

## Savannah Outen

### "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

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