

# Texas, Sunday Afternoon

I can think of better days  
As I look into your eyes  
And I feel that in a way  
I know that you'll be alright

And he walks for a mile  
It's his style  
Baby never acts wild  
Feels he's invincible  
He walks for a while  
But I never ask why  
He needs his time in isolation

It's your views  
On your groove  
On a Sunday afternoon  
Paint it slow  
Then you'll know  
What you need to work out soon

I'm gonna whisper in your ear  
I've a lot of things to say to you  
I'll give you all my universe  
You're all I want and that's for sure

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Baby never acts wild  
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In your darkest hour  
Take my hand and I'll show you  
Understand it much better  
I'll make sure you get there

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What you need to work out soon