

# Vera Billy And The Beaters, Hopeless Romantic

Sometimes on Sundays  
I sit by the TV  
Watching sad movies alone  
When it gets to the part  
Where the little dog dies  
I cry  
Sometimes I think I  
Was born just a little  
Behind or ahead of my time  
I live in a dream world  
Of caring and sharing  
And good guys  
And nobody lies

I'm a believer  
But much more than anything  
I believe in you  
You're not a deciever  
And if you told me the ocean went dry  
I'd believe it was true

So call me a hopeless romantic  
'Cause I can still believe  
I can still believe in true love  
And hopeless romantics  
Still can find a way  
To make true love last  
These days

Have you ever noticed  
While telling a tall tale  
The look on the face of a child  
She accepts without question  
As though it were gospel  
They're only like that for a while

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