

## Texas

# "Sunday Afternoon"

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I can think of better days  
As I look into your eyes  
And I feel that in a way  
I know that you?ll be alright

And he walks for a mile  
It?s his style  
Baby, never acts wild  
Feels he?s invincible  
He walks for a while  
But I never ask why  
He needs his time in isolation

It?s your views  
On your groove  
On a Sunday afternoon  
Paint it slow  
Then you?ll know  
What you need to work out soon

I?m gonna whisper in your ear  
I?ve a lot of things to say to you  
I?ll give you all my universe  
You?re all I want and that?s for sure

And he walks for a mile  
It?s his style  
Baby, never acts wild  
Feels he?s invincible  
He walks for a while  
But I never ask why  
He needs his time in isolation

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On your groove  
On a Sunday afternoon  
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It?s your views  
On your groove

On a Sunday afternoon  
Paint it slow  
Then you?ll know  
What you need to work out soon

In your darkest hour  
Take my hand and I?ll show you  
Understand it much better  
I?ll make sure, you get there

It?s your views  
On your groove  
On a Sunday afternoon  
Paint it slow  
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