

Days Past

Horrorshow

Thank you for days past
And for every day yet to come
Thank you for this day, thank you for days past
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They wandered over drugs and alcohol
With the memory of what it's like to really have a soul
Opposite sides of the track, same suburb
Strangers turned friends, then saviours turned lovers
And he scared her a little bit
Never did quite understand too clear her fear of the intimate
But she scared him a little more
Been searching for so long, afraid he might have found what he was looking f
or
She wasn't sure at first
Cause she's learnt that when you play with fire that you might get burnt
But somewhere between the cigarettes and late night TV
She found a reason to believe in what might be
It's like hazel-eyed thinkers seek shelter from the storm
Clever brunette likes to read and stay awake until the break of dawn
Just a mother's son and a father's daughter
Tryna build some paradise within a life of disorder
And it got deep, he was living for that couple of minutes
After they kissed and he could still taste her lips on his
But this is all just a little bit much for me
How'd some drunken fun turn into a love story?

Ain't it funny how time flies? A few months can feel like a lifetime
So caught up in the game, he don't even realise
That he's watching from the sideline, complacency's taking it's toll
Now each day that fades, watch the flame turn cold
They never fight, too afraid of what might get said
Instead, silence, screaming for help under a breath
Sharing a cold bed and some silent phone calls
It's scary how quickly the rise can turn to fall
Until the day arrived ("I don't really know how to say this but...") took it
with a smile
But on the inside his world turned black
Moments running through his mind
And if he could, then he'd take it all back
Now he can't sleep, but stays awake, dreams of better days
When he wrote her love letters and the weather didn't seem so grey
Business as usual, her coping mechanism
Finds comfort in the fact that others still find her beautiful
And as the seconds turn minutes, turn days, turns weeks
Lovers revert to strangers, they don't even speak
The king of the blues, the queen of the street
Now the kingdom lies in ruins, break-up songs on repeat

Now he misses her touch and the sound of her voice
Every day he wakes up wishing she'd made a different choice
Another failed attempt at capturing the beauty
Till he finds himself home alone listening to "shhh"

Co-authors in this story, the first chapter's written
But you've got to wonder if it's really finished
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But you've got to wonder if it's really finished

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