

# Metronomy, Month of Sundays

I see we're similar  
But I've never thought much about it  
'Cause I've got young Mystery  
And I couldn't live without her  
We're kind of sleeping when you laugh  
Say I'm cheapening your love  
But it's with young Mystery  
That I plan on setting free now

She'd buzz a bell and run  
We'd skip and laugh  
I hold her hand  
She comes in a halo  
What she meant to me I couldn't see

I-I see we're similar  
But I can't take it all from you  
Unless you want me to  
I'll take you away from this old horrible town  
And just maybe one day we'll want to come back  
And walk these streets

Play buzz-a-bell and run  
We'll skip and laugh  
I'll hold your hand  
She comes in a halo  
What she meant to me I couldn't see

Never in a month of Sundays