

Kevin Tellie, Sundays

Home from this sun, this room is a mess
18 hours till I come back from this sparkled end
Still I've searched my photographs
And everybody looks the same
I've tried searching your eyes for some new beginning

Sundays nobody near
Through me eyes yesterday's clear
This dark radio has so much sound
On Sundays when no one's around

Tomorrow I'll forget the darkness within
But today I'll remember my lights
To hold up five memories in a picture still
I remember five memories because no one else will
Today's so here and tomorrow's no where to be seen

Sundays nobody near
Through me eyes yesterday's clear
This dark radio has so much sound
On Sundays when no one's around

To lay awake dreaming the morning before
Nothing is happening, leaving no more
The house in the sand, all covered in gold
Sundays come up
19 hours they hold

The sun in my half window glows over the wood
No stars yet, but their falling
Falling back to the wood

Sundays nobody near
Through me eyes yesterday's clear
This dark radio has so much sound
On Sundays when no one's around