

Page France

"Tomato Morning"

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i'm going green
on a sunday morning
on a sunday morning
i picked apples from your eyes
i walked the streets
my lazy blue-eyed morning
my lazy blue-eyed morning
and i ride donkeys through the fire

do you remember
when i drew us both a raincloud
and we wore it like a gold crown
above the x's on our eyes
we tippy-toed through your tomato garden
in your tomato garden here
is where i wanna die

on a sunday morning
on a sunday morning
on a sunday morning
(on a sunday morning, on a sunday morning, on a
sunday morning etc etc)

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