

Private Universe (1999 Digital Remaster)

Crowded House

No time, no place to talk about the weather
Promise of love is hard to ignore
Who said the chance wasn't getting any better
Labor of love is ours to endure
Highest branch on the apple tree
It was my favorite place to be
I could hear them breaking free
But they could not see me
I will run for shelter
Endless summer lift the curse
It feels like nothing matters
In our private universe
I have all I want, is that simple enough?
A whole lot more I'm thinking of
Every night about six o'clock
Birds come back to the pond to talk
They talk to me, birds to talk to me
If I go down on my knees
I will run for shelter
Endless summer lift the curse
It feels like nothing matters
In our private universe
Feels like nothing matters
In our private universe
And it's a pleasure that I have known
And it's a treasure that I have gained
And it's a pleasure that I have known
It's a tight squeeze, but I won't let go
Time is on the table and the dinner's cold
I will run for shelter
Endless summer lift the curse
Feels like nothing matters
In our private universe
I will run for shelter
Endless summer lift the curse
Feels like nothing matters
In our private universe

Songwriters

NEIL MULLANE FINN Published by

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