

Coming Paradise

The Sunday Drivers

It is getting slowly cold
You turn so shy, it makes me worry
You promised me our lives would change
Even these days, that I'm so worried
There's a paradise for us

What you want to be
What you'll never be
It is a dream but it's so real
What you want to see
What you'll never see

Together you and me
You make me worry
And never understand
There's a coming paradise for us

My troubles seemed so far away
Was yesterday, but I'm still worried
Still a light's shining on me
So let it be, I'm still so worried
There's a paradise for us