

## This Century

### "Sunday"

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Take your hands out of your pockets, let them into air,  
Take a quiet look around you, see whose standing  
there,  
Could it be fate that put you, right next to them right  
now?  
Or are we all just strangers lost in a foreign crowd?

And we're closing in on Sunday and facing a war,  
In moving away from the scene and gentle air,  
And I have loved you, and I have been there too,  
And that will never change, there's nothing you can do.

And our heavy hearts and photos are all we have to  
show,  
And these solemn interjections of love are all we know

Do you believe me?  
I'm trying to prove this, now,  
Do you believe me?  
I just want to move us.

Could it be fate that put you, right next to me right  
now?  
Or are we both just strangers, lost in this foreign  
crowd?

Let him go,  
I'm trying to prove this,  
Let him go, oh.

Do you believe me?  
I'm trying to prove this,  
Do you believe me, now?  
I just want to move us.

And, we're closing in on Sunday and facing a war,  
In moving away from the scene and gentle air,  
And I have loved you, and I have been there too,  
And that will never change, there's nothing you could  
do.

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