

Smokey Day

Colin Blunstone

Smokey day, hey
Bring the dust of dusty evening
Weave the spell of evening
Into patters of my life

Smokey day, hey
How her perfume still entrances
Soft, serene she dances
Moving sweetly through my life

Smokey day, hey
Hear the call of plaintive voices
Does it whisper voices
Calling gently through the night

Smokey day, hey
Your enchanting light is leaving
Silver haze is leaving
And bringing to me peaceful night