

## Phillip Boa

### "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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