Cry

The Sundays

And I'm standing on a platform
Now I'm staring from a train
And all the trees roll back beside but I'm so oblivious
To the dark, to the light, it's all the sameYou gave me so much and now it's of the earth
And it makes me cry
(It makes me cry, it makes me cry)
It can make me cryAnd you're standing here beside me
In a picture in a frame
And your voice could never fade, it's so familiar
Things you said in my head every dayYou gave me so much and now it's of the earth
And it makes me cry
(It makes me cry, it makes me cry)
And it can make me cryYou're with me so much
Though you're never with me anymoreAnd it makes me cry
(It makes me cry, it makes me cry)
It can make me cry
(Oh, it makes me cry, it makes me cry)
(Yeah, it makes me cry, it can make me cry)

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