

Guster, Sunday Afternoon

Where'd you get that
Blue ocean in your head
I know you're there when you close your eyes
Don't waste my time
Just make up your mind
It's the hardest thing there is to do
Just treading water here with you
On a Sunday afternoon
Sunday afternoon

Where'd you find that
Fence your sitting on?
You know I'll climb it if you want me to
So don't waste my time
Just make up your mind
The hardest thing there is to do
To stand beneath you feeling blue
On a Sunday afternoon

It's the hardest thing there is to do
To fall asleep and dream of you
Every Sunday afternoon
Sunday afternoon
Sunday afternoon