

John K. Samson

"Sunday Afternoon"

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Another Sunday afternoon, nothing much to do
Sit and try and make some sense of what I think I think
about you
Soaked with surroundings that just make me yawn
First snow melting outside on the lawn

Scattered bits of yesterday with melancholy flecks of
gray
Creeping back to show me I was wrong
A heart full of what's hard to say, I let that skipping
record play
Far too long

Fall
Still we're shot down by the lights of it all
Fly
Up above all that still steals the lights from your
carnival eyes

You once smiled and said to me don't stay awake too
long
Some kind of affirmation knowing you were truly wrong
Some kind of happiness in things we never see
Know we are not half as smart as we pretend to be

Well, you were right, I have pretended to be me
And now these jaded eyes can barely see
Where is this going anyway?
It's always hard to say
Hard to say

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