

# Billy Vera 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  
Somtimes 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 nobosy lies

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

So call me a hopeless romantic  
Because 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