

# Stephen Duffy, Galaxy

Autumn rhythm sweet submission  
And the cheekbones you bequeathed  
Is it over is it ever  
&#039;Till they sell the air they breathed.  
The stars are dead although they still shine  
In Charlotte&#039;s conversation  
Loves old sweet song  
The epilogue to Charlotte&#039;s conversations.  
I learnt insanity and sweet vanity  
Cases related history  
Did I choose this now can I lose this  
Selfish blues to posterity.  
The stars are dead although they still shine  
In Charlotte&#039;s conversations  
Loves old sweet song  
The epilogue to Charlotte&#039;s conversations.  
You don&#039;t need a song to sing  
You don&#039;t need a book to read  
You don&#039;t need me.  
Was it only empty pockets  
That brought me here to you