

Frank Black, Sunny Sunday Mill Valley Groove Day

When there's nothing left to say
And all the clouds have faded away
And my mind wanders out there
Across the bay

Just to be there in the morning
With the sun coming through the trees
Well you know
There ain't no place I'd rather be

Sunday sunny Mill Valley groove day
You can feel the magic in the air
And when it's over
And the clover has left the mountainside
You'll be king of what you survive

Sunday sunny Mill Valley groove day
You will have a wonderful time up there
And when it's over
And the clover has left the mountainside
You'll be king of what you survive

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La la la la la la
La la la la la la
La la la la la la
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La la la la la la
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