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Mighty Mighty Bosstones ''Every Sunday Sky''

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Slumber stills She hears the angels sing And drink the empty air

When the light of day Has laughed it's last They sing 'til morning fair

As the whisper Of cathedral bells Cause the winds to stir

Children dance And game the night away Angel voices purr

She searches Every sunday Every sunday sky

She seaches Every sunday Tears fill her eyes

Violets intertwined In a garland from on high Adorn her bitter face Forming rings of golden grace

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