

## On My Mind

The Sunday Drivers

On my mind, on my mind, on my mind, on my mind  
There's a thing that I can't explain  
And I'm quiet, yes I'm quiet, very quiet, really quiet  
Most of my time

People talk to people  
Go and make them shush,  
Can you stand them talking  
Superficial guff?

Our communication  
Is going down a lot  
But it is really not my fault  
You spoil it when you talk

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You say I was a good friend  
And I have gone downhill,  
Honestly, I don't know  
If you were so to me

Can you understand me?  
Can you hear me shout?  
If you don't understand me  
Leave me in my cloud

Talking of life I'm not to keen,  
Sometimes I face it sometimes I cry, cry, cry  
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Talking of life I'm not to keen,  
Sometimes I face it sometimes I hide, hide, hide  
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Yes I'm quiet  
Really quiet