

Life Goes On

The Sundays

Build me up don't get me down,
weather the storm.
Well, life goes on.
Feelings ebb and flow by hour.
You're up in the clouds,
and then you sink like a stone.

So do you fill yourself with pills
to deaden your ills?
Or are you only one love short of happiness?
And in a picture on the wall
no glimmer of yourself at all.
You've let yourself fall away.

Build me up, don't mop my brow,
weather the storm,
because life goes on.
Missed my only hope right now.
It's all I can do
not to sink like a stone.

So do you fill yourself with pills
to deaden your ills?
Or are you only one love short of happiness?
And in a picture on the wall
no glimmer of yourself at all.
You've left yourself far away.

So do you fill yourself with pills
to cure you of your ills?
Or are you only one love short of the happy days to come?
And in a picture on the wall
can't see your face at all.
So untie yourself,
because that's all you've got to do.
And I can grab those wings
and I can take up flying
won't be no crying.
Up in the air, looking back down.
And let me tell you if I talk about gloom
I don't get out of feeling down.
It strips you of yourself
and splits you from the self that you know.