

# Leona Naess, Sunny Sunday

I couldn't sleep his skin it smelled so sweet  
I couldn't stay, I'm sorry I had to creep away  
I closed the door and left you there and your  
shirt on the chair  
Oh sunny Sunday valentine honey

His eyes are blue the nights don't justify you  
sunny Sunday valentine honey  
I'm naughty, it's true  
I didn't mean to sneak up on you  
Oh sunny Sunday valentine honey

We talk of music  
We talk of touch  
I didn't mean to like you so much  
Oh sunny Sunday valentine honey