

Time Spent Driving, Rain On Sundays

Sundays never fall quite right, will they just be swept away.
Under this endless skyline, my frame this windowpane.
If I die tonight, will your memories of me, just fade.
Because I can't forget, the first time you looked up at me.
The first time that I.. and I can't forget,
the first time you looked up at me,
The first time I heard you say my name.
These rains swell to drown the drive, lose me in the spray
and the million dotted lines, on the asphalt underneath.
If I die tonight, will your memories of me, just fade.
Can't wait till Sunday when I can hear your laugh again.
The first time that I' and I can't forget,
the first time you looked up at me,
The first time I heard you say my name.
Now I wouldn't have it any other way.