

Grant Lee Phillips, Sunday Best

Puttin' on the Sunday best
High on the fumes of sweet success
Goin' on a Sunday stroll
I'm movin' up you walk
Even if I have to hug the fence
I'm determined to call you my lover

Well can't you tell
That I'm over the moon
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon yeah

Goin' on a Sunday drive
Windin' our way across the countryside
Hopin' that you slip on over close
For the rest of this ride you my lover

Well can't you tell
That I'm over the moon
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon yeah

Ooh oh oh

Hit me like a Sunday bus (like a Sunday bus)
That comes only once in a moment's glance
The lyrics of my heart could miss a beat
And get lost in the language of romance my lover

Well can't you tell
That I'm over the moon
Well I'm over the moon
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon yeah

I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon for oh yeah
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon for you
I'm over the moon oh yeah
Oh yeah