

# The Sundays, Leave This City

gone forever, the writing on the wall  
they've boarded-up the cinema  
strawberry dreams and the dust-filled beams  
shut down in a modern town

see you walking, see you talking

recollection on streets you used to know  
forgotten pleasure smoulder  
images fade but the town won't let them go

sleepwalking, see you talking  
feel the city inside you  
(ooh) leave this city behind you

drive wherever the roads will take you to  
down beside a river frozen brown  
January days and their scarecrow trees  
so cold - feel your ears burn

see you walking, see you talking  
feel the city inside you  
(ooh) leave this city behind you

past and present  
they converge on every side  
the wires all get tangled  
when now and then collide  
bittersweet taste of a time and another place before

sleep walking, see you talking  
feel the city inside you  
(ooh) feel this city define you  
(yeah) leave this city behind you