

Matt Maher

"On Days Like These"

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Questi giorni quando vieni il belle sole
La la la la la-la-la-la la la la la

On days like these when skies are blue and fields are
Green
I look around and think about what might have been
And then I hear sweet music float around my head
As I recall the many things we left unsaid
It's on days like these that I remember
Singing songs and drinking wine
While your eyes played games with mine

On days like these I wonder what became of you
Maybe today you are singing songs with someone new
I'd like to think you're walking by those willow trees
Remembering the love we knew on days like these
It's on days like these that I remember
Singing songs and drinking wine
While your eyes played games with mine

On days like these I wonder what became of you
Maybe today you are singing songs with someone new

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