

# The Sundays, When I'm Thinking About You

over the rooftops a plane in the sky  
beat of a bass drum cars passing me by  
under a bridge dark then back into light  
a river of raincoats and a forest of faces  
still for a moment then red into green  
slow shuffling shoes whisper sight unseen  
row upon row of houses return an empty stare  
let the daydream for a little while longer

ah.. yeah...  
hope I'll never wake  
when I'm thinking about you  
(yeah) hope I'll never wake  
cos now I'm thinking about you

two-minute hailstorm then melts into rain  
(oh) sing me a rainbow it's sunny again  
swallows overhead while the traffic snarls below  
could I (could I) keep dreaming for a little while longer

hope I'll never wake  
when I'm thinking about you  
so that you know - I never want to wake  
cos now I'm thinking about you

when you're searching your soul  
when you're searching for pleasure  
how often, pain is all you find  
but when you're coasting along and nobody's trying too hard  
you can turn around and like where you are

(Yeah and) I hope I never wake  
when I'm thinking about you  
and I close my eyes (dear)  
now I'll never never wake  
why should I stop thinking about you