

The Sundays

"24 Hours"

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Few true cares have I
As the world turns 'round
I was blind, but now I'm still blind
Too few cares have I

As the world turns sour
I was blind, but now I'm still blind
I liked you for 24 hours
In your house

And when the time has come to live again
I shall
And I liked you for 24 hours in your house
And now the time has come to live again
I shall

I liked you, but that was before
Why me?
I never knew then and I don't know now

The things you do, all come back to you
That's why I hung back, but I'll say what I like now

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