

# Sunday

Patrick Watson

See you on Sunday  
In the nightttime, the night  
Whenever we are  
Summers came  
We lost our time, is eating in years by my mind  
I want you to come back and take it away

The despair in the world  
Amount by the day  
Whatever you saw  
And you come with some

Plant butterflies  
They're eating my mind  
I want you to come back and take them away  
Your butterflies are eating my mind  
I wish you'd come back and take them away

See you on Sunday

See you Sunday

You know it was nice with all the time  
You are the music in my world  
I've gotta fly, I've got a thousand flies in my mind

See you on...  
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