

Sunday Reverie

Emma Tricca

When the morning comes up bright
Giant before your eyes
Do you ever think of me
How we used to be
And the lady from upstairs
Plays that tune we used to sing
And that old Sunday paper
Swept by autumnal winds

And itâ€™ll take all of your time
To find your way back home
Itâ€™ll take all of your day
To find your way to the door

When children on the road
Play and laugh at you passing by
Do you ever think of me
How we used to be
And the milkman stops again
And asks you all about your life
Do you still live on your own
All about your job

And itâ€™ll take all of your time
To find your way back home
Itâ€™ll take all of your day
To find your way to the door

And the night comes down like a hook
Finds you off guard
Do you ever think of me
How we used to be
And the light finds its way
Through the window open wide
And that old Sunday paper is static at your feet
And itâ€™ll take all of your time
To find your way back home
Itâ€™ll take all of your day
To find your way to the door

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