

Sunday morning rain is falling

Fill in the gaps

That may be all I need

| 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 (1) get so crazy | |
| Living life gets hard to do | |
| And I would gladly hit the road | |
| Get up and go if I knew | |
| That someday it would lead 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 bones with me | |
| Driving slow on Sunday morning | |
| And I never want to leave | |
| Fingers trace your every outline (oh yeah) | |
| Paint a picture with my hands | |
| Back and forth we sway like (2) | in a |
| storm | |
| Change the weather | |
| Still together (3) it ends | |
| | |

| n (4) s | she is all I see | • | |
|-------------------------------|------------------|------|--------|
| Come and rest your bones | (5) | me | |
| Oriving slow on Sunday mor | rning | | |
| And I never want to leave | | | |
| But (6) just | get so (7) | | living |
| ife gets hard to do | | | |
| Sunday morning rain is fallir | ng | | |
| And I'm calling out to you | | | |
| Singing someday | | | |
| t'll bring me back to you | | | |
| Find a way to bring myself b | ack home to | you | |
| And you may not know | | | |
| That may be all I need | | | |
| n darkness she is all I see | | | |
| Come and rest your (8) | with | n me | |
| Oriving slow on Sunday mor | rning | | |
| Oriving (9) (ah ye | eah yeah) | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |



- 1. just
- 2. branches
- 3. when
- 4. darkness
- 5. with
- 6. things
- 7. crazy
- 8. bones
- 9. slow

Fill in the gaps