

Vera Billy And The Beaters

"Hopeless Romantic"

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Sometimes on Sundays
I sit by the TV
Watching sad movies alone
When it gets to the part
Where the little dog dies
I cry
Sometimes I think I
Was born just a little
Behind or ahead of my time
I live in a dream world
Of caring and sharing
And good guys
And nobody lies

I'm a believer
But much more than anything
I believe in you
You're not a deceiver
And if you told me the ocean went dry
I'd believe it was true

So call me a hopeless romantic
'Cause I can still believe
I can still believe in true love
And hopeless romantics
Still can find a way
To make true love last
These days

Have you ever noticed
While telling a tall tale
The look on the face of a child
She accepts without question
As though it were gospel
They're only like that for a while

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But much more than anything
I believe in you
You're not a deceiver
And if you told me the ocean went dry
I'd believe it was true

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