

The Sound Of Keys

Mundy

And if this day should go on forever
and your hand never lost its grip,
i'd never doubt or be in need,
lonsome, would be bleached from my mind
It's hard to write a sad song when you're happy,
that's why i've done none for you,
tell me when i'm wrong and forgetful,
that you always will be true
And just to know that you'll be comin home,
to hear the sound of your keys,
hangin' up your coat in the hallway,
well i will never doubt or be in need
And sometimes i wonder just who you are,
what brought us so close together,
it's a certain kind of magic,
one to never question or take for granted
or take for granted
And just to know...
To hear the rattle of your keys,
hangin' up your bag in the hallway...