

Sunday

Jazzamor

Why does the very thought of you make my heart sing
So that birds suddenly appear like in spring?
Why does every touch of you sets my soul on fire
And fill my loving heart with such desire?

Cause with you every day is Sunday
I hate rainy days and Monday
The sun always shines on Sunday
And without you a day has no name

Why are roses smelling in the rain when your are passing
by
And clouds don't dare to appear on the blue sky?
Why does sadness fade away when you are by my side
And a smiling on your face is shining so bright?

Cause with you every day is Sunday
I hate rainy days and Monday
The sun always shines on Sunday
And without you a day has no name