

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...