You drink your health
And remember to forget
Yourself
Sat on a roof
In the everlasting moments of your youth
You looked surprised
As it all went up in smoke before your eyes
Beneath the glow
On a different kind of Sunday morning

Until tomorrow On a different kind of Sunday morning

No need for words
Your heartbeats and the breeze was all I heard
Your hopes and fears
How trivial it seemed from above
I breathe you in
As the sunlight breaks the haze that touched your skin
Beneath the glow
On a different kind of Sunday morning