

# 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 for  
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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