

The Sundays "Leave This City"

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Gone forever, the writing on the wall
They've boarded-up the cinema
Strawberry dreams and the dust-filled beams
Shut down in a modern town

See you walking, see you talking

Recollection on streets you used to know
Forgotten pleasures smoulder
Images fade but the town won't let them go

Sleepwalking, see you talking
Feel the city inside you
Oh, leave this city behind you

Drive wherever the roads will take you to
Down beside a river frozen brown
January days and their scarecrow trees
So cold feel your ears burn

See you walking, see you talking
Feel the city inside you
Oh leave this city behind you

Past and present they converge on every side
The wires all get tangled when now and then collide
Bittersweet taste of a time and another place before

Sleep walking, see you talking
Feel the city inside you
Oh feel this city define you
Yeah leave this city behind you

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