

I Feel

The Sundays

I feel fine...
Don't wake me up yet
O the young & the old they get everything
& it's my turn
I'm here, I'm someone to know
I'm calling the tune but

I'm losing the words
Laughingly I take the fevered applause
Of the people by the riverside
I'm walking, walking on water
God knows why
I'm losing the words
I am a man
Well nearly
Celebrate life, be good to yourself

Don't wake me like that
I was dreaming & I'd rather carry on
Give me a love & hate on both my hands
I'll show you what I'm made of
Wasting my breath when I say that

Don't wake me like that
I was dreaming & I'm tired of everyone
Here's hoping that you'll
Go now so long leave me alone

Give me a love & hate on both my hands
I'll show you what I'm made of
Wasting my breath when I say that
Love hates
A pair of hands
That's where I began
Just be good, good to yourself

I feel fine
Don't wake me up yet
'cause I feel tired
Don't be like that
We don't need to work any more now
Open that ground up and slip down