

Next To You

Petula Clark

Paint by numbers, all in grey
Life - a string of endless days
Alone waiting
Counting clock ways till you came
Darling how the seasons changed
I saw strange things

The sun looks like a shadow next to you
The stars look like old street lights
That's to prove
Nothing is as grand
No one else can stand next to you
I got over that whole Man in the Moon
He doesn't serenade me like you do
My heart beats so loud
I can't see the crowd next to you

Puzzle pieces, half lucid state
Shadows rested over me
But hope, daydream
Sleepless walking, second floor
Through the window, one last look
Was like wasting

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