

# 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