

Hensley Ken

"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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