

## (Seemingly) Nonstop July

a-ha

Walking by strangers  
Stranger than me  
We talk of the future  
Between you and me

Sweet little darling  
Where will we be  
Sweet little darling  
Where will we be

It's hard to conceive it  
All comes to an end  
A joke when it's funny, well...  
I laugh and pretend

We're fools to believe it  
We're fools to try  
To slow down this seemingly  
Nonstop July