

Month Of Sundays

Passenger

Well I've been living in this month of Sundays,
For so long I don't remember Saturday night,
Broken records don't play new tunes,
Except for once in a blue Moon,
And I have looked and the Moon is still white.

And i've pinned some hope to the summit of some day,
Someone somewhere may do something with this light,
But smokers lungs don't blow balloons,
Except for once in a blue Moon,
And i've looked but the Moon is still white.
Rusty guns fire rusty shots,
Leopards never change their spots,
And fireworks always fade to soon,
Empty words don't mean a lot,
And from me thats all you've got,
But I swear to you one day,
We'll stand beneath a blue Moon.

Well i've been living in this month of Sundays,
And I forget what Monday morning feels like,
Blushing brides and handsome grooms,
Deep in debt from honeymoons,
Stare above but the Moon is still white.

And I have wondered in to wondering if one day,
When the war is won and one finally make two,
Will we think not of what we're not,
And think of only what we've got,
And we'll go dancing underneath a blue Moon.

Oh black kettles and black pots,
Seem to fight an awful lot,
They make the kitchen the most uncomfortable of rooms,
Empty words don't mean a lot,
And from me that's all you've got,
But I swear to you darling one day,
We'll stand beneath a blue Moon.

oh oh oh,
oh oh oh,
oh oh oh oh,
oh oh oh,
oh oh oh,
oh oh oh oh,

So i've been living in this month of Sundays,
And I don't know when this month may be through,
But will you tell me that you'll wait,
For as long as it may take,
And I swear darling i'll show you a blue Moon,
Oh my darling I will show you a blue Moon.