

# Sunday Morning Call

Oasis

Here's another Sunday morning call  
You hear your head banging on the door  
You slip those shoes on and then out you crawl  
Into a day that couldn't give you more  
But what for?

And In your head, do you feel  
What you're not supposed to feel  
And you take, what you want  
But you don't get it for free  
You need, more time  
Coz your thoughts and words won't last forever more  
But I'm not sure  
If it ever works out right  
But it's OK  
It's alright

When you're lonely and you start to hear  
The little voices in your head at night  
You will only sniff away the tears  
So you can dance until the morning light  
But at what price?

And In your head, do you feel  
What you're not supposed to feel  
And you take, what you want  
But you can't get hope for free  
You need, more time  
Coz your thoughts and words won't last forever more  
But I'm not sure

If it ever ever ever works out right  
If it ever ever ever works out right  
Coz it never never never works out right