

Time Machine

"Rain On Sundays"

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Sundays never fall quite right, will they just be swept
away.
Under this endless skyline, my frame this windowpane.
If I die tonight, will your memories of me, just fade.
Because I can't forget, the first time you looked up at
me.
The first time that I.. and I can't forget,
The first time you looked up at me,
The first time I heard you say my name.
These rains swell to drown the drive, lose me in the
spray
And the million dotted lines, on the asphalt
underneath.
If I die tonight, will your memories of me, just fade.
Can't wait till Sunday when I can hear your laugh again.
The first time that I□ and I can't forget,
The first time you looked up at me,
The first time I heard you say my name.
Now I wouldn't have it any other way.

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