

## 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