

Sunday Girl

54-40

It was a Sunday afternoon, kind of wet, and cheerless
And I didn't know what to do one time without you
In every mess I find myself a friend
Getting off on the wrong side again

Am I part of your problem or on the side of solution
And all the curses ever spoken raise the power of confusion
I think I left my futures all behind
Retreating through the loop holes in my mind

Sunday girl she shook me up
Sunday girl she freaked me out
Sunday girl she woke me from my sleep

And if a thousand slimy things can breathe, then why not me
What begins as fear always ends in folly
Last night I tasted life again
Last night I won and lost a friend

My island is so very peopled
Like girls and roses they only last while they last