Wonderwall, In April

I sit on my pillow My cat on my head I hear your voice, boy And can't forget Your kisses were cold and

Full of loneliness Hold deep sadness

With my hands

I won't be here - I won't be there

I will write another story

And my tears

Will create
Will create a lake of sorrows

Chorus:

But in April it sounds like love

When you call You call my name

You call my name

But in April it sounds like love

When you call

You call my name

You call my name You call my name

The door is open now

I have to go

The moon shines brighter

Than it did before

The clock strikes twelve

There's no time

Time to sleep

We'll go upstairs

Straight to the sky

I'm not here - I'm not there

Took a ball point pen to write you

And my tears

They create

They create a lake of sorrows

I'm not here - I'm not there

Took a ball point pen to write you

And my tears

They create

They create a lake of sorrows

Chorus

The door is open now

I have to go

The moon shines brighter

Than it did before

Was not here, was not there

Yes, I wrote another story

And my tears, and my tears...