

Sunday Afternoon (You)

Tyler Hilton

Well, it's not the way you smile
As cheerful as a child
Who's found a peaceful patch of grass to lie

And it's not about the way
You breeze about the day
Like a feather floating easy in the sky

It's the little things that we talk about
Making faces 'til we're both laughing
Never know that times ever passing by
With you...
On a Sunday afternoon
With you on a Sunday afternoon

Does it harm me to confess
It's not just the way you dress
But the way you claim the center of the room

It's not just the way you sigh
As you look up at the sky
And trace the flight of someone's lost balloon

It's the little things that we talk about
Making faces 'til we're both laughing
Never know that times ever passing by
With you...
On a Sunday afternoon
With you on a Sunday afternoon
With you...

Cause it's the little things that we talk about
Making faces 'til we're both laughing
Never know that times ever passing by
With you...
On a Sunday afternoon
With you on a Sunday afternoon
With you...