

Counting Crows "Sundays"

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Coloured rubbers
And a bedroom set
I wouldn't know
It if it hit me
You take a little step
And then it feels
Like love
I think I better
Get a little of it in me
Give me a kiss
I think it feels
Like love
Give me a kiss
I think it feels
Like sunshine
C'mon baby, light me up
I wanna look into your eyes
Until I go blind and

You think
That you can do
Without me
I can't do
Anything at all
You think
That you can do
Without me
But I don't believe
In Sundays
And I don't believe
In anything at all

Your mother make you
In a parking lot
My mother made me
Out of flesh and wire
Try to remember
What you might forget
I try to remember everything
Try to remember
So you don't disappear
Try to remember

So you don't fade away
Your mother made you
Out of smoke and rain
Your mother made you
In a fire that's faded

You think
That you can do
Without me
I can't do
Anything at all
You think
That you can do
Without me
But I don't believe
In Sundays
And I don't believe
In anything at all

I wanna touch you
For the things I'm losing
I wanna touch you
For my self-respect
Give me a reason
Or I might stop breathing
Give me a reason why
I'm soaking wet
Gotta stop breathing
Cuz the sky is falling
I might go out
And watch
The moon explode
Give me directions
To the highway crossing
I'll go lie
Down in the middle
Of the road

You think
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Without me
I can't do
Anything at all
You think
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Without me
But I don't believe
In Sundays
And I don't believe
In anything at all

I don't believe
In Sundays
And I don't believe
In anything at all
I don't believe
In anything at all

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