Sunday Drivers, The "Tears And Years"

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Tears And Years Jero Romero

And you say: "your kissing gets worse, You grow colder, colder, It is not like it was before, Now all is torn"

Well, you thought it would be perfect Over years and years And I soak up every little tear So patiently

I was just guessing the meaning of questions The meaning of games you've never said you'd like to play

And you're getting pretty clever As you grow, grow, grow It is not like it was before What a stroke!

Well, we both are getting perfect Over tears and years It is not like it was before, But I'm not cold

I was just guessing the meaning of questions
The meaning of games you've never said you'd like to
play
So take your time and mine
And make it all worthwhile,
And let me see your smile

I was just guessing the meaning of questions
The meaning of games you've never said you'd like to
play
So take your time and mine
And make it all worthwhile,
And let me see your smile
I was just guessing the meaning of questions

So take your time and mine
And make it all worthwhile,
And let me see your smile
I was just guessing the meaning of questions

So take your silence time And fill it up with whines And see that sun that shines Yeah, shines ...

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