

Sun on Sunday

James Blunt

A silent tear,
An empty smile,
So insincerely but so gently in denial,
And me the thief,
So selfishly,
All the moments meant for you I made them mine.

How was I so blind to miss you crumbling inside,
Is it too late now to fix you let me make it right,
Cause there'll be no sun on Sunday,
No reason for words to rhyme,
Cause if you're bleeding,
So am I.

A wishful look,
A hesitate,
You're hoping I will notice that you're not ok,
And me the fool,
You turn away,
It's only then I feel the weight of my mistakes.

How was I so blind to miss you crumbling inside,
Is it too late now to fix you let me make it right,
Cause there'll be no sun on Sunday,
No reason for words to rhyme,
Cause if you're bleeding,
So am I.

And if I cut you,
If I bruise you,
Then the scars are always mine,
Cause I Love You,
So to lose you,
Would be worse than if I died.

How was I so blind to miss you crumbling inside,
Is it too late now to fix you let me make it right,
Cause there'll be no sun on Sunday,
No reason for words to rhyme,
Cause if you're bleeding,
So am I.