

Fill in the gaps

| Sunday morning rain is falling |
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| Steal some covers share some skin |
| Clouds are shrouding us in moments unforgettable |
| You twist to fit the mold that I am in |
| But things just get so crazy |
| Living life (1) hard to do |
| And I would gladly hit the road |
| Get up and go if I knew |
| That someday it would (2) me back to you |
| That someday it would lead me back to you |
| (Someday) |
| That may be all I need |
| In darkness she is all I see |
| Come and rest your (3) (4) me |
| Driving slow on Sunday morning |
| And I never want to leave |
| Fingers trace your every outline (oh yeah) |
| Paint a (5) (6) my hands |
| Back and forth we (7) like branches in a storm |
| Change the weather |
| Still together when it ends |

| That may be all I need |
|---|
| In darkness she is all I see |
| Come and rest your bones with me |
| Driving slow on Sunday morning |
| And I never want to leave |
| But things just get so crazy living |
| Life (8) hard to do |
| Sunday (9) rain is falling |
| And I'm (10) out to you |
| Singing someday |
| It'll bring me back to you |
| Find a way to bring myself back home to you |
| And you may not know |
| That may be all I need |
| In darkness she is all I see |
| Come and rest your bones with me |
| Driving slow on Sunday morning |
| Driving slow (ah yeah yeah) |



- 1. gets
- 2. lead
- 3. bones
- 4. with
- 5. picture
- 6. with
- 7. sway
- 8. gets
- 9. morning
- 10. calling

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