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JUST LIKE THE DAYS

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THE SHADOWS ARE CREEPING, AS
I MOVE ALONG,
NOW I REALLY DON'T KNOW, IF
I'VE DONE SOMETHING WRONG,

BUT NOW YOU ARE LEAVING, AND
I DON'T HAVE A CLUE, OF JUST
WHAT HAS HAPPENED, BETWEEN
ME AND YOU,

I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO ON, NOW
I SUPPOSE,
FROM WHAT I HEAR, THIS IS
SOMETIMES HOW IT GOES,

WHEN I WAKE IN THE MORNING, I'LL
PRETEND THINGS ARE FINE,
AND OUR LOVE IS JUST LIKE, AN OLD
BOTTLE OF WINE,

GETTING SMOOTHER AND BETTER, AND
MORE MELLOW EACH DAY,
AND I'LL JUST FORGET, THAT YOU'VE
GONE AWAY,

NOW I MAY GO TO DALLAS, OR WIND
UP IN MAINE,
DRINK A CUP OF COFFEE, OR RIDE
A LONG TRAIN.

I'LL DO ALL THE THINGS, THAT I
ALWAYS DO,
JUST LIKE THE DAYS, BEFORE I
MET YOU.