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Curt Smith "Seven Of Sundays"

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It's alright Got to tell myself it's alright Everything that I envied I have become

Where to now Now that I've been lost and found Buried in the afternoon Breathless and snowbound

Safe as the ocean Shine like a motor car Seven of Sundays Of course you are

Coming down Ice cream and a towel wrapped around Flowing hair that swallows me Follows me down

It's okay Twisted sheets and endless rainy days Channels flash across your face Silence surrounds you

Safe as the ocean Shine like a motor car Seven of Sundays Of course you are

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