

# 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 same You 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 cry And 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 day You 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 cry You're with me so much  
Though you're never with me anymore And 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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