

Sunday

Patrick Watson

See you on Sunday
In the nighttime, 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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