

# The Sundays, I Feel

I feel fine  
Don't wake me up yet  
O the young and the old they get everything  
and it's my turn

I'm here  
I'm someone to know  
I'm calling the tune but  
I'm losing the words

Laughingly I take the fevered applause  
of the people by the riverside  
I'm walking  
Walking on water  
God knows why

I'm losing the words  
I am a man  
Well nearly  
Celebrate life  
Be good to yourself

Don't wake me like that  
I was dreaming and I'd rather carry on  
Give me a love and hate  
on both my hands  
I'll show you what I'm made of  
Wasting my breath when I say that

Don't wake me like that  
I was dreaming and I'm tired of everyone  
Here's hoping that you'll  
Go now so long leave me alone

Give me a love and hate  
on both my hands  
I'll show you what I'm made of  
Wasting my breath when I say that  
Love, hate  
A pair of hands  
That's where I began  
Just be good  
Good to yourself

I feel fine  
Don't wake me up yet  
Cos I feel tired  
Don't be like that  
We don't need to work any more now  
Open that ground up and slip down