

Petula Clark

"Next To You"

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Paint by numbers, all in grey
Life â€" a string of endless days alone
Waiting,
counting clock ways till you came
Darling how the seasons changed
I saw strange things.

The sun looks like a shadow next to you
The stars look like old street lights, thatâ€™s to prove
Nothing is as grand, no one else can stand next to you.
I got over that whole Man in the Moon
He doesnâ€™t serenade me like you do
My heart beats so loud,
I canâ€™t see the crowd next to you.
aha, ha...
Puzzle pieces, half lucid state, shadows rested over me
But hope, daydream
Sleepless walking, second floor
Through the window, one last look
Was like wasting.

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