Month of Sundays

Metronomy

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 nowShe'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 seeI-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 streetsPlay buzz-a-bell and run
We'd skip and laugh
I'll hold her hand
She comes in a halo
What she meant to me I couldn't seeNewer in a month of Sundays

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/