

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