

Sunday At Eleven

"Never Gonna Come"

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dreaming of the day
that's gonna be your final fulfillment
waiting for the moment
that's gonna replace your bitter life
you flee you hide you make excuses
for your every-day-depression
you chase your life
though you could just start to live

can't you realize
that there is nothing like future
wasting all o' your life
with waiting for tomorrow

tell me what sense does it make
to be a spectator of your own life
don't you want to finally participate
it's just one breath one thought, one step
from being all you have expected all your life
it's so close you just don't know

chorus

every day we get taught
it's all bout security
but I wonder if my life's secure
will I be free...
I know, I won't be

chorus

see that man, his wife died
and he never got to say "I love you"
now she's gone
and somehow, he has died with her
watch that girl,
she's running and jumping through the rain
but her daddy makes her stop
throughout her youth
he's killed all of her life's intensity
but now, come on, hold on

wonder what's been going wrong
are you living
the life you've always seeked
come on and use this moment to break out

chorus

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