

# The Sundays, Gone

Come take me by the hand,  
and lead me through the night.  
Songs spill into the air  
and we'll drink to ourselves here way up high.

Town lights shining,  
this is the place for me now.  
Blurred - loving every word.  
This hill, yourself, and I.

Days so long,  
when you're young.

Two underneath a tree  
my hands are turning blue.  
Stars shiver in the night.  
I pass a cigarette back to you.

Town lights shining,  
this is the place for me now.  
And I can't stop smiling  
high on a hill looking down.

Days so long,  
when you're young.  
Then they're gone.

Days so long,  
when you're young.

Then they're gone.  
If you ask me now  
my worst fear  
is it that I know  
this time next year  
you'll be gone  
and I'll still be here?