

The Sundays, 24 Hours

Few true cares have I
As the world turns round
I was blind but
Now I'm still blind

Too few cares have I
As the world turns round
I was blind but
Now I'm still blind

I liked you for 24 hours
In your house
And when the time has come to live again
I shall
And I liked you for 24 hours
In your house
And now the time has come to live again
I shall

I liked you but that was before
Why me?
I never knew then
And I don't know now

O the things you do
All come back to you
That's why I hung back but I'll
Say what I like now