

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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