

## Frank Black

# "Sunny Sunday Mill Valley Groove Day"

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When there's nothing left to say  
And all the clouds have faded away  
And my mind wanders out there  
Across the bay  
Just to be there in the morning  
With the sun coming through the trees  
Well you know  
There ain't no place I'd rather be

Sunday sunny Mill Valley groove day  
You can feel the magic in the air  
And when it's over  
And the clover has left the mountainside  
You'll be king of what you survive

Sunday sunny Mill Valley groove day  
You will have a wonderful time up there  
And when it's over  
And the clover has left the mountainside  
You'll be king of what you survive

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And all the clouds have faded away  
And my mind wanders out there  
Across the bay  
Just to be there in the morning  
With the sun coming through the trees  
Well you know  
There ain't no place I'd rather be

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And when it's over  
And the clover has left the mountainside  
You'll be king of what you survive

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