

These Days

The Zolas

It started with a sandcastle
Today washed up my tomorrow
But one night the mark was made
Seared in your flesh with canola oil

These days are piling up
Piling up like bricks
Walls blocking off the sun
I miss you
Oh call it what you like
My shaky memory
We knew it from the top
We're deep sea

On every bus I take there's an empty seat
There's an empty stare in every streetlamp
And the city nights are full of colours
Colours dormant in the day
Trashy light in the sky and a rainbow of greys

The one thing that silence brings
These empty-house evenings
My dreams are haunted by
Ghostly pages that I can't fill