Sunday Afternoon

Rascal Flatts

I swear it feels just like
The clocks slow down for a while
And the air tastes sweeter and breathing gets deeper
As the clouds dance around the sunshineI hear the church bells ring
Blowing in with the breeze, yeah
As I stare in your eyes thanking God for this life he's given me
You're a gift to meIf I had the chance to make one wish
Every single moment would be like this
Laying here baby, just me and you
Yeah, and every day would be Sunday afternoon
Oh yeah, SundayJust the touch of your hand, it fixes everything
It gets my heartbeat moving like it's singing hallelujah
You're the only place I wanna be
Right where I wanna beIf I had the chance to make one wish
Every single moment would be like this
Laying here baby, just me and you
Yeah, and every day would be Sunday afternoonIf I had the chance to make one wish
Every single moment would be like this
Laying here baby, just me and you
That's exactly what I'd do, yeah, that's what I'd doIf I had the chance to make one wish
Every single moment would be like this
Laying here baby, just me and you
Yeah, and every day would be Sunday
Every day would be Sunday afternoonOh, just the touch of your hand
Sunday, Sunday, Sunday
Sunday afternoon
Sunday, Sunday, Sunday
Everything, Sunday, Sunday afternoon
(Sunday, Sunday, Sunday)

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