

Sunday Afternoon

Texas

I can think of better days
As I look into your eyes
And I feel that in a way
I know that you'll be alright

And he walks for a mile
It's his style
Baby never acts wild
Feels he's invincible
He walks for a while
But I never ask why
He needs his time in isolation

It's your views
On your groove
On a Sunday afternoon
Paint it slow
Then you'll know
What you need to work out soon

I'm gonna whisper in your ear
I've a lot of things to say to you
I'll give you all my universe
You're all I want and that's for sure

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In your darkest hour
Take my hand and I'll show you
Understand it much better
I'll make sure you get there

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