

Gone

The Sundays

Come take me by the hand,
And lead me through the night.
Songs spill into the air
And we'll drink to ourselves here way up high.

Town lights shining,
This is the place for me now.
Blurred - loving every word.
This hill, yourself, and I.

Days so long,
When you're young.

Two underneath a tree
My hands are turning blue.
Stars shiver in the night.
I pass a cigarette back to you.

Town lights shining,
This is the place for me now.
And I can't stop smiling
High on a hill looking down.

Days so long,
When you're young.
Then they're gone.

Days so long,
When you're young.

Then they're gone.
If you ask me now
My worst fear
Is it that I know
This time next year
You'll be gone
And I'll still be here