

# Mike Scott, A Life Of Sundays

Hold me!  
Before I go under.  
Hear me!  
Before I drown.  
Sharpen!  
Your sense of wonder.  
Listen!  
To what I've found.

Here we are again,  
Two old lovers,  
Two old friends,  
Just when you need them.

A devil was standing on my shoes  
Somehow I know how to defeat him  
Since I tumbled into you.

You taught me love and pain,  
And the unsung King of Ireland  
Says the same thing,  
Wherever you find it.

(the whole world wide over)

The same thing from the same old cause.  
The same thing - I cannot define it.  
It is the same thing and it always was.

It struck me sad and strange,  
All that ever stays the same  
Is change...

...and I dreamed I wandered  
Wayward as a restless wave.  
Spanning from here to yonder  
Most spectacularly saved.

Dream and life entwined,  
The old day cracks and crumbles  
And it's

Fine!  
To be in your company.  
Funny!  
To be in your day.  
A miracle!  
Just to be with you.  
Glad!  
To be going your way.

Were these unfolding plans  
Designed and drawn by mortal hands?  
Never in a life of Sundays  
Would I have seen me here.