

Sunday Sunny Mill Valley Groove Day

Frank Black

When there's nothing left to say
And all the clouds have faded away
And my mind wanders out there across the bay
Just to be there in the mornin'
With the sun comin through the trees
Well you know there ain't no place I'd rather be

Sunday Sunny Mill Valley Groove Day
You can feel the magic in the air
And when it's over
And the clover has left the mountainside
You'll be king of what you survive

La la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la

Sunday Sunny Mill Valley Groove Day
You will have a wonderful time up there
Then when it's over
And the clover has left the mountainside
You'll be king of what you survive

La la la la la
La la la la la