

(Seemingly) Nonstop July

a-ha

Walking by strangers
Stranger than me
We talk of the future
Between you and me

Sweet little darling
Where will we be
Sweet little darling
Where will we be

It's hard to conceive it
All comes to an end
A joke when it's funny, well...
I laugh and pretend

We're fools to believe it
We're fools to try
To slow down this seemingly
Nonstop July