

# Passenger - Month Of Sundays

Tom: F

(com acordes na forma de C )

Capostrate na 5ª casa

Verso:

Ive been living in this month of Sundays  
for so long I dont remember Saturday night.  
Broken records dont play new tunes  
except for once in a blue moon.  
And Ive looked but the moon is still white.

Verso:

And Ive been summoned to the summit of Sundays  
someone somewhere may do something with his life.  
A smokers lungs dont blow balloons  
except for once in a blue moon.  
And Ive looked but the moon is still white.  
Rusty guns fire rusty shots, leopards never change their spots,  
fireworks always fade too soon.  
Empty words dont mean a lot and from me thats all youve got.  
But I swear to you darling one day well stand beneath a blue moon.

Verso:

Ive been living in this month of Sundays,

and I forget what Monday morning feels like.

Blushing brides and handsome grooms deep in debt from honeymoons

Stare above but the moon is still white.

Ive wandered into wondering if one day,  
when the war is won, and one finally made two

When we think not of what weve not, and think only of what weve got

And we go dancing underneath the blue moon.

Verso:

All black kettles and black pots seem to fight an awful lot,  
and make the kitchen the most uncomfortable of rooms  
Empty words dont mean a lot, but from me thats all youve got.  
I swear to you darling one day well stand beneath a blue moon.

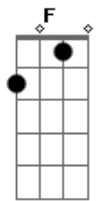
Ponte:

Oh, oh. Oh, oh. Oh, oh, oh.

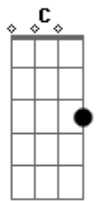
Verso:

So Ive been living in this month of Sundays  
and I dont know it, this month may be through.  
So will you tell me that youll wait for as long as it may take  
And I swear darling Ill show you a blue moon  
Oh my darling Ill show you a blue moon.

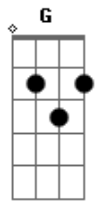
## Acordes



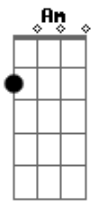
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