

# Sun On Sunday

James Blunt

A silent tear  
An empty smile,  
So insincerely, but so gently in denial  
And me the thief  
So selfishly  
All the moments meant for you, I made them mine

How was I, so blind to miss you, crumbling inside?  
Is it too late now to fix you? Let me make it right!  
'Cause there'll be no sun on Sunday  
No reason for words to rhyme  
'Cause if you're bleeding, so am I

A wishful look  
A hesitate,  
You're hoping I will notice that you're not OK  
And me a fool  
You turn away  
It's only then I feel the weight of my mistakes

How was I, so blind to miss you, crumbling inside?  
Is it too late now to fix you? Let me make it right  
'Cause there'll be no sun on Sunday  
No reason for words to rhyme  
'Cause if you're bleeding, so am I

And if I cut you  
If I bruise you  
Then the scars are always mine  
'Cause I love you  
So to lose you  
Would be worse than if I died

How was I, so blind to miss you, crumbling inside?  
Is it too late now to fix you? Let me make it right  
'Cause there'll be no sun on Sunday  
No reason for words to rhyme  
'Cause if you're bleeding, so am I

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