

A Life of Sundays

The Waterboys

Hold me, before I go under
Hear me, before I drown
Sharpen your sense of wonder
Listen to what I've found

Here we are again
Two old lovers
Two old friends
Just when you need them

A devil was standing on my shoes
Somehow I know how to defeat him
Since I tumbled into you

You taught me love and pain
And the unsung King of Ireland
Says the same thing
Wherever you find it

The whole world wide over
The same thing from the same old cause
Gotta talk about that same thing, I cannot define it
It is the same thing and it always was

It struck me sad and strange
All that ever stays the same is change
And I dreamed, I wandered

Wayward as a restless wave
Spanning from here to yonder
Most spectacularly saved

Dream and life entwined
The old day cracks and crumbles and it's

Fine to be in your company
Funny to be in your day
A miracle just to be with you
Glad to be going your way

Were these unfolding plans
Designed and drawn by mortal hands?
Never in a life of Sundays
Would I have seen me here