

# The Sundays, Cry

& I'm standing on a platform  
Now I'm staring from a train  
& all the trees roll back beside but I'm so oblivious  
To the dark to the light  
It's all the same

You gave me so much  
& now it's of the earth  
& it makes me cry  
It can makes me cry

& you're standing here beside me  
In a picture in a frame  
& your voice could never fade it's so familiar  
Things you said in my head  
Every day

You gave me so much  
& now it's of the earth  
& it makes me cry  
It can make me cry

You're with me so much  
Through you're never with me anymore  
& it makes me cry  
It can make me cry