)
Old man sorrow
Come to keep me company

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