

## Sunday Sunny Mill Valley Groove Day

Frank Black

When there's nothing left to say  
And all the clouds have faded away  
And my mind wanders out there across the bay  
Just to be there in the mornin'  
With the sun comin through the trees  
Well you know there ain't no place I'd rather be

Sunday Sunny Mill Valley Groove Day  
You can feel the magic in the air  
And when it's over  
And the clover has left the mountainside  
You'll be king of what you survive

La la la la la  
La la la la la  
La la la la

Sunday Sunny Mill Valley Groove Day  
You will have a wonderful time up there  
Then when it's over  
And the clover has left the mountainside  
You'll be king of what you survive

La la la la la  
La la la la la