

The colors of yesterday

The sun goes down the hill,
the world is quiet, calm and still.
I look at the photos on my wall,
And I remember it all; The summer, the fall.
We were so young, without a fear,
I wish those days were still here.

But time is like a river, fast and deep,
with promises we couldn't keep.
The streets we walked now look so small,
and silence echoes through the hall.
I miss your voice, I miss your light,
in the middle of this lonely night.

I'll keep those memories in a golden box,
protected by a thousand heavy locks.
Though life goes and people change,
and everything feels new and strange,
in my heart, you will always stay,
like the colors of yesterday.