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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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

Talking of life I'm not to keen,
Sometimes I face it sometimes I hide, hide, hide
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