

Kevin Tellie "Sundays"

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Home from this sun, this room is a mess
18 hours till I come back from this sparkled end
Still Iâ€™ve searched my photographs
And everybody looks the same
Iâ€™ve tried searching your eyes for some new
beginning

Sundays nobody near
Through me eyes yesterdayâ€™s clear
This dark radio has so much sound
On Sundays when no oneâ€™s around

Tomorrow Iâ€™ll forget the darkness within
But today Iâ€™ll remember my lights
To hold up five memories in a picture still
I remember five memories because no one else will
Todayâ€™s so here and tomorrowâ€™s no where to be
seen

Sundays nobody near
Through me eyes yesterdayâ€™s clear
This dark radio has so much sound
On Sundays when no oneâ€™s around

To lay awake dreaming the morning before
Nothing is happening, leaving no more
The house in the sand, all covered in gold
Sundays come up
19 hours they hold

The sun in my half window glows over the wood
No stars yet, but their falling
Falling back to the wood

Sundays nobody near
Through me eyes yesterdayâ€™s clear
This dark radio has so much sound
On Sundays when no oneâ€™s around

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