Passenger "Month Of Sunday's (wit"

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Well I've been living in this month of Sunday's For so long,
I don't remember Saturday night
Broken record's don't play new tunes
Except for once in a blue moon
And I've looked, but the moon is still white

And I've been some hope to the summit of Sunday Someone, somewhere may do something with his light The smoker's lung's don't blow balloons Except for one in a blue moon And I've looked, but the moon is still white

Rusty gun's fire rusty shots
Leopards never change their spots,
And fireworks always fade too soon,
Empty words don't mean a lot
And for me thats all you got
But I swear to you darling
One day, we'll stand beneath a blue moon

I've been living in this month of Sunday's And I forgot what Monday morning feels like Blushing bride and handsome grooms, Deep in debt from honeymoons Stare above, but the moon is still white

Oh and I've wandered into wondering if one day When the war is won And one finally make two And we think not of what we know, And think of only what we've got Then we'll go dancing underneath a blue moon

Oh black kettles and black pots
Seem to fight an awful lot
And make the kitchen the most uncomfortable of rooms
Empty words don't mean a lot
And for me that's all you've got
And I swear to you darling

One day, we'll stand beneath a blue moon

Oh, oh,
Oh, oh, oh, oh,
Oh, woh, oh,
Oh, woh, oh,
Oh, oh, no,
Oh, oh,
Oh, oh,
Oh, oh,
Oh, oh,
Oh, oh, oh,
Oh, oh, oh,
Oh, oh, oh,

So I've been living in this month of Sunday's
And I don't know when this month may be through
So will you tell that your awake,
For as long as it may take
And I swear darling, I'll show you a blue moon
Oh my darling, I'll show you a blue moon

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