

Franks Michael

"Sunday Morning Here With You"

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Buried alive hoping to survive

'Til the weekend

Can't write the song

Struggle all week long

Bitter blue

But up on the roof we are living proof

Love's nutritious

Such delicious Like the river we journey dÃ©jÃ vu

Sunday morning here with you

Your kisses made with orange marmalade

Apple blossoms toast and tea

I cannot think of any place I'd rather

I'd rather be

My sleepy friend I always want to spend

Sunday morning here with you

I cannot think of anything I'd rather

I'd rather do

Lounging in bed Sunday papers read

Windows open

First day of spring hear the kettle sing

Tea for two

Lady in lace sunlight on your face

Quite an eyeful

Such delightful dÃ©jÃ vu

Sunday morning here with you

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