

Sentimental and Monday

Holy Holy

Alone on a crowded train
The city gives as it takes away
Goodbye too hard to, hard to day
They said it would be too sentimental and Monday
Years years years collate
And the faces change in the photographs

This darkness is nothing but a lack of light
Darkness before the dawn arrives
This darkness is nothing but a lack of light
The silence just the sound of night

Dream that you're asleep
But you can wake and you can speak
So slip away from the dance floor
The easy way through the back door
Hearts, hearts hearts will burn
Just as autumn leaves will always turn

This darkness is nothing but a lack of light
Darkness before the dawn arrives
This darkness is nothing but a lack of light
The silence just the sound of night
This darkness is nothing but a lack of light
This darkness is nothing but a lack of light
Mmmmmmmmm
This darkness oh

This darkness
This darkness
This darkness
Oooooooh