

Thursday

Autumn

There can be no maybe
for the strong
nor for the weak
Maybe perhaps has caused me to hesitate?

No Friday
No tomorrow
No time left to borrow
No Friday
No tomorrow
Your silence, my sorrow

A queen of worries,
my doubts and insecurities
drawn like moths to flame, or so it seems
They eat at my face as
I fear them, the traces
Time for a decision
No

No Friday,
no tomorrow
No time left to borrow
No Friday,
no tomorrow
Your silence, my sorrow

I set an ultimatum
Out with the doubts or in with the flames
Today, no, tomorrow
I guess we'll just wait and see
Maybe

Time for a decision

No Friday,
no tomorrow
No time left to borrow
No Friday,
no tomorrow
Your silence, my sorrow