

Experience Tnt, Month Of Sundays

I thought I knew the answer to the question
It feeded in, it turned away
For myth of time, for sun if I didnt fagments?
That fed into an endless day

Looking for whatever
and I never learned the candlelight is burning low
I held on to the afterglow

In the year of the month of Sundays
It could have been me on my way
It could have been anything at all
In the year of the month of Sundays
I could have been lost in L.A
Could have been anywhere at all
mmm

I wake up in a dreamy days and wonder
and just how lonely been there watchin' me
I sad you've been there watchin' me
And maybe I can slip on by unnoticed
But in the end you knew that I would be
Oh more than I could see

And on a big blue mountain
is where I found my peace
You took me for the longest ride
If freedom can be justified

In the year of the month of Sundays
It could have been me on my way
It could have been anything at all
In the year of the month of Sundays
I could have been lost in L.A
Could have been anywhere at all

Its only time that tells you now how long its been
Now that feelings coming back again
I and dont think I belive in anymore

In the year of the month of Sundays
It could have been me on my way
It could have been anything at all
In the year of the month of Sundays
I could have been lost in L.A
Could have been anywhere at all