

Rivermaya, Sunday Driving

drivin on a sunday
tucked in the
mellow pace of life
i think about you as the
sun blinks between the trees that waltz in the gentle breeze
i try to memorize the feelin

if you can
see
the world that i see
hear
the beatin of my heart
feel

the flame that grips me

would you believe in us
would you believe in us

the wind's whisperin your name
its slowdrivin me insane,
my shelter, i daydream
your hand in mine like
sweet little melodies
i embrace the memories until you return
into the arms you once called home and....